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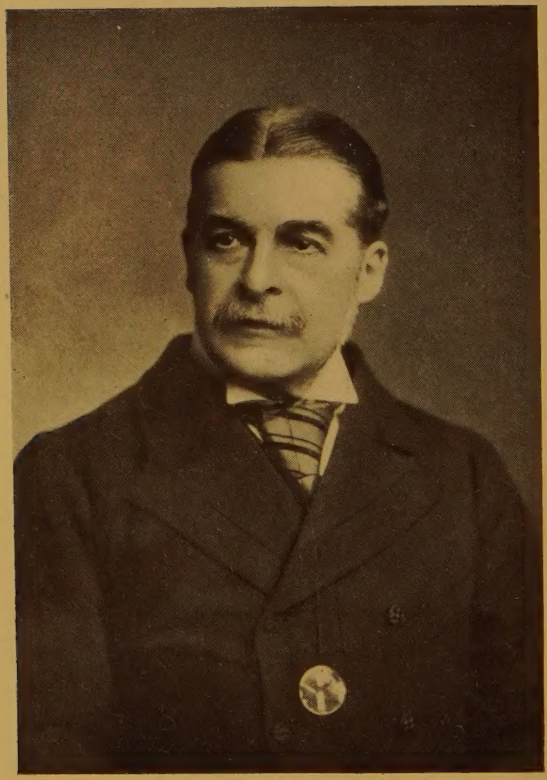

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SULLIVAN

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN

(1842–1900)

BY

HENRY SAXE WYNDHAM

Author of *The Annals of Covent Garden Theatre, August Manns and the Saturday Concerts, Stories of the Opera*, etc.

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LONDON
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER & CO., LTD.
J. CURWEN & SONS, LTD.
1926

Printed in Great Britain at
The Mayflower Press, *Plymouth*. William Brendon & Son, Ltd.

TO

JOSEPH & SARAH HARKER

THEIR CHILDREN AND GRAND-
CHILDREN THIS WORK IS
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

PREFACE

Once again the writer finds occupation for his pen in the subject of the present memoir.

It is curious that, although a quarter of a century has elapsed since Sullivan's death, during which there has been a prodigious revival of public interest in his operatic works, no extended biography has yet made its appearance. The well-known work of Mr Lawrence, followed by that of Mr Findon and a very brief memoir published by Messrs Bell & Sons, still hold the field. True there has been a fair sprinkling of books written "round" the ever-popular operas and their author, composer, and producer. There has been the official "Life of Sir Wm. Gilbert," but until the inspired biographer shall appear in whose pages the man Sullivan will live again it is hoped that the present work will meet a want, though little that is new can be found to tell a public ever greedy for facts about its favourites.

The story of Sullivan's life does, however, offer this difference and opportunity to his biographer. It may safely be asserted that he stands supreme among makers of modern music as the People's Musician. None other can be named who can compete with him in this particular sphere—

which he made so peculiarly his own. The immense population of Britain overseas, the vast numbers in the United States who, at all events, understand written English, however much their spoken version of it may vary, and the forty-two millions of our native land, must include an enormous proportion to whom the glories of Beethoven, Schubert, and Wagner, and even those other glories of Gounod, Verdi, and Puccini, make no appeal. To them the composer of *Pinafore*, *The Mikado*, and *The Yeomen of the Guard* stands in a class by himself. They are proudly indifferent to the speculations so often indulged in as to his ultimate position as a compeer of the giants of the past. They scarcely know him as the composer of *The Golden Legend* and *Ivanhoe*, he is perhaps beginning to be forgotten as the writer of the "Lost Chord," but there is apparently a far-away future still awaiting the writer of the Operas. It is therefore to all these that a straightforward narrative may appeal. There is nothing of romance or picturesqueness to write about, no tale of early hardship or striving after recognition and ultimate success, and so for this reason the writer has quoted Press criticism very sparingly—that it was so uniformly and constantly a record of delighted praise. Where it does not consist of this it concerned work which is now but seldom heard and would therefore not interest the readers of to-day.

There is one respect in which the present work

differs from the memoirs that have previously been published. It has been written as far as possible chronologically. As each year passed so the doings of that year have been reviewed. To the authors of the memoirs already mentioned the present writer is obviously very deeply indebted. Two of them, Mr Lawrence and Mr Findon, enjoyed the advantage of close contact with Sullivan himself. Mr Lawrence's Memoir possesses the unique authority of the composer's own sanction for its statements. Mr Findon was a connection of his family and therefore was also in a position to speak with special knowledge.

The owners of the copyright of Mr Lawrence's work cannot be traced, although every effort has been made to do so. Should it meet their eyes it is to be hoped they will accept this acknowledgment. From many other sources, information has been gleaned by the generous permission of those who were approached by the writer.

Mr Herbert Sullivan, the executor and owner of the copyrights, most kindly gave permission to print the letters of his uncle. Lady Gilbert allowed material to be used from the biography of Sir W. S. Gilbert written by Messrs Dark & Rowland Grey. Mr Rupert D'Oyly Carte voluntarily offered to read the proofs and a large company of other friends also generously assisted, by research work, the loan of books and in other ways.

Mr Claud Aveling, of the Royal College of

Music; Captain Browning, Adjutant Royal Military College, Sandhurst; Mr Frederic Cliffe; Mr Walter Coward; Lady Dickens; Mr F. W. Docker, F.R.A.M.; Mr J. L. Douthwaite, of the Guildhall Library; Mr S. J. Adair Fitzgerald; Sir J. Forbes-Robertson; Mr Ernest de Glehn; Mr Arthur Grove; Mr C. L. Groves; Mr W. E. Hansell, Chairman of the Norwich Festival Committee; the Rev T. Wingfield Heale; Mr Arthur Helmore; Mr J. M. Levien; Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Mus.Doc.; Mr B. Morris, of Clapham Park; the Rev R. P. Newhouse, of Sandhurst Rectory; Mr Richard Northcott; Mr H. Sims-Reeves; the late Mr Arthur Shirley; Colonel J. C. Somerville, C.M.G.; and Mr and Mrs F. E. Worsdell, of Blackheath, have all lent valuable assistance.

The following eminent firms also most generously gave permission for extracts from works published by them:

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The titles of the works from which quotations have been taken will be found in their appropriate place with a corresponding reference.

Rightly or wrongly I hold the opinion that the biographer of a musician need not of necessity be himself an expert in the Art. Indeed it is arguable that the possession of specialist knowledge might be a positive drawback in the presentation of a plain story. It is within our experience that in certain works of reference the writers have allowed their personal prejudices, either for or against their subject, to enter so largely into their writings that the value of the work was to some extent discounted.

I have therefore endeavoured so far as possible to confine my presentation of Sullivan's life to actual happenings, and—while gladly avowing myself a fervent admirer—to leave to others better fitted the task of nicely discriminating between his various claims to a place upon Britain's Roll of Fame.

H. S. W.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	Childhood and Chapel Royal	1
II	Mendelssohn Scholar and Leipzig	21
III	Leipzig—*continued*	36
IV	"The Tempest" and Organistships	52
V	Many Important Friendships	69
VI	"In Memoriam" and "Cox and Box"	86
VII	With Grove in Vienna	98
VIII	The Meeting of Gilbert, Sullivan and D'Oyly Carte	127
IX	"H.M.S. Pinafore"	145
X	The Leeds Festival—"Patience"	160
XI	"Iolanthe"—Knighthood—"Mikado"	176
XII	"Golden Legend"—"Ruddigore"—"Yeomen of the Guard"	192
XIII	"Gondoliers" and "Ivanhoe"	210
XIV	Last Works and Death	234

Appendix I		249
Appendix II		254
Appendix III		255
Appendix IV		255
Appendix V		256
Chronological List of Compositions and Principal Events in Arthur Sullivan's Life		257
Index		281

SULLIVAN

Chapter I

CHILDHOOD AND CHAPEL ROYAL

The biographer who sets out to follow the career of Arthur Sullivan finds his way through flowery paths, and always amid the pleasantest and most smiling surroundings. There are no stories of early struggles or privations, and though it is true enough that his parents were not wealthy people, yet there is no evidence that their modest means were at any time insufficient to procure a sufficient schooling for their two sons. After Arthur had become a Chapel Royal chorister the greater part of the cost of his education was entirely removed from his parents' shoulders, and as the brother, Frederick, was brought up as an architect, we may infer that in no sense were this admirable mother and father "poor people."

Like another famous musical artist whose triumphs were chiefly won in Victorian days—though in the case of John Sims Reeves they were 25 years earlier—Arthur Seymour Sullivan was the son of an army musician. In both cases, too, there can be little doubt the earliest instruction was received from the fathers of the gifted children.

Arthur's grandfather was a native of Co. Cork who had fallen a victim to the wiles of a recruit-

ing sergeant during the Peninsular War, saw active service in the campaign, and finally found himself and his wife at St Helena, forming part of the guard who had the task of looking after Napoleon Buonaparte. In 1805 a son, Thomas, was born, and in due course the little family returned to England, when the grandfather became a Chelsea pensioner and eventually died at the age of 52.[1] His son Thomas, Arthur's father, was admitted to the Duke of York's School where his musical talents attracted attention, and he was sent to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, where he remained from 3rd September, 1820, till 31st December, 1834. He then appears to have been transferred to different military centres, until 28th April, 1845, when the records of the College show that he re-entered its service as a Sergeant of the Band. During this period of eleven years, he had the good fortune to meet the lady who became his wife (in or about the years 1839–40), Miss Mary Clementina Coghlan, who with an Irish patronymic, also owned to Italian descent[2] on her mother's side, from a family of the name of Righi. She had been educated in Hampstead at a Catholic convent, and was assisting her parents in the management of a school for young ladies

[1] See Appendix I.

[2] It is interesting to note that a claim to partly Jewish parentage is made for Sullivan in the "Jewish Year Book," 1896 (Greenberg, 80 Chancery Lane).

at Blackwater, only a short distance from Camberley and the great Military College close by.

Shortly after their marriage the young couple must have moved to London, for Thomas Sullivan, while still retaining his post at Sandhurst, became first clarinettist in the orchestra at the Surrey Theatre, and was also occupied as a copyist and teacher of music.

At the time of Arthur's birth, May 13, 1842, they were living at No. 8 Bolwell Terrace, Lambeth, "a modest row of dwellings in Bolwell Street—a little thoroughfare running east out of Lambeth Walk."[1] The house has since been renamed No. 8 Bolwell Street. His mother registered the child—on June 24, 1842—with the Christian name of "Arthur" only. Five weeks later he was christened, when the additional name of Seymour was given to him and an alteration made accordingly by the local Registrar.

In February, 1899, "M.A.P.," a weekly journal, now extinct, published an account of his earliest years from the pen of Sullivan himself.

"When I was not more than 4 or 5 years old it became perfectly evident that my career in life must be in music and nothing else. It was the only thing I cared for. When I was barely

[1] For this interesting and authoritative information we are indebted to the painstaking researches of the late Mr F. G. Edwards, of the "Musical Times" (1901, p. 241), in which there is an illustration of the birthplace, which is now marked by a commemorative tablet.

five I used to go to the piano and make discoveries for myself. I struck the keys and found out what notes, when sounded together, were harmonious and what were discordant. And so I gradually discovered certain harmonic progressions, my ear telling me what was right, though of course I could not possibly know the reason why."

Later on he was allowed to attend the band practices at Sandhurst, and, he says, "I was intensely interested in all that the band is, and learnt to play every wind instrument, with which I formed not merely a passing acquaintance but a real lifelong intimate friendship. I gradually learnt the peculiarities of each, and found out where it was strong and where it was weak; what it could do, and what it was unable to do. In this way I learnt in the best possible way how to write for an orchestra. I regularly attended the daily practices, in which I was always allowed to take part—although I was not, of course, allowed to play in public."

"'Boosey's Military Band Journal' was then almost the only regularly published selection of music for military bands, and the music was scored for more instruments than my father had in his band, with the result that I always had the choice of playing flute, clarionet, althorn, French horn, cornet, trombone or euphonium parts. The oboe and bassoon were the only instruments I was never very proficient on, although I could play them both a little."

Sullivan himself had a vivid recollection of the early days at Sandhurst. He told Mr Lawrence,[1] who prints the story in an " Anecdotal " Chapter, that he was about 3 years of age when his father went there, and that they had rooms in the College. A few years later the young parents moved to two cottages in York Town, threw them into one, and lived there until the year 1857, when the elder Sullivan became a professor at Kneller Hall, Twickenham, Middlesex.

It was a curious coincidence that 30 years after, some friends in the neighbourhood, whom he had asked to find him rooms in the country to work in, should have fixed upon that very cottage in which he had lived as a child—and there he composed a part of the Golden Legend.

Sometimes he would go to the old church at Sandhurst, with its high-backed pews and a gallery for the musicians, and there the intelligent little black-eyed boy would see the Clerk give out the hymn from his desk in the " three decker " pulpit, walk solemnly to the empty gallery, pick up his clarinet and lead the band, consisting of his own instrument, a bassoon and a violoncello.

Sullivan also remembered going by coach from York Town to see the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851.

We know that his mother was concerned that

[1] " Sir Arthur Sullivan, Life Story, Letters and Reminiscences." London : James Bowden, 10 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. 1899.

his general education should not suffer from a too great concentration upon music, and accordingly he was sent to a private school at Bayswater, kept by a Mr Plees,[1] which we are informed he attended regularly until he went to the Chapel Royal at 12 years of age.

Sullivan's father must have left the Army early in 1857, as his name remained on the pay roll at Sandhurst until 31st December, 1856, and upon the foundation of Kneller Hall, the training school of British military bands, in 1857, he joined the original Staff of professors (as a clarinet teacher), and his name appears there with a Mr Hughes, both classed in the records as "civilian," together with those of Herrn Schallehn, Mandel and Zeiss, all very obvious German names, these forming the total Staff of the School at its inception.

The story of Sullivan's introduction to the Chapel Royal has many times been told, but the most authentic account of the circumstance which brought it about appears in the "Musical Times" of February, 1901, in a letter from Miss Helmore, daughter of the Rev Thos. Helmore, Master of the Chapel Royal children. In Miss Helmore's home at Cheyne Walk was a certain housemaid who went home for a holiday at Sandhurst, where, as we know, Mr and Mrs Thos. Sullivan were living with their two boys. "How Master Arthur would like to live in our house, where there is so much

[1] William Gordon Plees kept an "Academy" at 20 Albert Terrace, Bishop's Road, Bayswater.

music," the Helmore's maid is reported to have said in Arthur's presence, and it is not difficult to imagine the eager questions of an intelligent boy on the all-important subject.

Miss Helmore states that Arthur Sullivan was a very delicate boy from birth, and we know from other accounts that perhaps the very gift the gods forgot to endow him with was the one which almost outweighs every other good thing, viz. a robust and healthy constitution. In other respects, not once or twice, but continually throughout life, did Fortune's happy choice pursue Sullivan. We have seen how the chance remark of a housemaid fired him with the ambition to become a chorister. It is said that he quoted the example of Henry Purcell to a (possibly) diffident parent, that Sir George Smart's advice was sought and his approval of the Chapel Royal eagerly followed up. Here there was a serious check, for the house to which Smart sent them as the address of Mr Helmore, Master of the children, was shut up and empty. The hesitating father was for leaving the matter there, but the boy had the brilliant idea of enquiring at a local butcher's shop for the new address. And then, arrived at last, they saw Mr Helmore, who sat young Arthur at the piano, heard him sing " With verdure clad " to his own accompaniment, and then and there accepted him as one of the " Children." Two days later, on Maundy Thursday, 1854, doubtless, we may

assume, to the indignation of older choristers, the new boy sang the solo part in Nares' anthem "Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy." He had written to his father shortly before: "We have got the gold clothes to-day. Will you come to Chapel on that day? If you do you will have the double pleasure of seeing me togged out and hearing me sing a solo."

Young Sullivan soon made a name for himself among his fellows at the Chapel Royal, even though they included other promising youngsters like the brothers François and Alfred Cellier.[1]

Sullivan recounted in later years a very early and striking recollection of his first year at the Chapel Royal. "One day in 1854 Helmore came into the schoolroom and said, 'Put away your books, boys, I am going to give you the best lesson in English History you ever had.' He then sat down and, producing the 'Times' newspaper from his pocket, read us the account of the battle of the Alma, described so graphically by my old friend Dr. W. H. Russell. Sometimes the tears rolled down his cheeks and down ours too, as he read the account of the daring deeds and heroism of our men."

In November, 1855, Sullivan's first published composition, written when he was thirteen years old, appeared, bearing the following title:

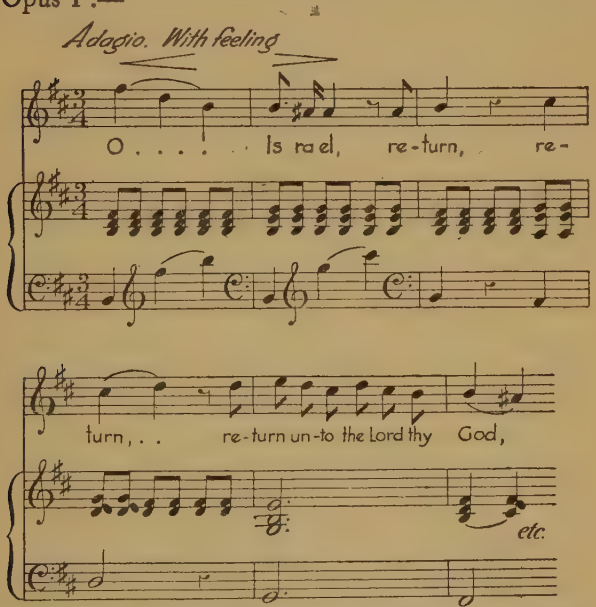
O Israel. Sacred song composed and dedicated to

[1] The latter of the two joined in 1855, when he was eleven years of age, and remained till 1860.

Mrs C. V. Bridgman (Tavistock, Devon) by Arthur Sullivan, chorister of H.M. Chapels Royal.

London: Sacred Music Warehouse, J. Alfred Novello, Music Seller by appointment to Her Majesty, 69, Dean Street, Soho, and 35, Poultry; also in New York at 389, Broadway [November, 1855].

Here is the opening strain of the voice part of this Opus 1:—



It was written at Tavistock while on a visit to one of his school fellows, C. V. Bridgman. There were other compositions, among them an anthem which found its way into the Chapel Royal repertoire. This, it is recorded in his own

words, so pleased the Dean, who was the Right Rev Dr Blomfield, afterwards Bishop of London, that he sent for the young composer and "rewarded him with a pat on his curly black head, to the accompaniment of half a sovereign."

It is easy to realise the importance of the influence which the surroundings of young Sullivan at this period exercised over his mind and subsequent career.

He had himself quoted Purcell's example to his father as an instance of a Chapel Royal chorister who rose to fame, but there were many other distinguished musicians who had either been "Children" or adult members of the choir, notably Thos. Attwood, John Blow, William Croft, W. H. Cummings, Thos. Morley, Thos. Tallis, John Goss and Edward John Hopkins.

The term "Chapel Royal" formerly applied equally to St. James's Palace, Whitehall, St. George's, Windsor, and the Chapel Royal, Savoy, but it is now usually understood to mean the Chapel between the Colour Court and Ambassadors' Court, St. James's Palace. The service is an elaborate fully choral one, and the choir consists of one lay composer, one lay organist and choir master, eight lay gentlemen, and ten boys or Children, and of course the Master of the Children. The Children wear a quaint and beautiful uniform of a scarlet and gold tunic with knee breeches, and in former days were boarded and lodged in the Royal Palace itself.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century they were living under the care of the Master in Adelphi Terrace, where they received, in addition to food, lodging and clothing, a sufficient general education, and their musical training If we may trust an account of the discipline about 40 years before Sullivan's day, it was maintained by a liberal use of the cane. But the Master in Sullivan's time, the Rev Thomas Helmore, was a wise and kindly man of liberal ideas, who lived at No. 6 Cheyne Walk, where his little flock had on the whole a very happy boyhood. The very earliest letter we can trace refers to a pleasant outing with a friend after an illness which had caused Mr Helmore to send him home for maternal attention.

G. Gray, Esq.,
The Royal Military College,
Sandhurst.

My dear Sir, *2nd July*, 1855.

You have heard I daresay, that I am an invalid and am now at home; but I hope I shall be well enough to go to the Crystal Palace on Friday next; and I shall be much obliged to you if you will write and let me know where, and at what time, you wish me to meet you on that day. I shall go from here by the South Eastern Line and arrive at London Bridge Station at about ¼ past 10 a.m.

I am Dear Sir,
Your respectful and obedient servant,
Arthur Sullivan.

Address
R.M. College,
Farnbro' Station, Hants.

Among the stories in connection with Sullivan at this time there is an excellent one told by Stainer, who was a boy friend of the young Chapel Royal chorister, and was himself at the time a choir boy at St Paul's during the reign of Sir John Goss as organist. Goss, it seems, was in the habit of inviting a few chosen friends, young and old, to the organ loft with him during the service. They sat in a space on either side of the organ loft, hidden by dark red curtains. "One Sunday afternoon," says Stainer, "he asked me to cross to the further side, because he expected some one else. I, of course, obeyed, by sitting on the organ-stool and wriggling along it, for this was the only means of moving from one side to the other, except to shut off the "pedal-pipes" and walk across the pedals. This last method of transit was that always adopted by Mr Goss. The other visitors duly arrived before the commencement of service; they were little Arthur Sullivan and two ladies, who had kindly brought him in their carriage. During the sermon, Goss, having said a few words to Sullivan, crossed over to speak to me; but alas, the dear man had forgotten to shut off the pedal-pipes, and he had taken two steps on the pedal-clavier before he realised that he was the cause of the alarming thunderings which were frightening the congregation and putting a temporary pause in the sermon. He completely lost his presence of mind, and was unable to decide whether to go

backwards or forwards. Brought to his senses by the sustained roar, he continued his walk, or rather trot, toward me; when he sat down in a nervous perspiration and mopped his face while the dome was still echoing with the deep rolling sounds of his unpremeditated pedal fantasia. This story will be quite devoid of interest except to organists, and the occurrence has probably been entirely forgotten by all those who were present; but I reminded Sullivan of it many years afterwards, and we both recalled our boyish comment on it—"What a joke, wasn't it!"

It is evident that at the date of this event, which Stainer in after years placed in or about the year 1856, that the attractive dark-eyed boy had already found some good friends. It is more than possible that they were interested in him through Goss himself, since in 1856 had come to Sullivan what one of the memoir writers describes as the great event of his life, viz. his winning the first Mendelssohn Scholarship, then recently established at the Royal Academy of Music.

His "runner-up" in the competition was Joseph Barnby,[1] who afterwards secured several of the most important "plums" that the musical world has to offer. Sullivan's father was naturally delighted at his boy's success, and wrote the following prophetic letter to Mr Helmore.

[1] Born in 1838 and nearly four years Sullivan's senior.

SANDHURST,
July 6, 1856.

REV SIR,

I received your letter conveying the gratifying intelligence of my dear Arthur's success, and it would indeed be difficult to describe what I felt at that moment. Should the Almighty spare him I think he will at no distant day achieve much greater things. His mother is yet in London and I have requested her to call and arrange about his remaining with you. I can see no objection to it myself, provided his health and mind do not suffer by overfatigue.

Believe me, sir,
Yours respectfully,
THOMAS SULLIVAN.

He still retained his choristership when he entered the Royal Academy, and he now became a pupil of three notable teachers, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, Mr Arthur O'Leary for pianoforte and John Goss for harmony.

Here it is not inappropriate to quote the letter written by Sullivan four years after he left the Royal Academy, to his old master, Mr Helmore, a sure proof if any were needed of his warm and gracious nature, and incidentally of the ease and charm with which he, still little more than a big boy, was able to express himself.

3 PONSONBY ST.,
PIMLICO, S.W.
April 9, 1862.

MY DEAR MR HELMORE,

I was exceedingly glad to see your letter in to-day's "Times" for two reasons:

1. As I think it no small honour to have been in a school which has produced so many of our best English musicians, and to have had your instruction for more than three years, I was naturally pleased to see it thus publicly stated.

2. If any little success attends me in my professional career, surely you ought not to be overlooked amongst those to whom the chief credit is due, for to you I owe more than to anyone else perhaps.

The high principles and elevated tone applying equally to Art as to morals with which you strove more by example than by precept to imbue me (God grant that it may have been with some success!) the care and attention bestowed upon every branch of my education, and the constant and kindly interest taken in my progress, have been in no small manner influential in making me what I am—viz: an earnest labourer in the cause of true Art.

Believe me, dear Mr Helmore, with all the respect and esteem of an old pupil,

Yours most affectionately,

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

Mr Findon quotes from Sullivan's own impressions of his boyhood's time at Cheyne Walk.

"I always recall my old Master, the Rev Thomas Helmore, with affection and respect. I was greatly influenced by his great idea of relying upon the boys' sense of honour, and he certainly did make us very conscientious in the performance of our work. We had to practise the music for the Chapel Royal service every Saturday morning for the following day. He would say to us,

'Now, boys, if you get the music thoroughly well done, you may go as soon as you like. There will be no need for you to stay in during the afternoon.' I directed the practice of the music whilst my schoolfellow, Alfred Cellier, played the accompaniments. It was, I think, something to our credit, and to the credit of Helmore's manner of dealing with us, that with the temptation of our afternoon's holiday in front of us, we never scamped anything and on more than one occasion we stayed on well into the late afternoon in order to get the music correct. Nor did we have any assistance of any kind. Helmore relied upon Cellier and myself.

"Helmore was enthusiastic for the revival of old Church music, and was at the head of the movement for the use of Gregorian Music in the Church. He published two works which are of permanent value, 'The Hymnal Noted' and a 'Psalter,' both of which are really monuments of research. The words are mostly translations by the Rev J. M. Neale, the great hymnologist. I assisted in the work a good deal in harmonising tunes, during the time that I was a chorister there."[1]

Mr C. V. Bridgman, one of Sullivan's schoolfellows, writing many years afterwards, said:

"His (Sullivan's) voice was a very pure high

[1] Mr Helmore lived to a good old age and died in July, 1890, mourned by a long line of former pupils, several of whom, beside Sullivan, had attained distinction in the musical world.

soprano. His top A or B flat used to ring out with brilliant effect, and apparently without effort."

"As a boy he possessed," says Mr Bridgman, "an immense fund of natural wit and humour, but this was not suffered to interrupt his inborn leanings to serious composition, which were soon to become manifest."

An interesting anecdote is told of Sullivan at this period by Dr Corfe, the Bishop of Corea. He writes to the "Musical Times" under date November 12, 1901: "On the Feast of St Michael and All Angels in 1856 I was one of the senior choristers at St Michael's College, which had just been built at Tenbury by Sir Frederick Ouseley. For the opening services the small school choir was augmented from various sources . . . I have never forgotten the prodigious sensation caused amongst us youngsters by the singing of young Sullivan (then of the Chapel Royal). . . . He seemed to us a very old boy to have a treble voice and such a glorious voice. Apparently he was sixteen years of age, and we all wondered why his voice had not broken. . . . We found him very sociable and free from 'uppishness' of any kind. To entertain his numerous musical friends Sir Frederick asked them to his house in the evening. We boys had to go to provide the soprano parts for the concerted music. Whether Sullivan sang that evening or not

I cannot remember. We knew, of course, that he was Mendelssohn Scholar, and that he could play the piano; but I do not think anyone was prepared for what happened. Suddenly Ouseley said, 'Sullivan, I challenge you to play an extempore duet with me.' This savoured of the impossible, considering one was a chorister and the other Professor of Music at Oxford. But Sullivan said very modestly and quietly, 'Very good, Sir Frederick.' The room was pretty still by this time, and everyone looked on. 'You take the treble, Sullivan, because it will be easier. And I will take the bass.' Forthwith they sat down at the piano, agreed upon the key and the rhythm, and fell to . . . I do not suppose that *as music* it was very remarkable, but they played on without stopping till the piece came to a natural end."

It is probable that to this period, and possibly to this very visit, belongs a story of Sullivan visiting Stainer, then organist at Tenbury (related in "Musical Times," 1 May, 1901) at a time when Ouseley was erecting a large organ in the Chapel and indulging in all sorts of experiments —pipes, tubular actions, etc. Stainer and Sullivan conceived the idea that gutta-percha would make cheap and resonant organ pipes. The material was scarce and their financial resources limited, but they procured a few old gutta-percha boot soles and set to work. The process, however, affected Sir Frederick's olfactory nerves so dis-

agreeably that he at once stopped further operations, for obvious reasons, though Sullivan declared that it was mere jealousy on Ouseley's part in preventing the development of a very promising invention.

Sullivan was the happy possessor of a memory that might almost be called phonographic. We quote once more his own words ("M.A.P.," Feb., 1899): "When I was 13 I came home from my holidays from the Chapel Royal, full of a work by Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, called the *Martyrdom of St Polycarp*. Sir Frederick had written it as an exercise for his degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford. I sang the solo soprano part in the performance at Oxford, and thought that there never was such music. When I reached home I said to my father, 'There is a splendid march in the *Martyrdom of St Polycarp*. You really ought to get it for the Band.' As it was not published young Sullivan himself sat down early in the morning and by night time had written out the march from memory in full military bandscore, and it was played with great success by the Sandhurst Band.

On October 6, 1856, Sullivan wrote home to say that he is now "first boy" and supposes a bottle of "champagne stuff" will be drunk in celebration of his preferment. "They talk," he continues, "of doing away with the services for Guy Fawkes Day altogether, and let the poor fellow sleep in his grave in peace, and only

remember that it was the day the Battle of Inkerman was fought, since the Roman Catholics helped us to win the day, and we speak so badly of them in the service."

Chapter II

MENDELSSOHN SCHOLAR AND LEIPZIG

We now come to the period when, after the winning of the Mendelssohn Scholarship in June, 1856, Sullivan entered upon a more intensive period of musical education at the Royal Academy of Music than circumstances had hitherto permitted.

His three teachers, Sterndale Bennett, O'Leary, and Goss, were all three men of mark in their different ways. The first, and perhaps the most famous, was a Yorkshireman and an old Royal Academy of Music student of high distinction. He had become, while under the tuition of Cipriani Potter, an enthusiastic votary of Mozart, and a year's residence in Leipzig had brought him the warm friendship of Schumann.[1] He was further the "onlie true begetter" of the Bach Society, and in 1856, the year he undertook the tuition of young Sullivan, he had become conductor of the Philharmonic Society. Here then was a man, than whom it was scarcely possible to imagine a better, to watch over and train the budding melodic genius of Arthur Sullivan. Although he lived to see his pupil a well-known and popular composer, yet it is sad to record

[1] *Vide* Grove's "Dictionary," vol. I, p. 301

that at his death, all too soon, early in 1875, practically all the famous operas, *The Martyr of Antioch*, *The Golden Legend*, and many other remarkable compositions, were yet unwritten.

Arthur O'Leary was a younger man, only in fact 7 or 8 years the senior of his new pupil, who had spent 5 years at Leipzig, where he came largely under the influence of Mendelssohn, and eventually returned to London to study under Sterndale Bennett and Potter, by whom, it is fair to conjecture, the young teacher was employed to "coach" their more advanced pupils.

John Goss, who was the senior in years of the three teachers, had begun his career as his new pupil began his. That is to say, he was himself the son of a musician, his father having been the organist of the parish church of Fareham, Hants, while he himself had 30 years before been a Chapel Royal chorister at an even younger age than Sullivan, and for 18 years had been organist at St Paul's Cathedral. He was throughout his long life first and last a Church musician pure and simple, English to the core of him, and one who possessed, in the sympathetic words of Mr F. G. Edwards in the "Musical Times," "a keen appreciation of the resources of his art. His disposition was tender and sweet. He treated all others with consideration and goodness, and seemed hurt when he had occasion to realise the fact that others did not always treat him in the same way." Such were the men on whom

the responsibility rested of educating the rarely gifted boy, and we may easily realise the pleasure it must have been to such teachers, themselves men of experience, understanding and sympathy, to have the opportunity of moulding his musical future.

We may now again draw upon Sullivan's own recollections of his Academy days as printed in Mr B. W. Findon's Memoir.

"The instruction at the Royal Academy was perhaps somewhat desultory. I remember how we would wait there for Sterndale Bennett from 5 o'clock until 7 in the evening until the message would come to ask us to go up to his house in Russell Place, and then, although he was weary from teaching all day, he would give us some interesting lessons. His wife was a most charming woman, and when I was there late she invariably made me stay to supper with him. There was something very instructive and fascinating about Bennett's personality. He was, however, bitterly prejudiced against the new School as he called it. He would not have a note of Schumann,[1] and as for Wagner he was outside the pale of criticism. Cipriani Potter was converted . . . but all my efforts with Sterndale Bennett were ineffectual. My master for harmony and com-

[1] This statement by Sullivan is curious and slightly contradictory of the assertion previously made (on the authority of the writer in Grove's "Dictionary") that during Bennett's residence in Leipzig he won the warm friendship and enthusiastic eulogies of Schumann. It is however possible that his musical dislikings and personal likings were at variance.

position (Goss) was more eclectic in his taste and more open to conviction. I am eternally grateful to him ; he had a wonderful gift for part writing, and whatever facility I possess in this respect, I owe entirely to his teaching and influence."

It is impossible to omit a reference to the vivid description of Sullivan in his Chapel Royal days, often as it has been quoted in various memoirs, given by Mr Christopher Vickery Bridgman, of Anderton, Plymouth, and printed in "Musical Times," March 1, 1901. He describes the long walk twice each Sunday and Saints' Days from 6 Cheyne Walk to St. James's Palace, the distance covered being 10 miles. After the fatigue of this walk Sullivan always had to lie down in the afternoon to recover. He tells of the beauty of Arthur's high soprano voice, which was recognised on one occasion by the late Sir M. Costa, who was present at a rehearsal of some music for the christening of the late Duke of Albany, for which he had composed as an anthem a setting of the words : "Suffer little children to come unto Me." After hearing Sullivan sing the solo, Costa said to him : "Vell done, Soolivan ; very vell done. But you must put your accent as clear as your words, like this" ; and then Sir Michael sang : "Soofer leetle cheeldren to cume after Me, and forbeed them not, for of sooch is the kingdom of heaven." We may imagine a boy of Sullivan's liveliness appreciating this lesson and reproducing it afterwards for the benefit of his schoolfellows.

Sullivan naturally got plenty of chaff from his schoolfellows on the subject of his initials "A.S.S." Miss Helmore ("Musical Times," Feb. 1, 1909) records that "he was rather proud of his inappropriate initials. But my mother (Mrs Helmore) did not like them and always wanted him to drop the Seymour, and this after some time he did to please her."

"On a wet half-holiday nothing would delight him more," says Mr Bridgman, "than to get us boys to stand round the pianoforte, each with a comb covered with paper. He would compose impromptu pieces, waltzes, songs without words, etc.; taking his baton, generally a ruler, he used to conduct his band as he called us. Even with these primitive instruments some excellent music was produced under Sullivan's clever manipulation. It was a great delight to him to take some popular comic song or common tune of the day and turn it into a psalm or hymn tune. He would say to one of us, 'Now, like a good chap, hum or whistle me something,' and his request being complied with, he would rush off to the pianoforte and make a good fugue from the subject given him. . . .

"Great was the sorrow and regret when the day came for Sullivan to take leave of us 'Children' and to say good-bye to our dear old Master, Mr Helmore, but under the terms of the Mendelssohn Scholarship (which had won him his entrance to the Academy) he had to go to

Leipzig, and although there was a rule that no boy leaving before his voice had broken was eligible for the Queen's parting gift of £60, and a Bible from the Dean, an exception was made in favour of the chorister who had so distinguished himself, and he was granted the gifts."

Before we leave the interesting and important period in the young musician's life as a student at the Royal Academy of Music, we are privileged to quote, once more from Mr Findon's Memoir, the following description of his character by a fellow-student:

"My chief companion in the Academy was Arthur Sullivan, now the famous operatic composer. Six years my junior, he came fresh from the Chapel Royal, as merry and mischievous a boy as can well be imagined. Although a huge favourite among the students, he was a sad thorn in the side of some of the professors, and to none more than Charles Lucas, the director of the Academy orchestra. It was no unusual thing at the rehearsal to hear at times the most unearthly noise proceed from one instrument and then the other, and the reason therefore was usually summed up in Lucas's exclamation: 'Now, Sullivan, you are at it again,' which might possibly have been further from the truth. Sullivan's mastery over orchestral instruments even then, at fourteen years of age, was marvellous. He played them all with apparent ease.

In answer to my enquiry where on earth had he acquired his skill, he replied that from his babyhood he had been a regular attendant at the rehearsals conducted by his father in the band-room of the regiment of which he was band-master, and that by constant practice and his father's teaching he had gradually overcome all difficulties in this direction. As a matter of fact, he was one of the most gifted prodigies known to fame, and his facility in every department was simply stupendous. He could read anything at sight, play from a formidable score, clearly distinguish and declare any and all combinations of sounds, even at the very top of the piano, without seeing the notes struck; and he accomplished in the line of study in five minutes what others could not succeed in doing in five months. Let me add one word of testimony to his excellent character as a man. Although he and I are now separated by an almost impassable gulf, both socially and musically, he is one of the best friends I have in the world, and amid all the pressure of work and, I regret to say, under the burden of much sickness, he continues to this day to write me the cheeriest and kindest of letters, letters which are alike a credit to his head and his heart. I happen to know, too, that his goodness of heart and generosity of disposition extended to the whole brotherhood of musicians, and hundreds of the poorer brethren have good cause to bless the name of Arthur Seymour Sullivan."

It is not difficult to realise all that Leipzig meant to the young and enthusiastic musician whose education had up till then been so exclusively English and—it must be admitted—narrow and insular. With all the advantage that contact with the minds of Sterndale Bennett, Goss and O'Leary could give, he must have "felt in his bones" the necessity of opening new windows on to other fields of his art. But we must not overlook the obvious fact that this vital necessity was well recognised by the more advanced minds at the Academy. Had it not been so, there would have been no clause in the conditions attached to the Mendelssohn Scholarship requiring the holder to spend a twelvemonth at the great home of German musical culture.

Leipzig was indeed a new world to Sullivan, and he may well be pardoned for the enthusiasm he felt to the very core at his entry upon the most renowned musical centre in Europe. Its charming situation upon two swiftly flowing rivers, the Pleisse and Elster; its ancient and historic schools; its connection with the famous house of Breitkopf and Haertel; the wonderful Gewandhaus concerts, and, lastly, the Conservatorium, founded only 15 years before by Mendelssohn himself, with an unrivalled staff of teachers whose names were household words far and wide. Hauptmann for harmony and counterpoint; composition and piano by the founder himself, until his untimely death in November,

1847, and his friend and coadjutor, Robert Schumann, assisted later on in 1846 by Ignaz Moscheles who, at Mendelssohn's entreaty, abandoned his lucrative London work and accepted the modest salary of £120 per annum to teach the pianoforte.

Then there were the various choral societies formed among the students and others attracted to the town by the amazing constellation of great "stars" resident there.

Small wonder that the choicest musical spirits of Sullivan's day from England and America found their way there by hook-or-by-crook sooner or later. Among his fellow students were Grieg, Carl Rosa, John Francis Barnett, Walter Bache, Franklin Taylor, himself a famous teacher in England in later years, Dannreuther, and a host of others. In the fifteen years that had elapsed since the foundation of the Conservatorium, a good deal of water had flowed under the Leipzig bridges. Wagner's first operas, *Rienzi* and *The Flying Dutchman*, had been heard, and—it is a sad juxtaposition—so had, in England, Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* and the *Maritana* of Vincent Wallace. Mendelssohn had travelled to England in 1846 to conduct the *Elijah*, Schumann's *First and Second Symphonies* (C major, Op. 61) and his *Third and Fourth* (D minor, previously heard in 1841 as his *Second*) *Symphonies* had come to a hearing at Düsseldorf and elsewhere.

In Italy, Verdi was creating a periodical furore

with his operas *Rigoletto*, *Ernani* and *Trovatore*; and Meyerbeer, Flotow, Liszt, Gounod and other giants were in their prime. It all seemed as though nothing were wanting but an Englishman to show the world that the country of Purcell had again brought forth a genius worthy of its repute in other fields of art and culture.

On his arrival at Leipzig, Sullivan swiftly recognised that he had almost to start afresh and then work doubly hard in order to catch up the spirit of the place, moving so fast upon a plane which was utterly strange to him. Luckily, however, his native freshness and adaptability and his amazing facility for absorbing new impressions came to the rescue and he soon found his feet and was recognized by his fellows and masters as a youngster of more than ordinary promise. His masters were Moscheles and Plaidy for the pianoforte, and Hauptmann for counterpoint and fugue, at whose house[1] he went for lessons in the very room where Bach wrote his immortal works when in Leipzig. Julius Reitz was his teacher for composition and Ferdinand David for orchestral playing and conducting.

Moritz Hauptmann, at this time and for a good many years the most famous and gifted musical theorist in Europe, was then about 65 years of age. He had, throughout his career, been regarded even by his opponents with honour and respect. It was a natural result of his early

[1] Now, alas! destroyed.

training in mathematics and philosophy that he became the great apostle of form in his chosen art, and in his teaching and by his own compositions, he strove valiantly but courteously to exemplify the faith that was in him.

Ignaz Moscheles had been a pianist and virtuoso of renown for a generation before he undertook to superintend the youthful Sullivan. He had been for a short time the teacher of Mendelssohn, he had, as a youth of 20, been actually in touch with Beethoven, and what was of material importance to his English pupil he had, from 1826 to the year he settled in Leipzig, at Mendelssohn's request, lived entirely in England, and was therefore able to teach in the boy's native tongue, and thus overcame a handicap from which Sullivan suffered sorely with his other teachers in his first few months at Leipzig.

His other teachers, Plaidy, Reitz,[1] and David were all men of great distinction in their various branches of teaching, and were able to bring a powerful concentration of musical technique and learning to bear upon the receptive mind of their pupil.

As we have seen, Sullivan arrived in Leipzig in

[1] "Dear old Plaidy, so human and so kindly" (Mrs Rogers' "Memoirs"). Of Reitz, the composer, Mrs Rogers says: "Wagner's music was to him as a red rag to a bull. . . . He did not, however, deprive us of Schumann and certain compositions of Gade, and Max Bruch were also admitted as not containing any dangerous elements of musical anarchy."

the autumn of 1858, and was soon plunged head over ears in the routine work of an ordinary student. He writes home :

"I am obliged to work tremendously hard here. No sooner is one master despatched than I rush home to prepare for another. In fact, to tell the truth, the great fault of this institution is that there are too many lessons—not enough time given to the students to work at home."

A few months later he writes to his father under date June 4, 1859. "I have been here eight months, an immense advantage to me—although it is only now that the improvement is manifesting itself in a marked degree—for, of course, I had to work back again to this system, besides having to struggle against the difficulties of the language ; for I lost half the benefit of my former lessons through not understanding what was said. . . . You will be pleased to hear that I have made my first public appearance as a player as the enclosed programme will show you, though I certainly had not much cause to be nervous, there being four of us playing together ; I do not much mind playing in public now, as I have got over my nervousness and for which I may thank the *Abend Unterhaltung*.[1] My quartet was played in the *Abend Unterhaltung* a fortnight or so ago and went capitally.

"I mean it played well. I was congratulated by the director and professors afterwards. They

[1] Literally "evening entertainment."

wanted it performed in the *Prüfung* (public examination), but Mr Reitz would not have it, for reasons which were quite proper; besides, I have no doubt he thought I should become idle after it, as is often the case with them here."

It is perhaps worth recalling at this point some of the late W. S. Rockstro's memories of the manner in which the various teachers of kindred subjects divided the branches of each subject amongst themselves. The plan had originally been laid down years before by Mendelssohn himself when he, with the most meticulous care, originated and directed the exact detail of every department of the child of his heart, the famous Conservatorium. Each professor chosen was selected for his mastery or specialist-knowledge of some particular point. Thus Plaidy and Wenzel had made the training of fingers and wrist their own department. Herr F. Richter was for harmony only, counterpoint and fugue were the chosen field of Hauptmann, while form and instrumentation were looked after by Niels W. Gade. The master himself, in the brief time he assumed personal direction, took all these subjects into consideration by turns, though only in their higher aspect, and there can be little doubt that in the ten years that elapsed between his death and Sullivan's advent Mendelssohn's methods of teaching and the inspiration derived from his genius were still fresh in the memories of his chosen lieutenants.

It is interesting to refer here to Sullivan's mention of Reitz, his composition master. Julius Reitz was at this time (*circa* 1858) a man of about 46 years of age, who had already been some 10 years in the service of the Conservatorium, where he had attained a commanding position by his immense intellectual powers, his rare command of the orchestra and complete mastery of the technique of composition. He had been at the head of the Gewandhaus orchestra since 1848, a position that carried with it almost god-like attributes in the eyes of the young disciples of the sacred art who flocked to Leipzig.

Further quoting from Sullivan's letters home on June 4, 1859, he writes: "This has been a very gay week for Leipzig in consequence of the great Tonkistler-Versammlung, or meeting of musical artists, got up principally by the 'Future music' people. Through it I have formed the acquaintance of Liszt,[1] who has been the 'lion.' My first introduction to him was last Tuesday, when Mr David gave a grand musical matinée, to which he invited me. Liszt, von Bülow, and many other German celebrities, musical and non-musical were there. In the evening, when nearly everyone was gone, Liszt, David, Bronsart and I had a quiet game of whist together, and I walked home with Liszt in the evening. . . . Liszt is a very amiable man, despite his eccentricities, which are many! What a wonderful player

[1] At this time the great pianist was 48 years of age.

he is! Such power . . . such delicacy and lightness!"

At about this time, his pianoforte teacher Moscheles wrote the following letter to his old Chapel Royal friend, Sir George Smart:

LEIPZIG,
September 21, 1859.

I am happy to find much improvement in young Sullivan. He is steadily working out his natural abilities, and gaining ground in playing as well as composition; the latter is clearly proved by the new overture he is just finishing. You may rely upon my every way fostering his musical talent, and I like him for his love of you and the gratitude with which he names you and Lady Smart.

Believe me, my dear Sir George,
Ever your faithful friend,
I. MOSCHELES.

Chapter III

Leipzig—*continued*

In 1906 Mr John Francis Barnett, who had been a fellow-student with Sullivan at Leipzig under Moscheles and Plaidy, published a volume of reminiscences. He had nothing of special interest to record of his recollections of his friend, although they must have come into daily or even hourly contact for many months. He does all justice, however, to his genial and delightful manners and boyish ways.

Barnett had an aunt, Mrs John Barnett, who was living at Leipzig for her children's education and who kept open house every Sunday for her nephew and his friends, Franklin Taylor, Sullivan, Walter Bache, Carl Rosa and others; at these Sunday evenings part-songs were written and performed then and there. The soprano and contralto parts were taken by Barnett's cousins, Clara and Rosamund (afterwards Mrs Henry Rogers, of Boston, U.S.A. and Mrs Robert Francillon), Arthur Sullivan sang tenor and Carl Rosa bass, accompanied by Barnett on the piano.

Barnett criticises, with some reason, the system at the Conservatorium of studying the same subject with two masters. "The student soon finds that musicians, like doctors, disagree. Thus

Plaidy initiated us into the mysteries of staccato from the loose wrist, whilst Moscheles advocated octaves from the arm, and the student had to exercise his discretion as to which theory to adopt in this, as in some other matters."

Mrs Rogers, *née* Clara Barnett, and her sister Rosamund in after years became widely known as gifted operatic artists all over Europe and America under the name of the Doria Sisters. The former published at Boston, in 1919, a fascinating volume of "Memories"[1] extending back to the days when she and her sister were living in Leipzig and were intimate with young Sullivan. She can call to her aid an amazing memory, that enables her to recall a youth spent among all the "fine flower" of European culture in the "fifties," and was on intimate terms with persons to whom Beethoven and Mendelssohn, Schumann and Liszt and other giants were living friends, seen and spoken with frequently. She has, in addition, the happy gift of an easy style, which brings those far-off days to us with great vividness.

She describes the arrival of Sullivan as Mendelssohn Scholar "armed with splendid letters of introduction to Moscheles and Schleinitz," and her own eager interest in his achievements and personality. She first saw him at the morning session of the "second mid-year examination," which he had been invited to attend by Schleinitz.

[1] Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, U.S.A.

"Suddenly I heard Taylor, who sat behind Rosamund and me, exclaim 'There's Sullivan.' I turned and beheld standing in the doorway, a smiling youth with an oval, olive-tinted face, dark eyes, a large generous mouth and a thick crop of dark curly hair, which overhung his low forehead. His whole attitude was so free and unconstrained one would have thought he had always been there.

"Although he actually knew no one, he looked as if he found himself among old friends. The sight of him excited in me a strange emotion never before experienced! Something happened within me. I knew not what! When my turn came to play, I had no thought of either Director or Faculty, but only what impression my playing would make on that dark-eyed curly-headed youth." In due course he was invited by Mrs Barnett to be a member of the "Barnettsche Clique" and very quickly won her heart by his obvious appreciation of her hospitality and the good things on her supper table.

To Clara's despair Sullivan "showed a distinct inclination to flirt with Rosamund. . . . But she was too much like Sullivan, both in appearance and disposition, to be violently impressed by his personality." So poor Clara saw her young hero wasting his charm on an unappreciative idol, and she determined to win his attention to herself by following his lead in music. He had written a string quartet in D minor. So would she. By

the help of Cousin John this was achieved, as far as the first movement. "And oh, what bliss when I saw Sullivan take it up and peer into it one evening as it lay on the piano. 'Who wrote this?' quoth he. 'I did, it is my quartet,' quoth I snappishly, attempting to snatch it from him. 'Oh no,' he laughed teasingly, 'you can't have it now, I've got it. I'm going to keep it till I've had a good look at it.'"

The poor child naturally began to feel nervous lest he should "find dreadful things in it," but "after he had examined it attentively, he looked at me curiously from head to foot as if I was a new kind of creature that he had never seen before."

"'Well done, little girl,' he exclaimed heartily in his most captivating manner, and behold, I was the happiest and the most triumphant being in the creation at that moment—though I would not have allowed him to suspect it for anything. . . . That marked an epoch in my life. . . . I felt that at last I stood for something in his eyes, even tho' I was only in my fourteenth year."

Then the sister Rosamund was taken ill and Clara went to a friend's house to practise. There she had the bliss of meeting her adored Sullivan at tea, and "as there was no one for him to flirt with . . . his attention was practically forced on to me." It is not difficult to imagine the situation or the hold a handsome youth with all the

glamour of his talents added, exercised over her susceptible little heart.

In the summer Arthur visited them at Schandau and they took long rambles together, hand-in-hand, for a glorious couple of weeks. But even there poor Clara's idol proved fickle, for they stumbled across a party of tourists from Ireland, including "two distractingly pretty young girls . . . and from that moment Master Sullivan was neither to hold nor to bind."

So Clara became jealous, and showed it, but all Sullivan said was: "You will be sorry when you know more than you do to-day."

This cryptic saying thoroughly mystified his young admirer, until the following week, when, at a special party, given by Mrs Barnett at Arthur's earnest request, he appeared with Paul David, Carl Rosa, and two other fellow-students who were strangers, with a viola and 'cello respectively. And then there was a delightful surprise, for the four players seated themselves at their desks, with Arthur near to turn the leaves, "and—I heard as in a dream the introduction to the first movement of my quartet. It was too much—I only know that I burst into tears—my face hidden from view to hide an emotion I could not control. . . ." And then came repentant apologies from the young lady and the explanation given by Arthur "with a sweet reproachfulness of how he had abstracted the MS. with the idea of giving his little friend the joy of hearing her

music played, and how he had during the holidays written out the parts himself, obtained permission to use a classroom at the Conservatorium, as well as the services of four of its best players, rehearsed it himself, and finally letting her mother into the secret, got it ready for performance at the party." No wonder that she adds, "I felt very contrite at the thought of my bad treatment of Sullivan just because he flirted with the little Irish girl. . . . I concluded that his flirtations were, after all, only ripples on the surface of his feelings."

Mrs Rogers adds: "It was part of Sullivan's nature to ingratiate himself with everyone that crossed his path. He always wanted to make an impression and, what is more, he always succeeded in doing it. . . . In this way he got into personal touch with most of the celebrities, while the rest of us only worshipped in the distance. It was this instinct . . . that had much to do with his subsequent social success in high quarters and his intimacy at the Court of England. He was a natural courtier; which did not prevent him, however, from being a very lovable person."

The Barnetts left Leipzig for Berlin before Sullivan, and though Clara records his visiting them in the Prussian capital before he, too, left the Conservatorium, his name is scarcely mentioned again in her delightful work. It is an amazing thing that this brilliant and accomplished artist and writer whose personal achievements

date back so far into the nineteenth century and touch intimately the history of so many illustrious musicians long since dead should in this year of grace 1924 be still alive and well and, to the delight of her many friends, about to publish another book!

Almost the only contemporary comment upon Sullivan's abilities as a pianist comes from Walter Bache, who in a letter home dated October 8, 1858, says: "There is a new pupil here from the Royal Academy, named Sullivan, whom I like very much. He cannot play well, but he has written some things which I think show great talent."[1]

During the following year, when Sullivan had established himself firmly in his new surroundings, he became a firm friend of Bache and they often went together to visit the hospitable home of Mrs Barnett and elsewhere; thus on February 7 "Sullivan and I went to Madame Schunk, the sister-in-law of Mendelssohn. Also the eldest daughter of Mendelssohn and his son were there —we enjoyed the evening very much."

[1] "Bache," says Mrs Rogers, "had caught the spirit of Italian music from Liszt, then in Rome . . . an unpardonable defection of course from the Conservatorium cult, which occasioned merciless teaching which he bore good-naturedly. Arthur Sullivan . . . took a wicked delight in sitting at the piano and parodying a Rossini cavatina for Bache's special benefit. He did it so cleverly, too, that it was invariably greeted with roars of laughter from the rest of us."

May 8, 1859. "I expect that a quartette of Sullivan's which they rehearsed last night (at the Gewandhaus) will be played. It is a very well worked out thing and will please the Germans very much. I think it shows a good deal of promise considering that Sullivan is not yet 17. He has had great advantages all his life in London, having been in the Royal Academy and having had lessons of Mr Bennett."

In July, 1859, Bache and Sullivan made an excursion to Halle with the Barnetts, Rudorff and Taylor, for the inauguration of a statue to Handel. On this occasion Bache wrote home that while the statue was fine enough, the performance of *Samson* disappointed the critical young Englishmen, "and proved to me what I had heard before, that Handel's works are nowhere so well performed as in England."

There was another English family resident in Leipzig whose name should be mentioned. They were the Procter Wrights, mother and two children, a sister and brother, who, says Mr Dannreuther ("Life of Grove," p. 109), "had come to Leipzig to study medicine and music, for which latter he had much love and no aptitude. . . . Their rooms were the meeting place of the English speaking colony generally and particularly of young musical people such as Sullivan, Bache, Franklin Taylor and myself. Wright was about 15 years our senior, a warm-hearted man, always

ready to lend a hand and give friendly advice, so we all liked and respected him."

In a letter home dated October 30, 1859, Sullivan quotes a remark made by Herr Veit, "an amateur of talent and celebrity," who had attended a performance in the Gewandhaus concert of a symphony of his own, and for whom the directors, wishing him to hear some pupil's composition, selected his (Sullivan's) quartet. "When it was over, Veit called me to him, shook hands with me, and practically repeated what Spohr said to me, 'So young and yet so far advanced in art' ('so jung und doch so weit in der Kunst')."

June 5, 1860, was the occasion of another performance of an early work, an "overture to Moore's poem 'The Feast of Roses,' from *Lalla Rookh*, in E major." Sullivan found it great fun standing up and conducting that large orchestra! He says: "I can fancy mother saying 'Bless his little heart! How it must have beaten!' But his little heart did not beat at all. I wasn't in the least nervous, only in one part where the drum *would come* in wrong at the rehearsal, but he did it all right in the evening. I was called forward three times at the end and most enthusiastically cheered. I 'shot the bird,' as Mr Schleinitz said—i.e. had the greatest success in the whole *Prüfung*. The newspapers have also treated me very favourably, much better than I expected, for the overture, being written in Mendelssohn

style, and there being such a clique against Mendelssohn, I thought they would have treated me roughly."

The "Leipzig Journal" says: "We were grateful at finding in the youthful Sullivan a talent which we may venture to say, by the aid of active and continued perseverance, gives promise of a favourable future."

The "General Anzeiger" says: "Still more applause was obtained by Herr Sullivan in the second part of the overture which was conducted by himself, and which, striving towards a new direction, transported us into the Persian plains of Moore's lovely poem and gives us great hopes of the young composer."

By the autumn of 1860 Sullivan had been in Leipzig two years, and the financial benefits obtained under the Mendelssohn Scholarship conditions were at an end.

His father, however, clearly understanding the immense advantage his son was reaping from his work in Leipzig, arranged to let him stay on for a time at his expense. So in September, 1860, Arthur writes home: "How shall I thank you sufficiently, my dearest father, for the opportunity you have given me of continuing my studies here. I am indeed very grateful, and will work very hard in order that you may soon see that all your sacrifices (which I know you make) have not been to no purpose, and I will try to make the end of your days happy and comfortable. I had given

up all idea of studying longer and indeed was making preparations for my journey home. Therefore the surprise was greater for me."

The following month he had the joy of writing to his father that "The Director has exempted me from paying for the Conservatorium during the next six months I am going to stay here. When I got up to thank him for it he said, 'Oh yes, we will let that be entirely. You are a splendid fellow (*prachtiger Kerl*) and very useful. We all like you so much that we can't let you go!'"

On October 31, 1860, he writes: "Mother, my great hobby is still conducting. I have been told by many of the masters here that I was born to be a conductor and consequently have been educating myself to a high degree in that branch of the art. If I can only once obtain an opportunity to show what I can do in that way, I feel confident of my success afterwards. Do not mistake this for conceit—but I am getting of an age now when I shall be obliged to have confidence in myself and my own resources. I often try to think what would have become of me had I never come to Germany. In England there was very little more for me to learn. I had heard and knew well almost all the small stock of music which is ever performed in London (and it is very little compared to what one hears here). I should have made very little improvement in pianoforte playing, whereas now, thanks to Messrs

Moscheles and Plaidy, I am a tolerably decent player."

Here we may perhaps halt awhile and see whether the young and enthusiastic Leipzig student was not doing something less than justice to the resources of his native land. He had been rather over two years, from 1858–60, in a town which, with Weimar, might dispute the title of being the hub of the musical universe. It is unfortunately the case that there was nothing in London in the realm of " pure " music to compare with the Gewandhaus-concerts, but it has been pretty generally acknowledged that in this particular direction Sullivan's genius did not excel. In Sullivan's young days the opportunity of hearing in London fine orchestral performances of up-to-date works was limited to the Philharmonic concerts, but no reproach can fairly be levelled against that venerable institution of having failed to keep pace with the progress of music. If in 1860 Schumann and Mendelssohn found detractors in their native land; all the more to the credit of the Philharmonic is it that, 30 years before, in 1829, Mendelssohn's name had appeared in their programmes as conductor of his C minor Symphony. From then onwards scarcely a year passed in which one or more of his works was not either commissioned by the Society or first performed in England. One of the greatest pianists of all time, Rubinstein, played there in 1857. Schumann's overture, Scherzo

and Finale (*Op.* 52) had been heard as far back as 1853, his B flat Symphony in 1854. In 1855 Wagner conducted a selection from *Lohengrin* and the overture to *Tannhäuser*. Joachim, Madame Schumann and other famous artists also came to England. But it was not alone at the Philharmonic that there were opportunities for young students in London. At Covent Garden Theatre, then and for long after swayed by the autocratic rule of Sir M. Costa, at His Majesty's (then Her Majesty's) Theatre, at the concerts organised by Charles Hallé, at Hanover Rooms and elsewhere it was possible to hear good music. The Royal Opera House at Covent Garden alone would have provided Sullivan with a liberal education in contemporary operatic music. It had been burned down (for the second time) in 1856 and, after rebuilding, was re-opened in May, 1858, with the *Huguenots* by Meyerbeer, with such artists as Mario, Grisi, and Madame Parepa taking part. Other operas by Meyerbeer, Flotow, Auber, and Mendelssohn were staged either then or a year or two later. There was a keen and relentless rivalry between two famous impresarios, Mr Frederick Gye and Mr J. H. Mapleson for the services of the greatest singers of their generation, and although the day of Wagner had not yet arrived, it is hardly straining the point unduly if we insist upon the fact that in spite of the great educational advantages Sullivan undoubtedly enjoyed at Leipzig, there

were opportunities of self-education to be had at home for those who knew where to look for them. Sullivan soon discovered this for himself, for in 1862, almost immediately after his return from abroad, his *Tempest* music introduced him to the Crystal Palace, no mean musical centre of those days, and not long after he became attached to the staff of Covent Garden, as we shall see in due course. The truth appears to be that the fault lay in the nature of Sullivan's early musical education, which had been much too exclusively ecclesiastical. His teachers at the Academy were Sterndale Bennett, who, as we know, would have none of Schumann and Wagner, while Goss, of whom Sullivan writes as being more eclectic in his tastes, was, after all, first and last a Church and Cathedral organist and composer. These influences were not likely to send their pupils to the cheaper places in the opera houses and concert halls, there to learn for themselves something of the newer elements (the " music of the future ") then faintly making themselves heard.

Sullivan complains in the same letter that " they have no idea in England of making the orchestra play with that degree of light and shade to which they have attained here," yet H. F. Chorley, no mean critic, writing of Costa, says, " he had brought orchestral playing to a point of perfection previously unknown in England."

Hallé was regarded and is spoken of by Mr Fuller Maitland as a " Conductor of the first

rank; his beat was decisive and though his manner was free from exaggeration he imposed his own readings on his players with an amount of will-force unsuspected by the London public at large. He was a fine influence in musical education." This well-known artist had begun conducting a series of operas at Her Majesty's Theatre in the winter of 1860, and in 1861 he began the first series of Recitals at St James's Hall, afterwards famous as the Monday "Pops."

However, we must not criticise too closely these letters written with all the youthful enthusiasm of a boy, grateful for an experience unparalleled in his life, and possibly prone, as most young Britishers were, to consider German and indeed any foreign musician or artist infinitely superior to the home-grown article. In after years Sullivan, while not bating one iota of his gratitude for the fine and generous way he had been treated at the Conservatorium, made it quite clear that his feelings in these matters had undergone modification. Indeed he concluded in the same letter that his aim is to bring the English orchestra to the same perfection as the Continental ones, and to even still greater, "*for the power and tone of ours are much greater than the foreign.*" He further remarks on our unwillingness or inability to appreciate good music the first time of hearing. But as he points out, we were not the only sinners. "Take Beethoven, for instance, whose 5th Symphony was laughed at when first

tried at the Philharmonic. Carl von Weber said of his 8th or 7th "that the composer was fit for the madhouse." It is evident, therefore, that there were not lacking among the detractors and narrow-minded musicians of the day some of the more eminent of Beethoven's fellow-countrymen.

We need not follow up more of these early recorded opinions, because they are merely one more addition to the vast mass of evidence that proves the difficulty with which any art progresses in the teeth of what are—in a commercial connection—known as "vested interests."

We must go on to 1861, when we get the preliminary mention of the first of these works of the young composer which were to carry his name and fame far and wide over the musical universe.

February 10, 1861. "Very much occupied with my *Tempest* which does not proceed as quickly as I could wish. I have already completed two entr'actes, two dances, and a song, besides parts of the melodrama, but it is in the overture I have come to grief, for I cannot get it into form to please me. . . . I am very anxious to know if you will like my music. It is very difficult to any you have heard."

Later on he writes, April 11, 1861, that his *Tempest* was performed with great success in Leipzig the previous Saturday and that he will be in London on the following Monday or Tuesday.

Chapter IV

"The Tempest" and Organistships

We may now pause to consider very briefly what manner of musician it was who came back to London. He had certainly enjoyed educational advantages denied to some of his contemporaries, though not to all. His boyhood's chums, John Stainer, the brothers Cellier, and Joseph Barnby, did not pursue their education abroad, yet they each in their various ways attained fame and distinction in their art. Those young Englishmen whom he met at Leipzig, John Francis Barnett, Walter Bache, Carl Rosa, Franklin Taylor, and others, did no better than might have been expected of them by the tremendous soaking in the science and practice of music that they underwent in Germany.

Sullivan undoubtedly came home a fine technician with a sincere admiration for German teaching and the German reverence for art. But it is difficult to believe that all the thoroughness and care for detail instilled into him very much that was not there before he went. As a boy we know he was painstaking, thorough, and highly conscientious in his work. As a young man he was no more and no less. He had no bad habits to shed and no wrong teaching to unlearn.

In common with all his more enlightened contemporaries he was amazed and shocked at the derision and abuse levelled at the music of Schumann, and even of greater men than Schumann, by pedants in the press and a sheep-like public who are willing to take their opinions ready-made from them.

A writer in the " Musical Standard " many years ago wrote :

" He (Sullivan) came back in due time—as expected—a perfect master of his art ; but—and this was not expected—he bewildered his hearer with strains which were not elaborated and well-disguised reminiscences of German or Italian music, *but* with strains simple and spontaneous which seemed to go straight from the ear to the heart and there to evoke some sweet feelings of home and of old England. The young artist, when free to sing for himself, sang his own dear England as it was and as he felt it in his British heart and brains."

So, if the " proof of the pudding," in the words of the homely old proverb, " lies in the eating," we need not over-emphasise the importance of that particular ingredient, excellent and Teutonic, which went to complete the remarkable combination of common sense, fertile genius, and unlimited command of technique that met in the person of Arthur Sullivan.

The medium by which Sullivan's genius was to be first displayed to the British musical

world was a concert at the Crystal Palace. To the younger generation of musicians to-day, such a statement conveys little or no significance, but in 1862 it was hardly too much to call it the "blue ribbon" of a young musician's ambition. The orchestra, under August Manns, at the Crystal Palace had then been giving their Saturday afternoon concerts from October to April every year since 1855. Manns, their conductor, had been a regimental bandmaster in the German Army, under Colonel von Roon, who became a general of European reputation in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. In 1855 Manns took over the conductorship of the band (then consisting of 62 brass instruments only) from Herr Schallehn, whose name we have already come across at Kneller Hall where Sullivan's father was engaged as a teacher.

In a short time Manns had persuaded the Crystal Palace authorities, backed enthusiastically by the overwhelming energy of George Grove, who was Secretary to the Crystal Palace Company, to turn their brass band into a first-class Symphony orchestra of 16 first, 14 second violins, 11 violas, 10 'cellos, and 10 double basses, with the usual wind and brass addition. He then set himself to work to reform the programmes and to educate his audiences to understand and appreciate the works of the great classical masters, and, furthermore, to bring before the British public the works of men like Schubert and

Schumann, hitherto unknown to them. But this was far from setting a limit to his wise and beneficent activities. The writer in Grove's "Dictionary" puts the case with great moderation in his article on the career of August Manns. He says, "A very great influence was exercised in the renaissance of English music by the frequent performance of new works of importance by Mackenzie, Parry, Stanford, Cowen, and others. . . . The performances were of that exceptional quality which might be inferred from the ability, energy and devotion of the conductor, and from the fact that owing to the wind and a portion of the strings of the orchestra being the permanent band of the Crystal Palace, Manns had opportunities for rehearsal which were at that time enjoyed by no other conductor in London."

And so it was a great day for Sullivan that dawned on Saturday, April 5th, 1862, when the beautiful *Tempest* music was first performed. There was a record attendance of the faithful Saturday Concert audience, the principal London papers sent their powerful and—luckily—friendly critics, and Sullivan received an ovation, the first of a series that was to stretch over the next 35 years in an unbroken succession. Like Byron, he woke on Monday to find himself famous. The success was so emphatic that the extraordinary step was taken of repeating the performance on the following Saturday, necessitating a radical change of the settled programme. It was also the

occasion of his first meeting with Charles Dickens, who attended the performance and warmly congratulated the young composer afterwards. A few months later the music was performed by the Hallé orchestra in Manchester, and Sullivan wrote the following description of his triumph to Mrs Lehmann :

GREENHAYS, MANCHESTER,
Jan. 23, 1863.

MY DEAR MRS LEHMANN—

I shall tell you all about last night's proceedings, but in few words for I have not ten minutes. First, however on Wednesday I was received by Miss Hallé most graciously, who entertained me until the return of her parents to dinner. We went to the 'Gentlemen's Concert' in the Evening; very classical and ergo, very slow—Hallé, Molique, Piatti, Reeves &c. Then I was taken to a ball and shown about like a stuffed gorilla! Mrs Leisler is the name of the hostess. There I met a Mrs Gleig or Greig, a sister of Rathbone's. She was very pleasant & likes you & Mr Lehmann—wonderful exception to a general rule! I stood about the room in easy & graceful postures conscious of being gazed upon; walked languidly through the lancers & then talked a good deal to Mrs Gaskell the authoress, & at half-past 2 was in bed. The next day we went down to the rehearsal, where I met with a most enthusiastic reception from the band on being introduced by Mr Hallé. They played through the whole thing with goodwill & took no end of pains about it. Then I went & got shaved (!) had an Eccles cake, a glass of sherry & a cigar,—looked at

a few things of Hecht with him ; home to dinner & then to the concert. I sat with the Hallés in the two front rows (I on only one, of course). A splendid hall & well filled—nearly 3000, I am told.

" Overture ' Egmont '	Beethoven
" Song	Miss Banks
" Music to the ' Tempest '	A.S.S. " !

Well I felt calm & collected & smiled blandly at the few people I knew. The ' Storm ' begins, ends, & is warmly applauded. Things go on. The 3rd act prelude, also warmly applauded, at which your correspondent looks gratified, & wishes that a certain friend of his could hear the way in which certain points were taken up & certain passages got through without bungle. However the audience warms up & applauds everything, especially the 4th Act Overture which your correspondent thought as near perfection as anything he had ever heard. The band was superb—so bright ! Well it is all over & loud applause follows. The band applauds at me. The audience see that something is up, & continue. At last Hallé beckons to me to come up. I wink, I nod, I interrogate with my eyebrows, & at last rush madly from my seat, & up the platform. When I show myself my breath is literally taken away by the noise. It is gratifying though. I bow six times, twice to the orchestra (who throughout have been so kind & friendly) & shake hands with Hallé ; then down again & all is over. I stay behind during the 15 minutes interval & am overwhelmed with—not reproaches—from critics, artists, rich merchants with hooked noses &c. One gentleman sitting near Mrs Hallé seeing me rush away,

said "What! is *that* Sullivan that boy!" (Oh that I had a dagger!) "I thought he was a relation of yours," Others thought I was a contemporary of Beethoven, or at least his immediate successor. Hallé won't let me go back today. He is teaching all the morning, & says he has much to say to me, & stay I must. Mrs Hallé waits now in the carriage to take me to a sewing-school. My love to the children.

I am, dear Mrs Lehmann
ever yours,
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.[1]

Unfortunately we have no means of knowing whether the opportunity came to Sullivan in the shape of an invitation from Manns to submit his work or otherwise. But we do know that 33 years afterwards, on the 12th April, 1895, the anniversary of the second performance of the *Tempest* music, Sullivan wrote to Manns from Paris:

"How much do I not owe to you, my dear old friend, for the helping hand you gave me to mount the first step of the ladder! I shall always think of you with gratitude and affection.

"Ever yours sincerely,
"ARTHUR SULLIVAN."

About 16 years ago the present writer met Mr George J. Webb, then an old man in very feeble health, but in full possession of an excellent

[1] From "Memories of Half a Century." R. C. Lehmann. John Murray. 1908.

memory. He had been a clarinet player and was the sole survivor of the original Saturday concert orchestra. He remembered vividly the performance of the *Tempest* music, and said that its repetition the following Saturday, which necessitated the cancelment of the programme as originally arranged, was unique in the whole of his long experience of the Saturday concerts, which extended over 43 years.[1]

Mrs Walter Carr, in the "Musical Times" of February 1, 1901, contributes some interesting recollections of the days immediately after the return from Leipzig. She was the daughter of the vicar of St Michael's, Chester Square, and she writes from

"St John's Vicarage,
"Worcester,
"*Jan.* 14, 1901.

"Sir Arthur Sullivan was appointed organist of St Michael's, Chester Square, in the summer of 1861. . . . Immediately after his return from Leipzig, Arthur Sullivan took some organ lessons from George Cooper—they lasted about five months. I was present at the trial for the vacant post at St Michael's, and was quite enthralled by

[1] A remarkable comment on the lack of music appreciation, by theatrical producers, is provided by the fact that not until 1903 was the *Tempest* music heard in conjunction with the play!

the performance of the E minor Fugue of Bach, one of the pieces played by the slim, curly-headed, black-eyed youth. The eight years during which he held the post saw the rapid development of his genius, and no doubt materially contributed to it. He was introduced to my father by Captain Ottley, an old friend of the Helmores. I may add, that I was not only one of his earliest pupils in organ playing and harmony, but for many years I took the Wednesday morning and Sunday afternoon services for him."

We also know from Miss Helmore's account of this period of his life that he " was by no means overburdened with riches . . . and for about a year he attended four afternoons a week as an assistant master to Mr. Helmore, not to give the Chapel Royal choristers music lessons, but to teach them the three Rs."

Mr. Findon also points out that, at this time, Sullivan was confronted by the problem of how to make a living. The organist's post, and the assistant-mastership can hardly have been very remunerative, and he dreaded the drudgery of teaching, which he well knew meant the death or maiming of his creative powers. His natural bent was composition, and the easiest to him was song-writing. He said of himself: " I was ready to undertake anything that came my way, symphonies, overtures, ballets, anthems, hymn tunes, songs, part songs, a concerto for the 'cello,

and eventually comic and light operas—nothing came amiss to me, and I gladly accepted what the publishers offered me, so long as I could get the things published." In the chronological list of his works on pp. 261 *et seq.* will be found the names of the songs and orchestral works belonging to this period. The five Shakespearean songs published by Metzler brought him in five guineas apiece, and the first of them, 'Orpheus with his Lute,' for many years was a source of steady income to his publisher.

Later on, and very soon, his reputation increased to a point that enabled him to publish them on the royalty system, a much more satisfactory way from his point of view. At this time, or at least from May, 1861, he was living in rooms at 3 Ponsonby Street, Pimlico, and although as we have seen he was not intended by nature for a teacher and disliked having to do it, there is an advertisement in the "Musical World," on his return from Germany, that he was ready to take pupils at that address.

While he was at Leipzig he had made the acquaintance of Felix Moscheles, the son of Ignaz Moscheles, the famous teacher of a still more famous pupil, Felix Mendelssohn, whose godson he was. The friendship was continued in London, and it so fell out that Sullivan, during the absence on the Continent of his friend Moscheles, took charge of a lovable Skye terrier, named Carry, belonging to the latter. That dog,

says Mr Moscheles,[1] his qualities, virtues, and musical gifts deserve more than a passing mention; but—I will here only transcribe a letter of his that he wrote with the assistance of his friend, Arthur Sullivan, who, attracted perhaps by the gifts above named, had kindly taken charge of him. . . ."

3 Ponsonby St., Pimlico, S.W.
Aug. 10*th*, 1861.

Bow wow wow wow
mf.

pp. Gr -r -r -r -rewow
f.

My dear and esteemed master—

My kind friend Mr. Sullivan, who pretends to be as fond of me as you are, has taken me away from the enjoyment of a delicious mutton bone in order to answer your letter; and as I cannot find a pen to suit me well, he is writing whilst I dictate. I was very low-spirited the other day after leaving you, and appeared to feel the parting very much, but it soon wore off under the influence of biscuit, bones and kindness; indeed I must do Sully and his family the justice to say that they try to do the utmost to make me happy and comfortable, although they don't always succeed, for sometimes I appear dissatisfied (hoping, *entre nous*, by that means to get more out of them) I have several idiosyncracies and failings, of which my master (*pro tem.*) is trying to correct me, but finds it rather hard work, for I am not so easily brought out of them. I have a will of my own but Sully says

[1] "In Bohemia with du Maurier." Fisher Unwin. 1897. Page 141.

"Train up a dog in the way it should go and he will not depart," &c.—and Sully is right.

Don't you think it's a bad plan to wash me with soap? I think it deters me from licking my skin and consequently from having those ideas of cleanliness engendered within me which are so necessary to every well bred dog moving in good society!

I want to get back to my bone, but Sully says I must first deliver a message from him. You are to give his love to your dear parents (in which I heartily join) and tell them how grieved he was that he did not see them to wish them Godspeed before they left England, and how it hurt him to think that a long long time would perhaps elapse before he should see them again.

And now my dear master I must say Goodbye. Much love in few words in which Sully joins me,

Believe me, ever your
Attached and faithful dog,
Carry *X* his mark.

F. Moscheles. Esq.

Mr Ed. Mills, who, in 1901, was Professor of Music at St John's College, Battersea, relates (in "Musical Times," Jan. 1, 1901) that he became deputy to Sullivan at St Michael's some five or six years after the latter's first accepting the position there. The organ then was a three manual, occupying three sides of a small west gallery, the choir being in front. The boys came from a local national school and the men from the police station close by, when "constabulary duties" were over. . . .

"His (Sullivan's) style of playing was eminently legato and quiet and scrupulously in keeping with the general feeling of the words. . . . He rightly considered his thoughtful accompaniment of the service to be his strongest point as an organist, and which, by the way, caused him to be better remunerated than many a man of much greater powers of execution."

Mr Joseph Bennett in some reminiscences of those days says ("Daily Telegraph," Nov. 26, 1900):

"For some time during the early years of our acquaintance Sullivan was organist at St Michael's, Chester Square, his choir as regards the adults in it, being made up of policemen. I sometimes accompanied him to rehearsal, and never ceased to admire the way in which he kept the constables at the boiling point of enthusiasm, as well as on the brink of laughter. The organist's good spirits were infectious, and though, as he himself sang in after years

> Taking one consideration with another
> A policeman's life is not a happy one.

I would be bound that the able-bodied of St Michael's were, during rehearsal, as happy as all the birds in the air. They could not help it . . . so ebullient was his good nature and so captivating his charm."

Mr F. G. Edwards suggests that the presence of the policemen in the choir was due to the fact

that the late Sir Richard Mayne, then Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, was a worshipper at the Church.

The invaluable Mrs Walter Carr's recollection of the choir at her father's church was as follows :

("Musical Times," Feb., 1901) : "The origin of the policemen choir was this—cordial relations had always existed between the police station, situated close to St Michael's, and the church—indeed a special service was held for the constables every Wednesday morning. So when there was a difficulty about procuring tenors and basses, it occurred to my father that there was this raw material ready to hand. Raw material indeed it was at first, but with patience and perseverance it proved capable of results surprising to those who knew the beginning. Many, doubtless, have heard Sir Arthur tell in later days the story of that Easter evening when the Psalms were chanted for the first time. How, after weeks of patient teaching them their parts, his tenors and basses having got through a couple of verses, feebly and tentatively in harmony, burst into a joyful unison, the melody of Mornington in E flat. The "harmonious Bluebottles," however, completely wiped out this disgrace afterwards, and made an efficient and steady choir, if not one distinguished for beauty of tone."

The following letter to Mrs Lehmann decribes his methods with much humour.

3 Ponsonby St., S.W.

Jan. 9, 1863.

My dear Mrs Lehmann—

Your graphic account of the City picnic quite revived me when I returned home tired to death with teaching my gallant constables a tune in G minor. No easy task, I can assure you.

"Now my men what key is this in?"

Dead silence.

Organist—"Don't all speak at once. One at a time if you please."

Shy Tenor (B 47)—"B, sir."

"Major or Minor?"

"Minor, sir."

The force looks approvingly at B 47 for having thus defended its honour.

Organist—"No that won't do."

The force now looks suspiciously at Mr Sullivan and B 47 alternately.

Mr S.—"Its G minor."

Deep sigh from the force & sympathising looks at each other. This is the way things go on. Have you written to Mr Chorley about the tickets for to-morrow? . . . Don't trouble to answer this please, as I shall not get your letter before I see you. I shall make my way to my new address (No. 139 Westbourne Terrace) with a black bag, pleasant demeanour & hungry feelings.

I am, dear Mrs Lehmann,
Ever yours,
Arthur S. Sullivan.[1]

[1] From "Memories of Half a Century," by R. C. Lehmann. John Murray. 1908.

According to Mr Bennett, Sullivan's residence was, when he first knew him—about 1865–66—"on the South side of Lupus Street almost directly faced by that of James Coward, for long organist at the Crystal Palace, mine being some little distance eastward of the last named. At that time I was associated with J. W. Davison and Sutherland Edwards, in the musical department of the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' Frederick Greenwood being editor. Among the bye-laws of that journal was one requiring delivery by first post in the morning of all 'copy' relating to events of the previous day; hence the very tiniest of the small hours often saw me wending my way to the post-box. This peregrination took me past Sullivan's house, and it frequently happened that the window of his 'den' at such times, gleamed faintly out on the waste of the night. Then would I cross the street, knock as agreed upon, follow a dressing-gown upstairs and spend a further portion of the wee sma' hours in talk."

A further and pleasant light is thrown on Sullivan at this time by a letter written to R. C. Lehmann, then a child about to complete his seventh year. It is headed with a drawing of "Ponsonby Castle, sketched from life and from the street by a distinguished artist." The "Castle" possessed no back or sides, but on the other hand its front has eleven windows, in addition to a stack of chimneys and a front door. The "Artist"

in a large top hat is shown contemplating it from the left. In real life "Ponsonby Castle" was 3 Ponsonby St., S.W. The letter has no date, but Mr Lehmann conjectures it was written on 2nd January, 1863.

My dear Rudie—[1]

I write to wish you many happy returns of the day—in other words to tell you I hope you may live to be a fine old man, honest, upright & good, always doing what is right, & especially being kind & affectionate to your parents, for think what they do for you.

Now the Sermon is over we will proceed to lighter matters. In the first place, I shall be delighted to avail myself of your kind invitation for to-morrow, which you did me the honour to send. The prospect of Tea & Buns which you hold out is far too tempting to resist, particularly as Buns are the one great comfort of my life—in fact the sole object, almost, for which I live. If you could throw in a few biscuits & a pickled onion in red currant jelly my happiness would indeed, be more than I could well bear. No more of this however, until we meet.

Good-bye my dear boy—Ever your affectionate friend,

Arthur S. Sullivan
his *X* mark

P.S. [Here follows an assortment of complicated hieroglyphics.] This of course is between ourselves.

[1] From "Memories of Half a Century." R. C. Lehmann. John Murray. 1908.

Chapter V

MANY IMPORTANT FRIENDSHIPS

Mention has already been made of the name of George Grove, who was Secretary of the Crystal Palace from 1852–73, and some more extended description is necessary of this amazingly versatile and gifted personage with whom Sullivan had happily begun an intimate friendship which was to exercise a strong influence over his career. Mr Graves, whose "Life and Letters of Sir G. Grove" was published in 1903, disclaims in his preface the intention to produce either a critical or complete memoir and, accomplished writer though he is, he may well have recoiled from the task of describing the career of a man who attained lustre in so many widely different spheres of activity. At the time Grove met Sullivan he was about 42 years of age. He had been articled to a civil engineer, was admitted a graduate of the Institution at 19, and almost immediately became associated with important engineering works abroad and at home under such illustrious chiefs as Robert Stephenson, Edwin Clark, Brunel, Locke and Sir Francis Head. He next became Secretary to the Society of Arts and afterwards of the Crystal Palace Company; he was an accomplished

French and German scholar, an intensely serious High Churchman, and had for many years before his meeting with Sullivan been a passionate lover of music and particularly of classical music. He was already the intimate friend of many distinguished and some illustrious people, Tennyson, Carlyle, Dean Stanley, John Murray, Bishop Lightfoot and a host of others. Thus it is easy to see that Sullivan with his own attractive personality had again been brought into contact with a brilliant and artistic personage, who was likely to serve him in good stead.

The story of their meeting, as related by Mr F. G. Edwards on Grove's own authority, is as follows :

Sitting one day in the Gallery at a concert in St James's Hall, Sir George espied some one peering through the glass panel of the gallery door. " Who is that engaging looking young man," he enquired. " Oh, that's Sullivan," was the reply. " He's just come back from Leipzig." A friendship between the two men was quickly formed although there was 22 years difference in their age. It is more than likely that it was owing to Grove, as Secretary to the Crystal Palace Company, that the opportunity came to Sullivan of submitting the *Tempest* music to Manns for production at a Saturday concert.

A year later, on May 13th, 1863, Sullivan attained his 21st birthday ; he writes the following letter to Grove on that day :

47 Claverton Terrace,
St George's Road, S.W.
May 13, 1863.

Many many thanks, my dear good friend, for your affectionate letter and for the substantial proofs of your regard—you are right when you speak of the happy year we have had since we knew each other, but I go still further and acknowledge with gratitude the immense advantage which your friendship has been to me—I have learnt more from being with and talking to you than you can ever know, for you have taken good care not to let my art alone absorb me, but have interested me in other equally, if not more instructive matters.

I should not have said this but you impute so much to me that it is but right to tell you what I owe to you—long may our friendship last!

The arrival of the family parcel caused an immense sensation here to-day. Everything was eagerly examined, admired, and the clear and explicit key drawn out by you, studied with immense interest. The umbrella has been the theme of universal admiration in town, and the trade has profited accordingly. I have not yet received the deputations from the various public offices, colleges, etc., but shall doubtless have a hard day's work to-morrow. One of my presents has been a locket with Beethoven's hair in it. What do you think of that you old ravenous Beethovenite? . . . Tell dear Mrs Grove I will write to her to-morrow and also to the children whose presents pleased me beyond measure.

Goodbye, dear old fellow,
Ever yours affectionately,
Arthur S. Sullivan.

We shall frequently come across the name of Grove in the course of this chronicle, but for the moment we must go back to the year 1857, in which, as far as we can guess, the first contact occurred between Sullivan and the art of the theatre. The information comes from that treasure-house of musical records, the "Musical Times," so often quoted in these pages. Mr Ed. Peacock, a former tenor of 32 years' standing at St Peter's, Eaton Square, recalls ("Musical Times," March, 1901) that in the autumn of 1857 the Pimlico Dramatic Society was founded, of which Arthur Sullivan and his brother Fred were both members. "The performances were given in a very large room in Ebury Street, a few doors from Belgrave Street. Arthur, then aged 17 and still a student of the Royal Academy of Music, acted as conductor of the band. The players numbered 26, the majority, like himself, being dressed in the Academy uniform, a blue cloth jacket with gilt buttons. He supplied the music . . . and all the performers, as well as their youthful conductor, rendered voluntary service. His brother Fred was one of the actors, and a very clever actor he proved himself to be. . . . There can be no doubt that a brilliant future awaited the Society but for the action of the Marquis of Westminster. . . . When the news of its existence reached his noble ears the Marquis issued a decree that he would have no stage performances on his estate, and then the whole

thing collapsed. I was a regular attendant at the performances, having several friends in the band and in the stage department."

During Sullivan's residence abroad and for a year after, his connection with the stage was non-existent, but in 1864 his ballet of *L'Ile Enchantée* was produced at Covent Garden, and this brought him under the notice of Michael Costa and was perhaps responsible[1] for his appointment as organist at the Opera House, then under the autocracy of that redoubtable personage.

This gave him the run of the theatre and free access to the stage and rehearsals, and so he commenced a rapid process of self-education into the highly technical process of presenting operas and stage-plays.

There is a well-known story too of this period illustrating his calm presence of mind and absence of nervousness. In the middle of a rehearsal of *Faust* the wire connecting the pedal under the conductor's foot with the metronome-stick at the organ, broke. Evidently the organist and the conductor were so placed as to be invisible to each other, and this might have been the prelude to a disaster. Sullivan discovered the accident and called a stage-hand. "Go," he said, "and tell Mr Costa that the wire is broken and that he has to keep his ears open and follow me." After the messenger had gone it suddenly dawned

[1] I have been unable to verify this.—H.S.W.

upon Sullivan that the message so delivered by a stage-hand, from a raw recruit to the generalissimo, might be resented, but at the end of the Scene, when Sullivan went to deliver his apologies the great man was too appreciative of the importance of the message to be offended and only too thankful that his assistant had prevented a fiasco. Sir George Grove, in a paper contributed to the "Pall Mall Gazette" in May, 1884, entitled "The Secret of Sir Michael Costa's Success," maintained that Costa's great plan was to surround himself with the best possible agents, the best assistants he could obtain, regardless of expense, and success was certain. His engagement of Arthur Sullivan was a case in point.

The Season of 1864–5 was by no means inconspicuous in the annals of Covent Garden Theatre. *Faust*, as we know, was produced; also *Nozze di Figaro*, with Pauline Lucca as Cherubino, Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor* and Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord*, and a good many other fine operas. The management of the theatre was in the hands of a brilliant impresario, Mr Frederick Gye, who in 1867 became an operatic monopolist by the destruction of Her Majesty's Theatre by fire. He afterwards joined forces with the former manager of the homeless Company, Henry Mapleson, and in 1868 the two managers decided upon certain steps which brought about the resignation of Costa from his throne.

One of the results of the furore created by

the performances of the *Tempest* music was the invitation to write a cantata for the Birmingham Festival in 1864. Sullivan collaborated with his friend Henry F. Chorley, the critic of the "Athenæum," and the subject chosen was Kenilworth.

The actual invitation to submit a work came through the good offices of Costa, to whom he wrote the two letters subjoined. Costa had been conductor of the Norwich Festivals since 1849.

47 Claverton Terrace, S.W.

Friday, Feb. 26, 1864.

My dear Mr Costa,

Many thanks for your kind note. I am indeed very grateful to you for the interest you have shewn on my behalf. Mr Mason wrote to me a few days ago immediately on receipt of my letter (before he wrote to you) and is coming to town shortly to speak more fully on the subject—and I owe it all to your recommendation without doubt—that is, if the Committee decide to accept my cantata—Of course I shall let you know directly the matter is settled—In the meantime with repeated thanks,

I am, dear Mr Costa,
Yrs very sincerely
Arthur S. Sullivan.

47 Claverton Terrace, S.W.

March 3, 1864.

My dear Mr Costa,

I had an interview with Mr Mason yesterday the result of which was that he accepted my cantata, in the name of the Committee.

So I can now only repeat my warmest thanks to you for your kind and powerful interest in the matter.

I have still to beg, that if your time permits it, you will let me shew the Score to you as soon as it is finished and give me the benefit of your advice before it is printed for performance—Chappell's have agreed to buy it—The subject is to be the "Masque at Kenilworth" taken from Sir Walter Scott's novel of Kenilworth—Mr. Chorley is arranging the book.

I am, dear Mr Costa,

Ever yours sincerely,

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

It is another instance of the unfailing good fortune which seemed to follow Sullivan that he should have attracted the intimate friendship of such an influential and distinguished journalist as Chorley. It is not so remarkable perhaps that long afterwards, when he had attained fame and wealth, the jealousy and ill-nature which generally wait upon any form of success, should have made themselves heard. To revert to his colleague in the production of *Kenilworth*, and without the slightest detraction of his own merits, it can assuredly have been nothing but an advantage to have secured the admiration of a man who had for 34 years been a prominent London critic, who, though possessed of strong prejudices, always boldly and courageously expressed—as, for example, regarding his well-known inability to appreciate Schumann—would press upon the public with energy and fervour the claims of

those musicians whose reputation he had taken under his wing.

It must once again be remarked that Sullivan's genius for friendship seemed especially attracted by men much older than himself, and of this Grove and Chorley were conspicuous examples.

After the triumphant production of the *Tempest* music at the Crystal Palace in 1862, Sullivan had made the acquaintance of Charles Dickens, who attended the second performance and with characteristic kindness had congratulated him afterwards while disclaiming any knowledge of music.

The acquaintance between the young musician and the illustrious man of letters continued, and in the summer of 1865, Sullivan paid his first visit to Paris, whence in one of his letters he writes:

"I am to play the *Tempest* (with Rossini) on Friday . . . we called upon Dickens, and then all dined together (the Lehmanns, Dickens, and selves) at the Opera Comique to see David's new opera *Lalla Rookh*. It is very pretty, but rather monotonous.

"The particular purpose of our visit (to Paris) was to hear Madame Viardot in Gluck's *Orfeo*. She was intensely emotional, and her performance was certainly one of the greatest things I have ever seen on the stage. Chorley, Dickens and I went together, and I remember that we were so much moved by the performance, and it was of so affecting a character that the tears streamed down

our faces. We vainly tried to restrain ourselves. I went about a good deal with Dickens. He rushed about tremendously all the time, and I was often with him. His French was not particularly good; it was quite an Englishman's French, but he managed to make himself understood and interviewed everybody. Of course, he was much my senior,[1] but I have never met anyone whom I liked better. There was one negative quality which I always appreciated. There was not the least suspicion of the *poseur* about him. His electric vitality was extreme, but it was inspiring and not overpowering. He always gave one the impression of being immensely interested in everything, listening with the most charming attention and keenness to all one might say, however youthful and inexperienced one's opinion might be. He was a delightful companion, but never obtruded himself upon one. In fact, he was the best of good company."

Forster's "Life" of the great novelist makes no reference to the fact of Sullivan being in Paris at the same time as Charles Dickens.[2] The latter was not then in very good health and had determined to take a holiday to recover it. On his

[1] Charles Dickens at this time—1865—was 53 years old, while Sullivan was 23.

[2] Lady Dickens kindly writes, 15 July, 1924: "There seem to be no letters (in Sir Henry Dickens's possession) about Charles Dickens and Arthur Sullivan. I went to Mrs Perugini and asked her. She said 'they were never great friends and I don't know of any letters.'"

return home he was, unhappily, a passenger in the ill-fated train which met with an appalling accident at Staplehurst Junction, and although his own carriage escaped being smashed by a hair's breadth only, the terrible sight and shock caused to his nervous system were, it is generally thought, the preliminary cause of a breakdown from which he never thoroughly recovered, and which five years later led to a fatal result.

The visit to Rossini duly came off upon the introduction of Madame Viardot, and the veteran composer took an immense interest in his young confrère in art. Rossini was at this time 73 years of age and had been for half a century one of the musical idols of Europe. He was, however, at the end of his wonderful career, and it is pleasant to read of the cordiality and encouragement he displayed to the young English musician who still had his spurs to win.

Sullivan's naive description of his visits to Rossini, as of his acquaintance with Dickens, betrays none of the indiscriminate enthusiasm of the hero-worshipper or even of the reverence of the young artist for those whose names were household words. Even then he seemed to feel that fortune lay at his feet and that it only remained for him to pick it up.

Rossini and he played the *Tempest* music, arranged as a duet, "nearly every morning. This was because he had taken such a fancy to the music in question, and I must say I felt

greatly pleased, as one could never accuse Rossini of insincerity. . . . When I left him he begged me to send him a copy of everything I wrote and to keep him *au courant* with all that I did."

At about this time he and Chorley were collaborating in an opera to be entitled *The Sapphire Necklace*, which, however, was eventually found unsuitable for the stage and was abandoned, the music being used by Sullivan in other works. He had, a year or two before, made one of his rare excursions into "abstract" music with the *Irish Symphony* during a visit to Ireland in 1864. It was completed and produced at the Crystal Palace in 1866 and won warm commendation at the time. Over thirty years later it was revived there under his own direction, only two years before his death. Sullivan himself in order to dispel any doubts as to the correct name of the symphony, wrote to Mr Findon as follows:

"It is a mistake to say 'erroneously' called *The Irish Symphony*. It *is* the *Irish Symphony* and was always called so by myself and all about me when I wrote it."

He goes on to say that he desired to avoid even the appearance of a comparison or competition with Mendelssohn's *Scotch Symphony*, and he therefore did not so publicly describe it. He again refers to this in another letter to Mr Joseph Bennett many years later. The Symphony had been produced in 1893, says Mr Bennett, at Monte Carlo, under the title of *In Ireland*, and

Bennett felt that the work suffered by the lack of a key to its secret and purpose and that was "inconvenient."

Mr Graves records that on 22nd July, 1864, George Grove's youngest son, Arthur, was born, the god-parents being Arthur Stanley, Arthur Sullivan, and Miss Olga von Glehn. In the year 1866 Sullivan had become a constant visitor at the house of Sir George Grove and at those of the von Glehns and Scott Russells. These two families formed the inner circle of the Sydenham society of which Grove was the intellectual centre, the von Glehns of Peak Hill Lodge and the Scott Russells of Westgate. Von Glehn was a Russian by birth, who became a naturalised British subject, married a Scotchwoman and became deeply attached to this country. He had a large and gifted family, one of whom married Dr Creighton, afterwards Bishop of London, and all of whom were in some way distinguished as artists or musicians. Scott Russell, who was on the Board of Directors of the Crystal Palace, was a famous engineer, and builder of the unfortunate *Great Eastern* steamship. He had a brilliant and distinguished wife and three very pretty daughters, who were worthy descendants of their parents.

To one of these ladies Sullivan formed a deep attachment, which was reciprocated on her part, and was, in due course, followed by a more or less informal engagement. This was, however, only known to an intimate circle of friends and

was never announced publicly. It did not, unhappily, meet with approval in parental quarters and was thereafter terminated, and though it has been conjectured that this early misfortune accounted for his never marrying, in the view of persons now living who are well qualified to express an opinion, this was not the case.

On 10 March, 1866, Sullivan's Symphony was produced at the Crystal Palace and Grove described the pleasure he felt in the production of "an important work by my friend Arthur Sullivan," which thus added another link to that chain which already connects him with the Crystal Palace, a chain which began when his *Tempest* music was first performed there.

On July 11th, 1866, Grove's diary notes going to "Arthur's Concert," and on 17th October he and Sullivan went down to Freshwater to see Alfred Tennyson. The reason for the visit is described by Grove in a long letter to Miss Olga von Glehn dated 28th October, 1866:

"I had proposed to him to write a Liederkreis for Sullivan to set and Millais to illustrate, and he had caught the idea at once and had done three songs out of seven—very charming songs and very good for music. Sullivan went down with me and pleased both Mr and Mrs Tennyson extremely. In the evening we had as much music as we could on a very tinkling piano, very much out of tune, and then retired to his (Tennyson's) room at the top of the house where he read us

the three songs, a long ballad, and several other things, and talked till two o'clock in a very fine way about the things which I always get round to sooner or later—death and the next world." Later on, we read of a second visit to Tennyson on 10th February, 1867. Sullivan then writes home to say, "When I got here I had a cup of tea and then went and smoked with Tennyson until dinner-time. He read me all the songs (twelve in number) which are absolutely lovely, but I fear there will be a great difficulty in getting them from him. He thinks they are too light and will damage his reputation, etc. All this I have been combating, whether successfully or not I shall be able to tell you to-morrow."

The idea of a joint production of the great poet, the painter and the musician, however excellent it may have appeared, did not prosper. Millais became impatient and withdrew after making a single drawing, a charming picture of a girl at a window, and the publication did not actually take place until four years later, in 1870. Under date of 4th November, 1870, we read in Lord Tennyson's Memoir of his father :

November 4, 1870. Mr. Arthur Sullivan, Mr Knowles and Mr Strahan came. Mr Sullivan wished to publish the Window Songs. A. did not like publishing songs that were so trivial at such a grave crisis of affairs in Europe ; but he had given his promise to Mr Sullivan about them and "He that sweareth unto his neighbour and

disappointeth him not" determined us. So they are to be published with the protest "I am sorry that my four years old puppet should have to dance at all in the dark shadow of those days, but the music is now completed and I am bound by my promise." They were eventually published by Strahan, December, 1870.

There was a somewhat unfortunate contretemps following the publication by reason of the preface (a paragraph of which we have quoted) which Tennyson felt it incumbent to write, and which Sullivan's friends construed as a reflection upon him. It drew a letter from Sullivan to the poet to which the latter replied as follows:

DEAR MR. SULLIVAN.

I have been some time in answering your note because I have been asking several friends who had already seen my little preface to the Songs of the Wrens what their impression of it was. They had all failed to see in it the slightest kind of unfriendly allusion to yourself and only took it as an expression of my own regret at the unappropriateness of the time of publication[1] and even that my words were not more worthy of your music.

You may feel quite certain that there was and is no intention on my part to give the public any other impression; and you can, if you choose, let all your chaffing friends of the Club know that you have this under my hand and seal.

A. TENNYSON.

[1] The time of the Franco-Prussian War.—H.S.W.

Sullivan afterwards told his first biographer, Mr Lawrence, that he always felt Tennyson was the one great man whose personal appearance seemed to correspond with his work. "He always appealed to me as being the rugged old prophet Isaiah of this country. I really owed much to his gentleness and patience."

There is an anecdote of Tennyson coming to dine at Sullivan's house to meet Millais, Frances Byng, his vicar at St Michael's (afterwards Earl of Strafford) and his mother. The meeting was arranged in connection with the proposed collaboration. The door was opened to Tennyson by a maid who had been with them many years, and who was fairly staggered by the appearance of the poet clad in a broad-brimmed felt hat and short black cloak. When the guests had gone she said: "Was that really the great poet, Master Arthur? (he was nearly thirty!) Well! he *do* wear clothes!" "Of course," replied Sullivan, "all poets do. Besides, you forget he is Poet-Laureate." Then after a slight pause she said: "What a queer uniform!"

Chapter VI

"In Memoriam" and "Cox and Box"

The end of the year 1866 was a black and sorrowful one for Sullivan. The bereavement he suffered by the terribly sudden death of his father, occurring on September 22, caused him the most poignant grief. The story told by Mr Findon of the origin of the *In Memoriam* overture is as follows:

About a month before the Norwich Festival he said to his father that he could think of nothing that satisfied him as a subject for a composition, and that he would have to abandon the idea of seeing his name on the programme. "No, my boy," said his father, "something is sure to occur to put new vigour and thoughts into you. Don't give it up." By a tragic coincidence the "something" which occurred was the death of the beloved parent and the result was the *In Memoriam* overture, which is held by many of his critics to be the noblest and most beautiful of all his published orchestral work.

Mrs Walter Carr ("Musical Times," Feb. 1, 1901) says: "My most vivid recollection of Arthur Sullivan in the old organ-loft (at St Michael's, Chester Square) is on the day he came for sympathy after his father's death. He was

dressed entirely in black, his usually brilliant eyes were dull and lifeless and his face deadly pale, so that he looked the embodiment of grief. As was his custom when writing anything new, he played me portions of the *In Memoriam* overture, which I heard subsequently at the Crystal Palace. I shall never forget seeing the occupants of the side gallery start to their feet by an uncontrollable impulse at the first crash of those triumphant chords in C major, just before the close. I wondered that the papers took no notice of this fact at the time."

In the following touching letter to Mrs Lehmann he reveals something of the awful shock his father's loss brought to a deeply affectionate and gracious nature.

47 Claverton Terrace,

Thursday night, 18 *Oct.*, 1866.

I was very glad to get both your letters. . . In great pain of this kind one holds out one's hands in an agony to see if any one will clutch them & press them even for a moment only, & it would be sad to hold them out in vain. And what agony, what real physical pain it is, when the first great shock of one's life comes. I was at Sydenham on the Saturday night asleep; & in the middle of the night was awakened by the servant to say my brother was there. I thought my brother wouldn't come down at 4 oclock in the morning without some reason, & then he entered looking himself so pale & odd. He tried to tell me

quietly but broke down at once. I got up & dressed, & then went out in the pitch-dark night, & together we drove home in a hansom which was waiting at the gate, and gave out a little faint glimmering light in the midst of the terrible darkness. Oh that was a dreadful night! My dear father went to bed shortly before midnight & at 12 he was dead. He slept in the dressing room next to my mother's bedroom, & was already in bed when she came up. He called her & complained of a pain in his side . . . She ran for a doctor but it was too late. She was only away a few minutes, & before she returned he was gone. He never spoke a word, but gave a long sigh & died. My dear, dear Father, whom I loved so passionately & who returned my love a hundredfold if that were possible! Oh it's so hard—it is so terribly hard—to think that I shall never see his dear face again, or hear his cheery voice saying, "God bless you, my boy" . . . I am able to be strong all day for my poor mother's sake, who is nearly broken-hearted (they have been married thirty years & known each other intimately nearly fifty!) but at night, when I am alone, then the wound bursts out, & I think of him & his tender love & care for me, & his pride in all I did—& now he is gone for ever. Perhaps he can look upon me & see all I do; & please God I will try & never do anything that will make him turn away his head & regret that he left me alone here.

Keep me in affectionate remembrance,

Ever yours,

A. S. S.

On September 17, 1866, he writes: "I am to conduct the Ballad Concert (at the Crystal

Palace) on behalf of Manns—it may lead to greater things," and, "I have received a letter from Sterndale Bennett, offering me the professorship of Composition in the Royal Academy of Music."

There is an account of a strenuous twenty-four hours' work in connection with a visit to Manchester, dated December 6, 1866, "Sim (Sim Egerton, afterwards Lord Wilton, a distinguished amateur musician) sat up with me till 4 o'clock this morning, and after he went to bed, I dressed myself in morning clothes, and packed all my things, smoked a cigarette and waited till the cab came, which it did at 5 a.m., drove to Euston Square, and waited about until the train started at 6.15 a.m. I slept a good part of the way, but was nevertheless awfully tired when I got to Manchester at 12 mid-day. The rehearsal was at half-past so I was in ample time. We worked very hard for two hours and a half at the Symphony and the band cheered me. I made them a short speech, and Hallé was very kind, and in fact, everybody was delighted with themselves and each other. We dine at six, and the concert is at half-past seven."

After all this, there followed a journey to town by a late train and a rehearsal the next morning at 10 o'clock. Small wonder that the frail body early developed a serious weakness.

To a correspondent unknown (probably Miss Helmore):

3 Sion Hill,
Ramsgate.

Tuesday night,
11.15.

Carissima mia !

I can't come tomorrow because I am down here. This of course I am sorry for as I should have liked to dine and drink the Captain's health. As it is, I shall make merry down here, with some excellent Vichy water, and wish I were with you. I am glad you enjoyed yourself at Westwood, Norman Russell came down here yesterday, to stay with me and went back tonight. I expect Clay tomorrow. We are revitalising here, and picking up health and strength.

What a sad loss Dr. Neale is—I should have been at his funeral[1] but couldn't get a train across in time. Goodbye, my dear,

I shall be back on Friday,

I am writing this with the point of a pin.

Yr. ever affect.

Aug., 1866. A. S. S.

It is no part of our purpose to reprint in this biography the press criticisms innumerable, ranging from the wildly enthusiastic, through the lukewarm, to the coldly critical, which were showered upon the composer from the year 1862 onwards. It would be easy to point out amusing discrepancies, "deadly parallels," wise prophecies, and foolish ones, but it is more to the purpose now to trace the rapid growth of the

[1] Pencilled note in another hand.

cautious yet sure and purposeful young man to the well-bred man of the world, as completely at his ease in the company of Princes, as with his fellow-musicians. This was doubtless one of the by-products of his winning personality, and has been much commented upon—often unfavourably—by writers. The important point we have to remember is that his social success was never by any chance allowed to deflect him from his chosen and beloved Art, or to give reason to his critics to detect resultant flaws in his work.

On May 13th Grove notes in his Diary "going to *Cox and Box*," and here we must digress for a moment to relate the story of the conversion of the famous old Maddison Morton farce of *Box and Cox* into the sparkling operetta that has remained among the most melodious and delightful minor works with which Sullivan's name is associated.

There is a certain amount of disagreement in the various accounts published at different times, and many years after the event Sir F. Burnand in his "Reminiscences" tells of a musical and dramatic supper party at his own house at which he wished to present something novel to his guests. "The notion suddenly occurred to me of turning our old friend Maddison Morton's farce *Box and Cox* into an opera. . . . Meeting Arthur Sullivan in Bond Street . . . I confided to him the happy thought. . . . Then came rehearsals, always at my house, etc." Sullivan's own

account is somewhat different. It is, moreover, confirmed by an independent witness. An old friend of the present writer, the late Felix Moscheles, wrote a description of the circumstances in a pleasant gossipy volume, from which we have already quoted, entitled "In Bohemia with Du Maurier" (Fisher Unwin, 1897). Moscheles was one of a cheery set of artistic, literary and musical Bohemians who foregathered at Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, the residence of Mr Arthur Lewis, husband of one famous actress, Kate Terry, and therefore brother-in-law of another, who is, happily, still living amongst us to-day—Ellen Terry. Arthur Lewis was head of the famous firm of Regent Street milliners, Lewis and Allonby, a name unknown to the fashionable shopping world of the present generation, but in the seventies as much a household word as Harrods or Selfridge is to-day. But he was more than this. Not only the head of a great house of business, but a man of rare culture and many gifts, he was himself a regular Exhibitor at the Royal Academy for many years, and a fine judge of good art. At Moray Lodge he contrived to gather round him all that was brightest and best in London's intellectual and artistic life, and among them was Arthur Sullivan, who at one of these gatherings in 1865 had seen George Du Maurier and Harold Power play Offenbach's musical farce *Les Deux Aveugles*, and it occurred to him that something of the sort

done in English might be equally successful. On his way home from the party he discussed the idea with Burnand, who proposed an adaptation of *Box and Cox*, which Sullivan gladly accepted. Shortly afterwards Burnand completed the libretto and handed the MS. into Sullivan's keeping. Among the clever band of friends who were in the habit of attending the Moray Lodge parties was a party of amateur singers who sang solos, part-songs and glees and called themselves the "Moray Minstrels." With their aid the matter was carried through to finality.

Now Sullivan was in the habit, it appears, of omitting to write out any accompaniment to his work when preparing the first sketches, being quite capable of extemporising one himself for rehearsal purposes. Accordingly, on the appointed day, a fortnight from the inception of the bare idea, the libretto had been written, the music composed, the parts studied and rehearsed, and actually all that remained was to orchestrate the music. Until the previous Monday evening this had not been done. But Sullivan very well knew the power of his own resources, and on that very night he began the score, and before he went to bed had written two numbers. Three nights later two more were completed and sent to the copyist, and on the Friday night he still had five numbers of some length to score and the necessary parts to be copied. It was an all-night job, and with the aid of two copyists the composer kept it

up till 7 a.m., Sullivan in one room completing his score, and the copyists in the other at work on the parts. At 7 the weary assistants fell asleep, but not at all daunted, Sullivan decided on the only possible alternative, viz. to orchestrate the remaining numbers *in parts*. At 11 a.m. the task was over, and an hour later the piece was being rehearsed.

There is a discrepancy in the date as given in the "Life of Grove," and that which is usually taken as the accepted date, viz. 27 April, 1867. There can be but very few, if any, survivors of those famous Saturday evenings at Moray Lodge. They were usually the four last Saturdays in the months of January, February, March and April, when all the distinguished men of all the interesting professions were invited, and at which dukes and dramatists, marquises and musicians, authors and ambassadors met at the same hospitable table, smoked pipes and cigars, copiously and fraternally, and "consumed vast quantities of oysters until the small hours of the morning." On this famous occasion of the birth of a masterpiece, the part of "Box" was taken by George du Maurier, the "Punch" artist, a distinguished amateur and father of the well-known actor of to-day. "Cox" was played by Harold Power (the son of a celebrated Irish actor who went down in the *President*), and "Bouncer" by "Johnnie" Forster. Later on it was performed in public at the Adelphi Theatre for a benefit organised by

the Staff of " Punch " on behalf of the widow of a colleague on the paper, named Bennett, who had died in straitened circumstances. On this occasion the cast was only varied in the part of Bouncer, which was taken by Arthur Cecil, under the pseudonym of Arthur Blunt. Afterwards it was transferred to the famous old entertainment of Mr and Mrs German Reed, where it ran for 300 nights. According to Mr Moscheles' account, Sullivan put in the high A in the long recitative, in which the printer describes his elaborate preparations for suicide, on purpose for du Maurier, who possessed that chest note in great fullness.

In the library of the Green Room Club there is a collection of plays bound into a single volume, that includes what is apparently a privately printed " book of the words " of *Cox and Box* with the title-page running as follows :

THE INTERPOLATED LIBRETTO
of a
NEW TRIUMVIRETTA
entitled
COX AND BOX
or the
LONG LOST BROTHERS
In one Act and ten Tableaux adapted to the Lyric Stage by
F. C. BURNAND
from Maddison Morton's well-known Farce.

The Lodging, including the Little Second-Floor Back Room, has been furnished with Music by

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

The cast is given as follows :

James John Cox	Mr Quintin
John James Box	Mr Geo. du Maurier
Mr Bouncer	Mr Arthur Blunt

The volume also contains the libretto of *Les Deux Aveugles* and a programme of glees sung by " The Moray Minstrels, Conductor Mr John Fraser."

The original score of *Cox and Box* in the handwriting of Sir Arthur Sullivan is in the possession of Mr Herbert Sullivan, who informs me, through Mr R. D'Oyly Carte, that it bears the following inscription :

Ouverture
à la Triumvirette Musicale
COX ET BOX
ET
BOUNCER
Composée par
Arthur Sullivan
Paris, 23 Juillet, 1867, Hôtel Meurice.

The success of *Cox and Box* must have encouraged Burnand and Sullivan to put their heads

together once more, for on December 18th, 1867, was produced, at St George's Hall, the home of the German Reeds, *Contrabandista*, which however did not "catch on" as well as its predecessor. In the lightning fashion that he and his librettist had set with *Cox and Box*, *Contrabandista* was composed, scored and rehearsed within 16 days.

"Already," says Joseph Bennett, "the Power which shapes our ends had drawn Sullivan very near the line dividing Society (with the large S) from society (with the small s)." "It would have been better for music perhaps," goes on the famous critic, "if he had never overstepped that line, but the crossing was almost inevitable . . . as it happened that Sullivan . . . became a friend of Royalty, and a darling of the drawing-rooms. He could hardly help himself, poor boy! was he not under the control of his own fascinating gifts and sunny temperament?"

Chapter VII

WITH GROVE IN VIENNA

In 1867 Bennett records receiving an invitation to dine with Adelina Patti and Maurice Strakosch to meet "our common friend A.S.S." Strakosch concluded by saying that it was not to be evening dress. To this letter were added two postscripts by Sullivan, "Come here at 5.30 sharp and we will go together. A.S.S." "Come in the dress of a penny a liner. A.S.S."

Early in the same year (1867) a new church was being built by Mr (afterwards Sir Charles) Freake in an open space off Fulham Road, now occupied by Cranley Gardens and neighbourhood. The first vicar of this church was the Rev. and Hon Francis C. Byng, afterwards Earl of Strafford, who, from 1865 to 1889, also held the office of Chaplain to the Speaker, and eventually became Chaplain to the Queen. He offered Sullivan the post of organist in addition to the one already held at St Michael's, and at both churches Mr E. F. Mills acted as his deputy. At the opening of St Peter's (29th June, 1867) the Chapel Royal boys assisting, the anthem, "Praise the Lord," by Sullivan's old master, Goss, was sung.

On one occasion, relates Mr Mills ("Musical Times," 1 January, 1901), Sir John Goss attended the evening service, and upon his coming up to the organ at the close the choir sang his fine setting of the hymn "Praise, my soul, the King of heaven." Sullivan, in a little speech to the choir on that occasion, described this as the finest hymn-tune in existence. The choir then sang Sullivan's setting of the "The strain upraise." This was followed by a few appropriate words from Goss, who kindly retaliated on his pupil.

Sullivan resigned the post at St Michael's, Chester Square, two years after he accepted St Peter's, Cranley Gardens, and three years later, in 1872, he gave up the latter also, to the infinite loss and regret of the respective vicars and their congregations, to many of whom he was well known and on terms of great friendship.

Immediately after the ceremony at St Peter's, Sullivan began to make preparations for a journey on the Continent with Grove. At the end of July, 1867, Grove went over to Paris for the opening of the Exhibition, and passed a few days with Sullivan, who wrote home as follows: "What shall I say of Grove? It would be painting the lily to try and describe his goodness and charm, so I refrain. We take great care of each other, are very economical, haggle over centimes and get on famously."

This journey, however, was only a prelude to a far more extensive pilgrimage which has since become famous in musical history as the occasion on which the enthusiastic perseverance of the English amateur, aided by his able lieutenant and disciple, Sullivan, brought to light, after an obscurity of 50 years, a mass of glorious compositions of one of the greatest musical geniuses that Germany has ever produced. The lengthy account given in Mr Graves' " Life " is in Grove's own words (in a letter to Miss Olga von Glehn), and is so vivid and detailed that we have decided to attempt no paraphrase, but to reproduce it word for word. Those seeking a yet more elaborate account are referred to Mr Arthur Coleridge's translation of K. von Hellborn's " Life of Schubert."

The two explorers started for Vienna—Grove on 24th September and Sullivan on 27th September, 1867. They were both of them devoted lovers of Schubert, determined apostles of his genius and fame, and both inspired with the belief that their journey might have the result of bringing to light some forgotten portions of that immense pile of MS. music which, on the composer's unhappy demise, was officially valued at 7/6 !

Grove and Sullivan reached Vienna on 5th October, 1867, and four days later Grove writes to Miss Olga von Glehn :

"VIENNA, *Wednesday night*,

"HOTEL DER KAISERIN ELISABETH.

"I now go on with my letter, interrupted by the post. I don't think you have any idea how hard we work. To-day, for example, we went to Spina's house, one and a half miles away—half an hour is spent in mutual compliments, handshaking and lighting cigars, etc., then Spina produces a pile of MS. music as big as a portmanteau, and says: "Here is all I have that you wish to see. You shall go into my room with it and do what you like." More compliments, more handshaking, then we go out of the office into the house, into a drawing-room, opening into a 'Nebenzimmer' and that into another drawing-room with a clavier, and then he leaves us with the books. First we spend an hour in incoherent raptures, then we get more reasonable and part it all into lots, and begin to go through it thoroughly. Then we take the things we like into the other room and Arthur plays, and we decide to have or not to have. After settling about the instrumental things, we open a bundle of about 60 songs, 40 of which, at least, have never been printed. Some of them turn out charming—equal to anything of Schubert's or anyone else's—so they have to be played over and over again. Meantime, I have got awfully cold, and the stove not being alight, our noses get positively blue and our hands have to be kept

constantly in our pockets, and it is some exertion to put off this frigid aspect and be cheerful when Spina pops in, as he does three or four times in the course of the entertainment, to talk and pour and press on us endless cigars as big as sausages. At last all is examined and related and written down in note-books and sorted, and then Spina comes for a final talk and we play him about 10 of the best of the things, and he has his raptures and pats Arthur on the shoulder and says how much gratified he would be to hear something of his, on which Arthur plays some 'Day Dreams' and Spina embraces him and says: 'Ganz ausgezeichnet, reizend, ganz reizend, charmant, sehr nett,' and brings out several pieces by protégés of his which have to be played and praised and talked over. By this time it is 4 o'clock, and Spina says: 'I am now going to show you something of real interest, come down with me,' and he produces about 12 letters from Beethoven to his Firm (Diabelli)—and reads them all to us, which, as they are worse than Hebrew to make out, is a work of time, and a cause of more raptures (for they really are very curious and interesting) and show him to be, what I have always believed but never could get Arthur to acknowledge before, so like Tennyson in everything, his fondness for friends, and dislike of strangers, and his constant mention of the 'honorar' for his pieces. At last Spina selected one with a clearer signature than the rest and

begged me to keep it as a souvenir; more raptures, more bad German from the happy recipient, more handshakings. Then this prince of music-sellers gave Arthur a quantity of things, and then, on our happening to ask if Schubert's bust on his tomb had ever been copied, produces one immediately and insists on my having it. . . .

"We got away at last at 4.30, as cold, spent, and hungry as ever in our lives. . . . In the evening we went to Spina's shop (not his house this time) to look over 2 or 3 bookcases of pamphlets and music and to ask a few questions.

"Amongst other things we talked to an old lame man on the other side of the counter who is always called Herr von Doppler by the other shopman—an old German creature, so old and so cheerful and *gemüthlich* with the oddest cap on! and suddenly we find out that he *knew—knew intimately* and for years, Haydn, Beethoven, Setzfried, Stadler, and all the rest. He shows us the best portrait of Beethoven, and describes his queer Polish coat with tassels and his tolerably (*ziemlich*) bad hat and his short answers and all the rest. 'And Mozart, Herr Doppler, did you know him?' 'No, he died in '91 and I was not born till '92.' 'And Schubert, how about him? You must have often seen him?' 'Seen him, I should think so! Why I was at his christening. I am five years older than he was and was his father's *Schuler*, and knew the whole family

well.' Of course this sets all our fireworks off—we go up into the air at once and twist and explode with enormous reports. Then we make a plan of operations for to-morrow, which being probably our last day is important.

"How we are to get possession of this dreadful opera book of *Rosamunde*, without which all the pieces are unintelligible, and now I remember I have a letter to the Emperor's secretary, who can compel the opera people to disclose all their secrets. Of course, it is all very jolly, though I make it out to be hard work; it is really the pleasantest thing; the place is interesting and new, and Arthur is pleasant and the seeking and finding the Schubert things so exciting that it will be very charming to look back on."

The rest of the letter is as lively as the first part, telling of a visit to the Schumann family in Baden, finishing up at Madame Viardot's. Then the train journey to Munich through glorious mountain scenery. Then the visit to the great picture galleries, to Father Döllinger the famous "champion of Liberty and toleration." Then on to Salzburg in a snow-storm, and the visit paid by the indomitable pair of music-worshippers to the Mozarteum, where "it was very miserable and we nearly quarrelled." Then back to Vienna and a visit to hear Mass at the Dominican Church in the morning, and then to see the tombs of Beethoven and Schubert, whence the travellers brought back with them

grass and ivy from the said graves, and " thought of our friends at home and were quite happy." This was all written on a Wednesday night, and it had been their intention to leave in two days for Prague.

" So far, success—brilliant success. But I had failed in one chief object of my journey. The *Rosamunde* music was almost dearer to me than the symphonies. Besides the entr'actes in B minor, the Ballo No. 2 and the Ballet Air No. 9, which we had already acquired in 1866, we had found at Mr Spina's an entr'acte after the 2nd Act and a Hirtenmelodie for clarinets, bassoons and horns, but we still required the accompaniments to the Romance and the two choruses, as well as the total number of pieces and their sequence in the drama. . . . It was Thursday afternoon, and we proposed to leave on Saturday for Prague. We made a final call on Dr Schneider to take leave and repeat our thanks, and also, as I now firmly believe, guided by a special instinct. The Doctor was civility itself; he again had recourse to the cupboard and showed us some treasures which had escaped us before. I again turned the conversation to the *Rosamunde* music; he believed that he had at one time possessed a copy or sketch of it all. ' Might I go into the cupboard and look for myself? ' Certainly if I had no objection to being smothered with dust. In I went, and after some search, during which my companion kept the doctor engaged in

conversation, I found at the bottom of the cupboard and in its farthest corner a bundle of music books two feet high, carefully tied round, and black with the undisturbed dust of nearly half a century. . . . We were hardly less vociferous—when we had dragged out the bundle into the light and found it was actually neither more or less than what we were in search of. . . . These were the part-books of the whole of the music in *Rosamunde*, tied up after the second performance in December, 1823, and probably never disturbed since. Dr Schneider must have been amused at our excitement, but let us hope he recollected his own days of rapture; at any rate he kindly overlooked it and gave us permission to take away with us and copy what we wanted, and I now felt that my mission to Vienna had not been fruitless."

The two joyous enthusiasts then summoned the assistance of Mr C. F. Pohl, who afterwards became a firm friend of Grove, and one of the most important contributors to the "Dictionary," and all the missing accompaniments were copied out then and there, which took until 2 a.m. next morning. And after it was finished, this amazing engineer-music-critic-Biblical scholar-editor-secretary, together with the future composer of the *Mikado*, indulged in a game of leap-frog!

Here one would like to have had the thoughts recorded of the worthy Herr Pohl as he saw this curiously assorted couple of Englishmen, the one a middle-aged gentleman with side whiskers,

the other a dark curly-haired youth of five-and-twenty, both very evidently quite sober in spite of the time of the occurrence—2 in the morning—after a tremendous day and night's work as the one "tucked in his tuppeny" and the other took a flying leap over him.

After leaving Germany, Grove and Sullivan journeyed to Paris, where Sullivan had already been earlier in the year in connection with a special appointment to help in the musical arrangements of an Exhibition being held at that time, the opening of which was celebrated by a banquet with the late Lord Granville in the chair. Sullivan was asked to get some glee-singers to perform during dinner after the English fashion, and immediately it was over they sang the famous old Latin Grace "Non nobis, Domine." This was followed by an enthusiastic burst of applause from the distinguished Russian, Chinese, and other foreign guests, and cries of "Bis Bis" came from all parts of the room. Needless to add the grace was not repeated, to the great mystification of the excellent fellows who had asked for it.

On his way back Sullivan had received a compliment which pleased him very much at Leipzig, where the Concert Direction had invited him to conduct his *In Memoriam* overture.

In October, 1868,[1] he visited Madame

[1] There is a note in the "Life of Grove" recording an interesting little *partie carrée* that took place in August, 1868,

Schumann at Munich, and twelve months later he was in Brussels intensely bored, and writing home to say so. From there he went to Aix-la-Chapelle, drove to the principal hotel, asked if "Monsieur Burnand" were there, and "found Frank at the table d'hôte in the midst of a crowd of merry listeners."

In quite early days it was Sullivan's habit to seclude himself in the country, when he wished to devote himself to hard work. At the date of the following letter he was probably engaged upon *Thespis*, produced at the beginning of the succeeding winter.

Widmore Farm,
Bromley,
Kent.

13 *July*, 1871.

Dear Mrs. Benecke,

Thanks very much indeed for your kind thought of me, but as you see by the above address I have found a resting place, and am very happy and contented. It is a little old fashioned cottage with a good deal of ground and surrounded by roses, and I am

just before the trip to Germany. This was a dinner party at which Grove [who was probably the host], Sullivan, August Manns and Ferdinand David, the distinguished violinist, were present. The latter, wishing to illustrate the advance in technical accomplishment since he was a young man (*circa* 1830) said: "When I began to play there were some pieces such as Lipinski's *Military Concerto* and Ernst's *Hungarian Fantasia* which only two or three men in Europe could play. Now all my pupils play them."

beginning to get some work done, which was quite impossible in London. I had no idea you were living at Dorking or I should have tried to see you when I was down there a little while ago looking for a house.

How long ago it seems and is, since we used to have such pleasant meetings at Denmark Hill. I know no one there now.

With kind remembrances to your husband,
I am, dear Mrs. Benecke,
Yrs. vy. sincerely,
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

Before we approach the time which brought such amazing fame and fortune to Arthur Sullivan there is a lengthy period between 1867 and 1874 during which his pen was almost wholly occupied in writing hymns, songs, anthems, one oratorio, an overture, and some incidental music for the theatre. It is true that the beginning of this period, 1867, is marked by the production of *Cox and Box*, and that it also includes 1871 which saw the opera of *Thespis*, but in the main we must remark the fact that a large number of his 56 hymn-tunes, and 12 arrangements of hymns, his best-known part song, "Oh, hush thee, my babie" (published by Novello and first sung at the old St James's Hall on 23rd May, 1867). "The Long Day Closes," his famous tune to "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and a large number of other songs date from this period.

On September 8th, 1869, his first oratorio, *The*

Prodigal Son, was performed at the Worcester Musical Festival, and to those who are accustomed to think of the composer merely as the author of innumerable and delightful light opera tunes, it will be something of a surprise to read the brief preface to the work, penned and signed by Sullivan. It reads as follows :

" It is a remarkable fact that the parable of the Prodigal Son should never before have been chosen as the text of a sacred musical composition. The story is so natural and pathetic and forms so complete a whole ; its lesson is so thoroughly Christian, the characters, though few, are so perfectly contrasted, and the opportunity for the employment of ' local colour ' is so obvious, that it is indeed astonishing to find the subject so long overlooked. The only drawback is the shortness of the narrative, and the consequent necessity for filling it out with material drawn from elsewhere.

" In the present case this has been done as sparingly as possible, and entirely from the Scriptures. In so doing the Prodigal himself has been conceived, not as of a naturally brutish and depraved disposition—a view taken by many commentators with apparently little knowledge of human nature, and no recollection of their own youthful impulses ; but rather as a buoyant restless youth, tired of the monotony of home and anxious to see what lay beyond the narrow confines of his father's farm, going forth in the confidence of his own simplicity and ardour and

led gradually away into follies and sins which at the outset would have been as distasteful as they were strange to him. The episode with which the parable concludes has no dramatic connection with the former and principal portion, and has therefore not been treated.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN."

Mr Findon points out the natural curiosity excited in the musical public by the production of work on a more ambitious plane by a young English composer. Sterndale Bennett was the only Englishman who had yet entered such lists and national hopes ran high. The Worcester Festival Committee gave the work a good send-off by engaging Mesdames Tietjens and Trebelli, and Messrs Sims Reeves and Charles Santley to interpret the solo parts.

The reception of the *Prodigal Son* was so far successful in musical circles that he was commissioned by the Birmingham Festival Committee to write a composition for the Festival to be held in 1873. The result of this agreement was the oratorio or cantata, *The Light of the World*, which will be recorded later on.

In 1870 his most important work for the year was the *Overture di Ballo*, also written for Birmingham, of which the opinion was held by competent critics of the day that it was destined to find many imitators.

There were other notable publications dating

from 1870–71. *On Shore and Sea*, a cantata with libretto by Tom Taylor produced at the Albert Hall, the sacred part-song "It came upon the midnight clear," the well-known part-song "Watchman, what of the night," the "Window," and "The loves of the Wrens," of which we have already told the story.

In 1870, the Franco-German war took place, and after the Siege of Paris and the appalling débacle of the French Armies at Sedan, there followed the Commune. A Mansion House Relief Fund was opened, and Sullivan's name was added to the Committee. Upon the defeat of the unspeakable Communists, we find Grove and Sullivan again in Paris. Together with William von Glehn and William Simpson, the well-known artist and war correspondent, they rushed over to the stricken city. The four of them hired a small open carriage and drove all through the streets to see the ruins, and Sullivan writes home: "it is something too shocking to see the result of the uncontrolled devilish spite of these ruffians of the Commune. The people all wear a miserable look, and this, added to the wet, nasty day and the absence of the greater part of the population, makes a very dismal effect." During their visit they went to the Gymnase Theatre and saw the famous Desclée playing to less than 100 people. He writes home, June 5th, 1871:

"After a series of thrilling adventures, not unaccompanied by danger, I just find time amidst the

rattling of the shells and the thunder of the cannon to write and say that hitherto I am safe and unwounded. . . . The whole place looked as if it had been stricken with the small-pox—the bullet marks on the white walls of the houses. In other cases the front walls and some of the floors had been torn down, and it was pathetic to see the little pictures and household gods remaining on the other three walls and over the fire-places. . . ."

At this time a great many French people took refuge in England, among them Gounod, with whom Sullivan became acquainted. A certain Dr and Mme Conneau also were great friends of his, and they came over to England in attendance upon the exiled Emperor and Empress. Through the Conneaus he became acquainted with the Emperor and Empress at the time they lived at Chislehurst, and he was greatly struck with their love for their son, the Prince Imperial. When the Prince and young Conneau entered as cadets at Woolwich they often came up on Saturday afternoons and spent their half-holidays at Sullivan's house.

After the Emperor's death and the tragic end of the young Prince, Sullivan continued his friendship with the illustrious and afflicted lady. He related a striking incident of a visit in company with Prince Henry of Battenberg, to see the relics of the poor young Prince. "How many other poor fellows," remarked Sullivan to Prince

Henry, "had gone out to Africa to meet their end." "Yes," replied the Prince, little knowing how prophetically concerning himself, "and it is not over yet; there are still many more lives to be sacrificed there."

It is scarcely too much to say that the most notable composition of the year 1872 was the famous hymn tune composed to "Onward, Christian Soldiers." According to Sir Arthur's own account of the origin of this, told to Mr Findon, it was written as the result of a quarrel. There was a dispute between the proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" and the firm of Novello, printers of the work. This was ended by the proprietors transferring their publication to be printed by the firm of Messrs Clowes, who still do so.

The other party to the dispute, Messrs Novello, then proceeded to issue a rival collection of Hymns, entitled the "Hymnary," and for this book Sullivan composed his glorious tune.

1871–72 is also memorable as the time in which the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, was stricken with typhoid fever and lay for many December days at Sandringham with the dark shadow hovering very near. The well-known story goes that the illustrious patient at the period of the crisis asked for a glass of Bass's beer, which he was allowed to have, and from that moment began to mend. There were celebrations all over the country in honour of his recovery,

and for the Crystal Palace Sullivan composed a Te Deum early in 1872 into which he introduced the well-known melody of "St. Anne's." An enormous audience was present, and, of course, other and more popular items appeared on the programme, but for many years after the "Festival Te Deum" held its own in the estimation of choral societies in the United Kingdom.

The following letter is printed by kind permission of Ernest de Glehn, Esq., to whom it is addressed :

8 Albert Mansions, S.W.

14 *Dec.*, 1872.

My dear Ernest

Of course I will do all I can to help you on Xmas Eve, so long as there is not much to do beforehand—I am so overweighted with work that I cannot give up very much time to anything else. Can't you run down here by underground one morning next week? We could talk it over. Orpheus sends his love & thanks for kind enquiries.

Can't you dine with me one night next week? Thursday or Friday? say.

Yrs sincerely

Arthur S. Sullivan.

Note by E. de Glehn.

We agreed to play the farce "Christmas Eve in a Lighthouse," Sullivan, Lewin and I. Sullivan never learnt his part & gagged all the time & amused the audience not a little.

We must now go back a few months to the end of the previous year, 1871. On the 23rd December, 1871, the forerunner of the immortal Gilbert and Sullivan Series—if we may apply the word to anything mortal and musical, was first produced. Mr Dark's recently-published work ("W. S. Gilbert, His Life and Letters") touches only lightly upon the fortuitous meeting between the two men whose collaboration was fated to have such joyous results for the world.

We are told that they were introduced to each other at Sullivan's own request by Frederick Clay, the well-known song writer and composer of "She wandered down the Mountain Side." Clay was a personal friend of Sullivan and a man of great charm and popularity. He had himself collaborated with Gilbert in some of the German Reed operettas to which we have already referred, one of which he had dedicated to his friend Sullivan.

Gilbert was about five years older than Sullivan at the time of the meeting in the autumn of 1870,[1] and was already known to fame as author of the "Bab Ballads," "The Princess," and many other productions. He was a Londoner to the backbone, having been born in Southampton Street, Strand, 18th November, 1836. His father was a well-known writer of three volume

[1] W. S. Gilbert: born 18 November, 1836; therefore in 1870 34 years old. Sullivan: born May, 1842; in autumn, 1870, was 27½ years old.

novels, of very strong religious opinions, and having a decided aversion to the Roman Catholic faith. His son, the William Schwenk Gilbert of our days, took a B.A. degree at London University and intended to offer himself as an Army officer at the time of the Crimean War. But the war ended unexpectedly, and he became a Civil Servant in the Privy Council office, where he stayed for four "uncomfortable" years, as he called them. Then he became the possessor of a small capital sum with which he paid the cost of his call to the Bar, a seat in a conveyancing barrister's chambers, and the furniture for a set of chambers for himself, in all £300. This was about 1860. A year later he joined the staff of the newly established weekly paper "Fun," edited by H. J. Byron, and afterwards by Tom Hood. In this paper the famous "Bab Ballads" first appeared, though not at first under that title. They were afterwards published in book form in 1876, and took the reading world by storm.

Ten years before, he had written a successful extravaganza, produced at the St James's Theatre, and in the next seven or eight years he wrote a great many sketches for the German Reed entertainments, as well as more ambitious plays. There were *The Princess*, *The Palace of Truth*, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, *The Wicked World*, *Charity*, *Dan'l Druce*, *Sweethearts*, and many others. It was therefore no tyro in the

art of the theatre whom a happy chance threw in Sullivan's way.

The result of the first collaboration was the production at the Gaiety Theatre, then under the management of Mr John Hollingshead, on 23rd December, 1871, of *Thespis, or The Gods grown old*, "an entirely original grotesque opera in two acts." The first part of the programme was taken up by H. G. Byron's *Dearer than Love*.

The following was the cast:

GODS

Jupiter		Mr John Maclean
Apollo		Mr F. Sullivan
Mars	aged Deities	Mr Wood
Diana		Mrs H. Leigh.
Mercury		Miss E. Farren.

THESPIANS

Thespis	Mr J. L. Toole.
Sillimon	Mr J. G. Taylor.
Timidon	Mr Marshall.
Tipsicon	Mr Robt. Soutar.
Preposterous	Mr H. Payne.
Stupidas	Mr F. Payne.
Sparkeion	Mme. Clary.
Nicemis	Miss C. Loseby.
Prettera	Miss Berend.
Daphne	Miss Annie Tremaine.
Cymon	Miss L. Wilson.

Mr Dark describes the plot as genuine Gilbert whom or which "all the world loves." It is, that is to say, a mélange of farcical and impossible situations with burlesqued immortals and other pseudo-classic personages represented in modern and everyday occupations. In some of the numbers Gilbert tilted at his favourite butt, snobbery, in its many aspects, and one, at least, of the songs, "The Maid of Arcadie," remained popular for a quarter of a century.

The cast was a notable one, and is noticeable for being the first time we come across the name of Sullivan's brother Fred, as a full-blown professional player.

The piece ran about a month, and was so far from being a success that three years were to elapse before the famous pair were to see their names on one programme again.

In 1872 Sullivan's life was full of variety, and it is not surprising that he found it expedient to quit for ever the position of church organist at St Peter's, Cranley Gardens. It must have been an onerous job for his deputy to replace constantly a principal who had become a successful comic opera composer, a writer of oratorio, conductor of the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre, and of the Royal Aquarium at Westminster, which involved journeys to the Continent to collect a permanent orchestra, to say nothing of a large and ever-increasing circle of social acquaintances with its inevitable

accompaniment of multifarious engagements. In September, 1872, he writes to his mother from Cassey Hall, Norwich, whither he had gone on the invitation of Sir Julius Benedict, the Festival conductor:

"I hadn't a chance of writing to-day as I passed all the day at St Andrew's Hall, and being very hungry, went and dined with Titiens and Trebelli and so missed the post. . . . I got to town at 10 yesterday, wrote three letters at the Garrick, went home, found Godfrey[1] hanging about Pall Mall, got into his cab, then up to Montagu Square, and sat for some time, back to the Garrick for my luggage, and got to Shoreditch[2] about 2 o'clock.

I found a heap of the orchestra and singers going down, and divided my journey between Santley and others in a smoking carriage, and Trebelli and others in a non-smóker. I got a bed at an inn, went and sat an hour with Titiens and Trebelli, and was up fresh for rehearsal this morning. *St Peter* was rehearsed first and then the Te Deum, which went well at rehearsal, and even better at the concert to-night.

Then I drove out here in the moonlight (five miles) and met with a most kindly reception from Lord and Lady Stafford, who had got some supper for me. They were dancing when I arrived, and a priest was playing a choice selection of waltzes. I can't describe the place because I only got a glimpse of the exterior

[1] His cabman.

[2] Shoreditch was the Great Eastern Railway terminus at this date, which was many years before the construction of Liverpool Street Station.

as I drove up, but it looks magnificent, a lot of towers, and turrets, and the inside is certainly royal . . . I must drive into Norwich in the morning to rehearse *Guinevere* as there was no time to do it to-day."

In 1873 his incidental music to Chas. Calvert's revival of the *Merchant of Venice* was performed at the Princess' Theatre, Manchester, but it did not, however, create the enormous sensation the composer's first Shakespearean music had achieved.

In the same year Sullivan's serious muse was by no means idle, for he brought out—at the Birmingham Festival—a second oratorio, *The Light of the World*, to which we have already briefly referred.

The soloists were of European reputation, Mesdames Titiens and Trebelli, and Messrs Santley and Sims Reeves. In spite of these advantages, however, friendly critics and biographers write of the work with only lukewarm praise. It is conspicuous by its length and by the fact that the Saviour is presented as one of the characters and is allotted the baritone solo music. Mr Findon tells us that in after years Sullivan himself recognised certain defects in the *Light of the World*, and expressed his intention of condensing and revising it, but the task was continually postponed and the intention was unfulfilled.

That Sullivan himself was far from dissatisfied with its reception at the time of its production is very evident from the following letter written to

that veteran musician Francesco Berger, who, as one writes these words, has just entered his 91st year, and remains as youthful, debonair, and good looking as many a man 30 years his junior:

8 Albert Mansions, S.W.
17 *Sept.*, 1873.

My dear Berger,

Your frank and kind letter gratified me very much for such ungrudging and outspoken praise from a brother artist is not too frequent. I only hope that my work will stand the test of the next performance, because such a première as I had at Birmingham is a little dazzling and rather blinds one's judgement.

I will send you a copy of the work in a day or two and hope you will accept it with even half the pleasure it gives me to send it to you.

I am,
Yours very sincerely,
Arthur S. Sullivan.

In 1874 Mr John Hollingshead, the famous manager of the old Gaiety Theatre, invited Sullivan to write the incidental music to a proposed revival of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* at that theatre. Mr Joseph Bennett prints the following letter in connection with the commission.

8 Albert Mansions, S.W.
17 *Dec.*, 1874.

My dear Jo——

I was rather dismayed when I first got the commission to do the Merry Wives—for I could see

no opportunity for music. However, in the last Act I have been able to do a little—and it will I hope be bright. I confine my music entirely to that Act and have written (1) a Prelude (Moonlight) (2) Tripping entrance of fairies with Anne Page (3) Song for Anne Page (4) Song for Anne and the children—Solo and chorus "Fie on sinful fantasies" when they pinch Falstaff.

You will see I have made the most of the little opportunity there was for music. Of course I shall be pitched into for the song—but it was Hollingshead's wish and he got the words from Swinburne. I was obliged to make it very simple and easy for reasons which you will understand, and honestly, I am doubtful whether it is tender and pretty, or whether it is not commonplace. It is on the borderland and I will frankly accept your verdict about it one way or the other.

All the music is new, but (and this is not necessarily for publication) if you remember a ballet called *L'ile Enchantée* which I wrote for the Italian Opera, Covent Garden, many years ago, you will recognise 2 themes, the 1st in the Prelude and the second in the scene between Anne Page and the children. I couldn't write an overture because I didn't care about competing with the very pretty one of Nicolai.

Your masterly judgment, my dear Joseph, will at once enable you to see that as the fairies are not *real* fairies, (if such exist) but only flesh and blood imitations. I have endeavoured to indicate this, and have not written music of the same character as I wrote for the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or that Mendelssohn wrote for the third Act of the *Tempest*. I have only had three weeks to do the whole thing in,

but I don't think you will find it scamped. I enclose you the words of Swinburne's song for Anne Page. Please let me have them back again at once.

Kind regards,

Ever yours

A. S.

Bennett naturally remarks upon the curious slip made by Sullivan in this letter, in transposing the names of the two Shakesperean comedies in such a manner as to make it appear he had written the famous music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Mendelssohn his own [Sullivan's] music to the *Tempest*.

Sir J. Forbes-Robertson in his "Memories" recently published, recalls that for this revival Sullivan wrote some beautiful music, and Swinburne the following verses, which were sung, with a cockney accent, alas! by the pretty young lady who played Sweet Anne Page.

Love laid his sleepless head
On a thorny rosy bed,
And his eyes with grief were red,
And cold his lips as the dead,
And grief and sorrow and scorne
Kept watch by his bed forlorne,
Till the night was overworn,
And the day was merry with dawn.

And joy rose up with the day,
And kissed love's lips as he lay,
And the watchers ghostly and grey,
Fled from his pillow away.

And his eyes at the dawn grew bright,
And his face was ruddy with light,
Sorrow may reign for a night,
But day will bring back delight.

Shortly after the production of the *Light of the World* Sullivan was honoured by the bestowal of the degree of Mus.Doc. by the University of Cambridge, and thereafter we frequently find him described in contemporary chronicles by the curiously unfamiliar title of Dr Arthur Sullivan.

It was about this time that Sullivan began to suffer from the painful malady, which at intervals afflicted him throughout his life, and eventually undermined his constitution, though, happily for mankind, nothing could embitter his unfailing good spirits or do aught to endanger his popularity.

In May, 1873, he writes from Pembroke College, Oxford, that he had been visiting the Liddells at Christchurch, and it cannot have escaped his notice that Alice Liddell, a member of that charming family party, was the little girl who, in 1865, had been immortalised by another Oxford don, the Rev C. Dodgson, who, under the pseudonym of "Lewis Carroll," made her the heroine of "Alice in Wonderland." Prince Leopold, afterwards Duke of Albany, was "up" at the time and met Sullivan at one of Ruskin's lectures, after which, writes the composer, "he and I walked back to the Liddells and had tea.

We chummed together, and he gave me his photograph."

By this time Sullivan had become an intimate friend of the Royal Family and particularly of the Duke of Edinburgh. Later on in this year, 1873, he writes from Eastwell Park, Ashford, Kent, the Duke's country home: "I had a lot of musical letters to write for H.R.H. to-day, so missed the post for you. This morning we were to have gone out shooting, but it was wet. The Duchess and I played some duets after dinner —Schubert's marches. She plays extremely well. Princess Christian asked me to try and help a protégé of hers at Windsor. I wish I had a quarter the influence that folks think I have. To-night is New Year's Eve in the Russian calendar, so there was service in the chapel."

Chapter VIII

THE MEETING OF GILBERT, SULLIVAN AND D'OYLY CARTE

As we have already remarked there was to be the very considerable period of three years before Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan were to collaborate again, but at last the opportunity occurred. The Royalty Theatre was at that time under the lesseeship of Henrietta Hodson (Mrs Henry Labouchere) for whom the responsible "producer," as he would be called nowadays, was no less a person than a certain Mr Richard D'Oyly Carte.

Mr Carte, like W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, was a Londoner, born in Soho in 1844. His father, a flautist of repute, was a partner in the well-known firm, still flourishing to-day under the name of Rudall, Carte and Co. His son Richard matriculated at London University School and then entered his father's business, turning the musical talent he possessed, by no means inconsiderable, to the writing of songs and operettas. He ultimately set up in business as a concert agent in Craig's Court. We are told that Carte possessed a striking personality, a fertile brain and Napoleonic energy, besides another Napoleonic gift, that of making good use for his purposes of his associates and fellow

creatures. He was, withal, a *bon viveur* and a generous, warm-hearted employer. Moreover, he had the good judgment and the better fortune to be the husband of his wife, *née* Miss Helen Lenoir, of whom more hereafter.

At the time, March, 1875, of which we write, the theatre was under the temporary direction of Mme Selina Dolaro for a season of Offenbach opera, and D'Oyly Carte's name appears upon her programme as manager.

Offenbach's *La Perichole* was being played, and business not being good, it was proposed to put on a short additional piece.

D'Oyly Carte suggested asking Gilbert and Sullivan to write a short operetta, and approached them with the result that *Trial by Jury* was written. Gilbert had already published, in 1868, in the newspaper "Fun," a short operetta called *Trial by Jury*, and he took this, added lyrics, and Sullivan set it to music.

It first appeared on March 25, 1875. It is described in the programme as a Dramatic Cantata, and it was the only Gilbert and Sullivan opera set entirely to music, the beautiful Nelly Bromley taking the part of the Plaintiff,

The authors of Gilbert's "Life" inform us that the original scene was painted from the Clerkenwell Session House where Gilbert had himself practised as a barrister. The undoubted talents of Sullivan's brother Fred were again utilised, in the part of the Judge, and upon June 5 the part

of the Foreman of the Jury was taken by a young comedian, W. S. Penley, who made an immediate success and who was afterwards to become famous all over the theatrical world as "The Private Secretary" and in many other star parts. The little opera is, nearly half a century after it was first written, as attractive as it was then, and for the evident reason that Gilbert's inimitably humorous libretto is as fresh and sparkling as ever, and is superbly matched by the delicious music.

Trial by Jury contains the first example of Gilbert's innovation upon the comic opera stage of that day by his dramatic use of the chorus which, as Mr Dark reminds us, had up till then been utilised by other librettists merely for ornament and not as an integral part of the plot.

It is recorded that the music for the piece was composed, rehearsed and produced in three weeks, another instance of Sullivan's amazing rapidity at work. Mr Fitzgerald says that the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Alex. Cockburn, who was a friend of Sullivan, went to see it and enjoyed it very much, but did not altogether approve of the action of the piece, as being calculated to bring the Bench into contempt. In June of the same year, 1875, Sullivan collaborated with Mr B. C. Stevenson in a comic operetta entitled *The Zoo*, which was produced at the St James's Theatre. In this same busy period he began a

connection as conductor with the Choral and Orchestral Union of Glasgow.

If we seek the real genesis of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas we shall find an account of it embodied in the three lines written by Gilbert in a " fragment of autobiography " quoted in the " Life," in which he says :

" The success of *Trial by Jury* induced Mr D'Oyly Carte, at that time managing Director of the newly-formed Comedy Opera Company, to commission us to write a two-act opera for the Opera Company." By the courtesy of Lady Gilbert and the joint authors, we are enabled to quote copiously from the latter's work upon the subject, which may be taken as final and authoritative.

Mrs D'Oyly Carte says in a letter :

" The Comedy Opera Company was entirely Mr Carte's idea and his own creation. He was manager of the Royalty Theatre at the time of the original production of *Trial by Jury*, and after that piece he always had the idea of getting Mr Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan to write a larger work together ; but it was a long time before he could get this arranged and before they were both ready and able to undertake it. And then the theatre had to be found and the money got together to start."

Mr Rupert D'Oyly Carte further elucidates the matter.

" In 1876, my father took a lease of the Opera-

Comique Theatre, and on his sole initiative formed the Comedy Opera Company of which he himself was the manager, for the purpose of producing operas by Gilbert and Sullivan. Mr Carte's 'backers' were the firm of music publishers who had published *Trial by Jury*, and these formed the Company, Messrs Frank Chappell, George Metzler, John Collard and Mr Bailey-Generalli, who was known as 'Water-cart Bailey,' being the owner of nearly all of those useful vehicles engaged in sprinkling London streets.

Mr Carte had chosen for his principal associates men who were all well acquainted with the man who was to be the musical end of the partnership.

The firm with which Mr Chappell's name was associated had, as long ago as 1863, thirteen years before the formation of the Syndicate, published a song by Sullivan, "I heard the Nightingale." The firm of Metzler in the same year had published his Five Songs to Shakespeare's words, which had an immediate and phenomenal success.

"Orpheus with his Lute."[1]
"O Mistress Mine."
"Sigh no more, ladies."
"The Willow Song."
"Rosalind."

One or other of the two firms had constantly been in touch with him since those early days,

[1] For this song and the other Shakespearean songs there is, on the authority of Messrs Metzler, still a steady demand.

and either they, Novello, or Boosey, had divided practically the whole of his musical output between them.

The author of the libretto for the first production of the new venture went, as we know, to one of his own stories, "The Elixir of Love," for his plot. Mr Dark reminds us that in this romance may be found the firm of "Baylis and Culpepper," magicians, astrologers, and professors of the Black Art, obviously the prototypes of the more famous house of J. W. Wells and Co., the old-established sorcerers in St Mary Axe. The very old dramatic "property" of a love-philtre is used in both stories, and is naturally supplied wholesale by the two firms. The first production of the *Sorcerer* took place at the Opera-Comique Theatre on 17 November, 1877,[1] two and a half years after the production of *Trial by Jury*. The cast included at least three names that became almost as familiar in the eyes of the public as those of the two authors, viz. George Grossmith, Rutland Barrington and "Dick" Temple. Mrs Howard Paul was Lady Sangazure. She had a small touring company of her own and included in her repertoire a burlesque impersonation of the great tenor Sims Reeves, which is said to have annoyed him very much. She was responsible for the engagement of Barrington, and Arthur Cecil for that of Grossmith. Grossmith himself gives in his book "A Society Clown," a detailed account

[1] It ran till May, 1878, a total of 175 performances.

of the negotiations which led up to his final acceptance of Sullivan's offer These originated in a letter from Sullivan, written from the Beefsteak Club, King William Street, W.C., in August, 1877: "Dear Mr Grossmith—Are you inclined to go on the stage for a time? There is a part in the new piece I am doing with Gilbert which I think you would play admirably. I can't find a good man for it. Let me have a line, or come to 9 Albert Mansions to-morrow night after 4 or Thursday before 2.30."

Grossmith continues: "The great compliment which I considered the letter conveyed filled me with more delight than I could express. . . . Arthur Sullivan had only heard me sing once, after a dinner-party. . . . I remember after the said party Sir Arthur (he was then Mr) kindly asked me back to his rooms with a few other friends, including Alfred Cellier and Arthur Cecil. . . . At Sullivan's that evening we all sang, played, and chatted till an early hour in the morning, and I, as a comparatively 'new' man was 'especially' drawn." Grossmith's father, a well-known entertainer, deprecated his son's vocal suitability for the stage, so "G.G." went off to consult Sullivan, who struck the note D, 4th line in treble clef and told him to sing it as loud as he could. He did so, and Sullivan looked up with a humorous expression on his face—even his eye-glass seemed to smile—and he simply said, "Beautiful." Sullivan then sang "My name is

John Wellington Wells," and suggested, "You can do that?" He thought he could. "Very well," said Sullivan, "if you can do that you can do the rest." To cut the story short, Grossmith eventually took the part of John Wellington Wells, and thus for ever linked his name with those of its famous creators. Mr Fitzgerald says that had poor Fred Sullivan lived he was to have been the chief comedian of the piece, but he had died in the previous January.

A well-known writer, Mr E. J. Dent, has referred to this early production of Sullivan's genius as follows:

"If music is good, people take it seriously, if they want to laugh, they go and see a 'musical comedy,' but the music of it will only please them, not amuse them, though it may conceivably bore them.... The early comic operas of Sullivan, especially the *Sorcerer*, were so irresistibly funny that one cannot help forgiving the composer for the harm that he probably did English opera by encouraging audiences to think that serious opera in English ... could never be anything else than an absurdity; but it is infinitely more distressing to watch a modern audience listening to the *Sorcerer* and heartily enjoying it as serious music!

"The composer, however, knew his *Don Giovanni* as thoroughly as did Gounod or Rossini, and it seems as if a course of Mozart in English might be the best preliminary steps towards

educating our on-coming public to a really intelligent appreciation of Sullivan."

It is evident that the writer means to be complimentary in this somewhat cryptic utterance, but it is difficult to follow his reasoning. Sullivan certainly did nothing to belittle or ridicule serious English opera. On the contrary, he spent much time, a great deal of money, and immense energy in trying to promote it. Nor is it clear how Mr Dent comes to the conclusion that an audience enjoying the *Sorcerer* and showing it in the usual way can be thinking of it as "serious music." But his intentions are admirable and we must "leave it at that."

Previous to the production of the *Sorcerer*, in 1874, Sullivan was for a year or more acting in the capacity of musical adviser to the ill-starred Royal Aquarium at Westminster, a connection he resigned in May, 1876. He had, between these two dates, become connected with a far more important undertaking which deserves more than a passing reference.

We have it, on the authority of Mr Fuller-Maitland in his article upon the subject in Grove's "Dictionary," that the idea of a National Training School for Music had been in the air since 1854, when it was initiated by the Prince Consort. In 1873, the interest of the Duke of Edinburgh, an enthusiast in music, was secured, and he warmly seconded the efforts to raise a sum of £20,000 and erect a building for the purpose at Kensington. A site was granted by the

Commissioners of the 1851 Exhibition, and building operations were started in December, 1873.

The Duke was persuaded to become Chairman of the Council, and the Committee had to look around for a man to fill the vitally important post of the first Principal. There now arose a very difficult position for Sullivan. He was beyond all question one of the most popular and best-known English musicians of the day. He had a following among the general public, he was *persona grata* at Court, and therefore in the not unimportant section of the community which is known as "Society"; and he was an intimate personal friend of the President of the Council of the new School, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. On the other hand, he was and always had been, adverse personally to teaching in any form, which he rightly felt to be unsuitable to his temperament and genius. Moreover, he was an old and grateful scholarship holder of the Royal Academy of Music, to which he ever looked back with affectionate remembrance. It could hardly be expected that the authorities of the old and not too heavily endowed Royal Academy would look with favour upon the proposal to confer equal rights and privileges upon a rival to their monopoly. But the Royal Academy of Music had apparently fallen out of favour with authority. Sir Henry Cole of the Royal Society of Arts, a very energetic and forceful person, thought the time propitious to carry out a pet

scheme of his to get all art teaching concentrated at South Kensington. Sullivan has left it upon record that he did not approve of the principles which had been adopted, and he declined the first proposal that was made to him to become Principal of the new Institution. "However," he says, "very great pressure was brought to bear upon me, and after some mutual concession I very unwillingly accepted the post—and held it for six years."

Sullivan may not have relished the job, but having once put his hand to the plough he was not the kind of man to shirk it. He immediately set to work to surround himself with a Staff that would be beyond all criticism, and that would ensure the respect of the public, both lay and professional. The Committee of Management, with the Duke of Edinburgh at its head, included Viscount Newry, H.R.H. Prince Christian, Lord Alfred Churchill, Lord C. Paget, The Lord Mayor of London, Sir William Anderson, Sir Hy. Cole, Mr C. J. Freake, Mr Alan Cole, Messrs Chas. Barry, Chas. Morley, and Thos. Chappell. The Professional Administration was as follows :

Board of Principal Professors

Mr Arthur Sullivan for Composition.
Mr Ernst Pauer for Piano.
Dr Stainer for Organ.
Mr A. Visetti for Singing.
Mr Carrodus for Violin.

Other names on the Professorial Staff included two of his old fellow-students at Leipzig, Mr J. F. Barnett and Mr Franklin Taylor, W. H. Monk, Arthur O'Leary, Ebenezer Prout and J. B. Welch, while the Professional Examiners included Sir Michael Costa, Sir J. Benedict, Sir Geo. Elvey, Mr Chas. Hallé, Professor Ella and Mr John Hullah. The principles upon which were based the system of admission to the School, and which it may be assumed had Sullivan's direct approval and sanction were chiefly as follows:

Admission by competitive examination only.

Free instruction to be given to successful competitors.

The Duke of Edinburgh in his speech on the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone, explained frankly that he himself had at first favoured the suggestion of uniting their forces with the R.A.M., and he undertook negotiations with that end in view, but after some considerable time had been spent in them it was found that the basic principles on which the two institutions were founded were so far apart that it was inadvisable to unite them.[1]

[1] The controversy is a far distant one nowadays, but it seems only fair to quote in this connection from a report of the Committee of Management of the Royal Academy of Music for the year 1883. The report opens on the continued fiscal and technical prosperity of the Institution, and after reference to various matters affecting students and teachers goes on to mention of an application made to Queen Victoria

The objects were set out at some length, and may be epitomised as the finding out young persons of any station in life having natural musical talent which deserved cultivation. A lengthy list of scholarships was secured and published, which included as donors, the names of Her Majesty the Queen, and other members of the Royal Family, and a very large number of the most influential and authoritative persons and bodies in the country.

The School was formally opened on the 17th May, 1876, by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. Sullivan, who was now Doctor of Music of Cambridge University, issued his first report as Principal at the end of the Christmas Term, 1876. He recapitulates the history of the School's foundation, the work done in the first two terms, and

to attend a concert by the pupils, following the examples of her two Royal predecessors. The request was, however, turned down, and the Committee then go on to state that a communication to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales had been acknowledged without comment. This communication included the reply of the Committee to the invitation of the Privy Council for remarks on the petition of H.R.H. for a Charter for the Royal College and offered to modify the working of the Academy, in any way, according to their Charter, that might meet the views of the Prince of Wales.

It is now perhaps not any subject for regret that in his wisdom the Prince decided to go on independently of the older Institution, for they have both long since outlived anything but friendly rivalry and competition in the service of the Art both are designed to serve.

lays stress, characteristically, on the desirability of more pupils for stringed instruments joining the School and the formation of an orchestra . . . " otherwise . . . the pupils will have but inadequate opportunity of learning and knowing those great orchestral works which form the very backbone of Modern Music. For this purpose the Principal has urged many of the students to take some stringed instrument as their second study ; but even then, before they can obtain sufficient proficiency to take part in orchestral performance a considerable time must elapse, so that it is highly desirable to encourage the admission of those, who make these instruments their principal study, as soon as possible. At present the greater proportion of the students devote themselves to either the pianoforte or singing."

Apblicu concert of the students under Sullivan's direction took place at St James's Hall on 23rd June, 1879, at which the School's Royal Patrons were present. The press notices laid stress upon the Principal's wisdom in avoiding any concession to those who wished for an account of his stewardship before the time was ripe for a disclosure.

By this time, however, Sullivan's immense field of activity was proving too much even for his powers of rapid work, and in the third Report, published at Easter, 1880, Dr Stainer is spoken of as Acting Principal. The following year Sullivan

definitely resigned, and in the Report printed in Easter, 1882, the Committee of Management express their regret that they "had the great misfortune to lose the distinguished and invaluable professional services of Dr Sullivan who had been Principal of the School from the moment of its inauguration and whose administration had been marked by a measure of success such as is rarely achieved in institutions so young as this."

Dr Stainer was appointed to succeed him[1] in 1881, but Sullivan retained a seat on the Council, a position which he occupied until the day of his death.

It cannot be thought that too much stress has been laid upon Arthur Sullivan's vast and self-sacrificing services to music in connection with the foundation and management of the National Training School. There can be little doubt that to his intimate friendship with the Royal Patrons of the Institution and the innumerable "strings" he was thereby enabled to pull, was largely due the financial response which attended the appeal for funds. There followed his own and Grove's personal shares in the direction and administration of the great scheme, with, doubtless, an infinite and bewildering mass of detail that needed his personal attention and decision.

All this, be it remembered, was going on at a

[1] Stainer resigned in 1883 and was succeeded by Sir George Grove, who held the post till 1894.

time he was actively engaged in other very arduous labours. The period 1873–79 synchronised with the production of his oratorio, *The Light of the World*, at Birmingham, four operas in London—*Trial by Jury*, *The Zoo*, *The Sorcerer* and H.M.S. *Pinafore*, The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, The Royal Aquarium Orchestra, the British Commissionership at the Paris Exhibition, the composition of incidental music to the *Merchant of Venice* at Manchester, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Henry VIII*, a visit to America, about 30 songs, a score of hymn-tunes, and various other forms of activity, and one is lost in amazement that one frail human being, often racked by painful illness, in constant demand by a host of important friends and acquaintances, incessantly besieged by requests for his advice and assistance at the theatre, the Festival, the charitable function, and in the public service, emerged from the ordeal with his reason unimpaired.

Before we take leave of this too brief description of Sullivan's services to musical education it is apropos to relate a story told by Sir Landon Ronald ("Variations on a Personal Theme," Hodder and Stoughton, 1922): "I well remember my first meeting with this charming and remarkable man who later in life became such a kind and good friend.

"I had written a little operetta—with the undistinguished title of *Did You Ring*—and it had

been accepted for production at the Prince of Wales Theatre. I was to have about 16 or 18 in the orchestra. Now I had learnt to score for a large orchestra from my beloved master, Sir (then Dr) Hubert Parry, during my student days. But he had never thought of teaching me to write for a small orchestra—something much more difficult to do really well. So I got a letter of introduction to Sir Arthur Sullivan who, I was told, would be willing to help me. I kept my appointment with the great little man in fear and trembling. He received me delightfully, placed me at my ease at once, and almost made me feel that I was a brother colleague of his. I explained my mission, but he told me in the kindest manner that he never taught, and advised me to go to a friend of his, an admirable musician, named Ernest Ford, which eventually I did. As I was taking leave of Sullivan, he asked me if I was going to the next Richter concert. I replied in the affirmative. 'Well,' he said, 'the wonderful Mozart in G minor Symphony is being performed. Go and buy a pianoforte copy of it. Take it with you to the concert, listen well to the orchestration, and next morning score it yourself from the pianoforte copy. Then go and buy Mozart's full score, compare it with yours, and you'll learn much.'

"It was the most wonderful advice! By the time I had finished comparing Mozart's scoring with mine, I felt I would never again attempt to

write for orchestra small or big. This advice stands as good for to-day as it did many years ago. And I hope, if these lines meet the eyes of any music students, that they may benefit as much from Sir Arthur's advice as I did."

Chapter IX

"H.M.S. PINAFORE"

In 1875 Sullivan had spent part of his summer holidays in Italy with Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay, whom he numbered among his more intimate friends.

He writes a long letter from Cadenabbia on August 25: "I have been to Milan at last! Visetti was at the station to receive me. He behaved in a princely manner to me the whole time, treating me as his guest.[1]

"My visit was a real success and I am very glad I went. On Monday morning after breakfast we went and called on Mazzucato (the Director of the Conservatoire) and Ricordi, the publishers, and went to the Conservatoire to listen to a performance by the students. Mazzucato welcomed me with great warmth. To my extreme gratification he came to the station with me to bid me farewell. I cannot speak highly or warmly enough

[1] Mr Albert Visetti (still happily with us and now for many years a resident in London) had studied under Mazzucato, the teacher of Sims Reeves, and Nava, who was Santley's teacher. He had a successful career in Italy, Nice and Paris and came to London in 1871. He has held many important appointments in this country and is attached to the Staff of the Royal College of Music.

of Visetti. He was kindness itself, and almost more gratified than myself at the success of my visit. . . ."

Shortly afterwards, Lady Lindsay, writing to Mrs Sullivan, sends her a humorous pencil sketch of her son. "He spends the day, and so do we, sitting on the balcony in rocking chairs, and sometimes going through the exertion of reading a novel.

"P.S. (in Sullivan's handwriting).—This is written *for* me, as I am overworked (!) and consequently cannot write to-day."

In 1877 a notable revival of Shakespeare's *Henry VIII* took place at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, under the management of Charles Calvert, for which Sullivan wrote the Incidental Music.

We have briefly referred to the bereavement Sullivan had suffered in January of this year by the loss of his elder brother Frederick at the age of 36. He had been brought up as an architect, but eventually became an actor, and during a brief career on the stage had made a name for himself by his ability and good spirits. He possessed a share of the family skill in music, and was deeply attached to his brilliant younger brother.

The composition of the "Lost Chord" was actually due to Arthur Sullivan coming across the verses by Adelaide Procter while watching at

his brother's bedside. He had previously tried to set the lines to music without success, but the second attempt resulted in the writing of what was probably the most phenomenally popular song of modern times.

Mr Fitzgerald prints a touching little note from Sullivan to his friend "Teddy" Solomon, who had rather unkindly written a counter melody in hornpipe time to the "Lost Chord." He asks him not to burlesque it since "I wrote it in sorrow at my brother Fred's death." The following letter to an unknown correspondent refers to the loss in feeling terms:

8 Albert Mansions, S.W.

19 *Jan.*, 1877.

My dear Sir,

I regret the delay in answering your letter but I scarcely ever left my poor brother's room.

Yesterday morning at 9.30 he was taken from us. He had a hard struggle all the night but thank God he died peacefully and without pain.

I told him two or three days ago I had had a letter from you, and he seemed much pleased at it and spoke of you as a "very old friend."

Yrs very truly,
Arthur Sullivan.

It is tantalising to know that there was at one time a fair possibility that the unique gifts of Sullivan would be allied to a work which is to-day, and has been for 60 years, a classic example of

English humour in its purest form. Mr Lawrence prints in full two letters which Sullivan received from Lewis Carroll (The Rev C. L. Dodgson), the creator of the immortal "Alice in Wonderland," in which the author shows how anxious he was that at all events parts of his work should be set to music by the one composer who could assuredly have written music to fit the words. Evidently Sullivan found difficulties in the way, for in March, 1877, there is another letter from Mr Dodgson pointing out that his wish was to get one or two of the songs set in advance of any dramatisation of the work, so that "when the thing was settled" they would not have to get the music prepared in a hurry. Evidently this did not appeal to Sullivan and so the world is the poorer.

There is a delightfully light-hearted description of another Italian tour, in February, 1878, from Nice all along the Riviera by the famous Cornice road to Genoa, via Mentone and Albenga.

The success of the *Sorcerer*, though not overpowering, was a sufficient indication to the author and composer of their ability to work successfully in conjunction with each other.

It is evident that long before the run of the *Sorcerer* came to an end in May, '78, they must have set about the task of finding a successor. The first hint of the subject is contained in a letter Gilbert wrote, 27 December, 1877:

Dear Sullivan,—

I send you herewith a sketch plot of the proposed opera. I hope and think you will like it. I called on you two days ago (not knowing you had gone away) to consult you about it before drawing it up in full. I have very little doubt, however, but that you will be pleased with it. I should like to talk it over with you, as there is a good deal of fun in it which I haven't set down on paper. Among other things, a song (kind of "Judge's song") for the First Lord—tracing his career as office-boy in a cotton-broker's office, clerk, traveller, junior partner, and First Lord of Britain's Navy. I think a splendid song could be made of this. Of course, there will be no personality in this—the fact that the First Lord in the opera is a radical of the most pronounced type will do away with any suspicion that W. H. Smith is intended. . . .

The uniforms of the officers and crew will be effective. The chorus will look like sailors, and I will ask to have their uniforms made for them in Portsmouth.

I shall be very anxious to know what you think of the plot. It seems to me there is plenty of story in it (the *Sorcerer* lacks story), with good musical situations. Josephine can have two good ballads, and so can Ralph.

I hope you will have fine weather and that the change will do you a lot of good. As soon as I hear from you that the plot will do, I will set to work, sending you the first act as soon as it is finished.

Very truly yours,

W. S. Gilbert.

As before, Gilbert found his suggestive material in the "Bab Ballads," six of which he utilised in his plot. He skilfully blended his dramatis personæ in the plot of H.M.S. *Pinafore* into what Mr Dark describes as "a satire upon the popular nautical shiver-my-timbers drama," of the type of *Black-Eyed Susan*. To obtain local colour as successfully as possible, Sullivan and his collaborator went to Portsmouth, and by permission of the Admiralty authorities Gilbert made detailed sketches of the minutest kind of the quarter-deck and its fittings upon Nelson's ship the *Victory*. In this they were, there can be little doubt, materially assisted by Sullivan's friendship with Lord Charles Beresford, who wrote to him from the Admiralty in December, 1878, as follows:

"DEAR ARTHUR,

"I was perfectly delighted with *Pinafore* last night—quite excellent. You told me to tell you anything I saw which offended the eye of an expert. Don't be cross. They are minor details, but make the difference in perfection and not absolute perfection . . . the rest is quite excellent.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES BERESFORD."

The first performance took place on Saturday, May 25, 1878, and among the new names upon the programme were those of George Power (now Sir George Power and still happily amongst us) as

Ralph Rackstraw, Blanche Roosevelt as Josephine, Miss Everard as Little Buttercup, and Miss Jessie Bond, who long remained one of the stars of the various casts.

The original programme, following the precedent of *Trial by Jury*, is illustrated by excellent thumb-nail sketches of the chief characters, which vividly recall delightful memories to those of us who are old enough to remember the never-to-be-forgotten occasion. Sullivan's old friend, Alfred Cellier, was musical director, later to be succeeded by his brother François.

It is an oft-told tale, but at the risk of wearying old Savoyards by repetition, it must be repeated here how the early days of the run of H.M.S. *Pinafore* were chequered by misfortune. "Business," as receipts are termed in theatrical parlance, was none too flourishing. In July, 1878, there was a heat-wave, which, however welcome to holiday-makers, always means long faces at the theatres. One Monday evening the takings dropped to £40. The Comedy Opera Company, i.e. Messrs Chappell, Metzler, Collard and Co., began to worry their managing director, Mr D'Oyly Carte, to reduce expenses. The company voluntarily offered to suffer a salary reduction, and the timid impresarios only took courage when, by a fortuitous happening, Sullivan, who had been appointed conductor of the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre, came to the rescue. His friend, Hamilton Clarke, had written

a happily-scored arrangement of the *Pinafore* music, and this was included in a programme. It proved an enormous success, the receipts at the theatre began to mount, and the good ship *Pinafore* was "well away" on a two years' voyage.

Mr Fitzgerald, Messrs Dark and Grey, and other writers upon the subject, each seek or select this or that reason for the phenomenal boom that now set in with the run of *Pinafore*. The authors of Gilbert's life attribute it in part to the topical jest upon the life of a Conservative statesman of the day, the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, who had been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty by Disraeli. Mr Smith was head of the well-known firm of newspaper distributors, but was without any experience of nautical matters. Nevertheless, he proved an admirable administrator of the Admiralty, and there was no harm done in using his career as a topical joke. Then there was the famous song of Captain Corcoran with the catch-phrase "What never? Well, hardly ever." This "caught on" in America to an amazing extent.

Upon the opera's production here it was immediately and extensively "pirated" in the United States. It is stated by Mr Arthur Lawrence in his "Life" of Sullivan that at one time, "the spectacle was presented of every theatre and every concert company of importance in the big cities, producing the same piece without, of

course, the author and composer ever receiving a farthing for their work."

This led to the author, composer and producer visiting New York in 1879 to produce the authorised version at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and to open negotiations for a revision of the copyright laws which rendered such daylight robbery so easy a matter. Nothing in this respect could be done in a hurry, and it was eventually decided that the next opera should be produced in both countries simultaneously.

A writer in "Truth," immediately after Sullivan's death, says: "It was not until *Pinafore* was so enthusiastically taken up in America that it really caught the popular taste in this country. The American success of *Pinafore* was due very largely to the 'New York Herald,' which, after the manner of transatlantic newspapers of its period, devoted, during a political contest, something like 15 or 20 columns to hitting off the foibles and follies of various prominent men, who were thus made to answer a certain leading question in the cautious terms of Captain Corcoran.

"To ask a divine whether he had ever kissed a lady novelist, or to enquire of a Tammany magnate whether he had ever bribed a Judge, and to read his reply, 'Never!' 'What never?' 'Well, hardly ever,' delighted the American public and the catechism made the fame of *Pinafore*."

Sullivan himself told an excellent story apropos the same subject, showing how even the Church

was invaded by Gilbert's catch phrases. "The words ('What never,' etc.) were so constantly quoted that at last it was decided to impose a fine each time a phrase from *Pinafore* was used in general conversation. My dear old friend Frederic Clay was in church one Sunday morning with the Barlows, one of the best-known families in New York, and the preacher concluded a most eloquent sermon with the impressive words, 'For He Himself hath said it.' Clay whispered into Sam Barlow's ear, 'And it's greatly to his credit,' promptly took out half a dollar and silently placed it in Mr Barlow's hand!"

We have had occasion to remark already upon the fact that Sullivan suffered for many years from a painful malady which recurred at intervals. It is a sad fact that much of his music was written while in the grip of agonising pain. *Pinafore* itself was composed in these circumstances. "I would compose a few bars and then lie almost insensible from pain. When the paroxysm was passed, I would write a little more, until the pain overwhelmed me again." Never was music written under such distressing conditions.

There is another story worth repetition, out of many, which partly concerns *Pinafore* and so may fitly find a place here. It appears in the course of an "interview" which appeared in the "Strand Musical Magazine" many years ago.

"Together with a party of friends," said Sullivan, "I was travelling a rather uncivilised

district in the State of California when we stopped at a mining camp for some refreshments. The driver informed me that I was expected there, and feeling rather gratified to hear this, I made my way towards the whisky store. Three or four fellows were lounging about, and one approached a big sturdy man who was standing near me and said to him, 'Are you Mr Sullivan?' The man shook his head and pointed in my direction. After looking me up and down the man demanded, 'What do you weigh?' 'About 162 pounds,' was my reply. 'Pooh!' said my interrogator, 'that's a queer start. Do you mean to tell me that you gave J. Blackman fits in Kansas City?' 'Certainly not,' I answered. 'Well, who are you, anyway?' I answered that my name was Sullivan. Quite disappointed, he said, 'Oh, ain't you John L. Sullivan the slogger?' 'No, I am only Arthur Sullivan,' I replied. 'What!' he said, with evident surprise, 'are you the man as put *Pinafore* together?' I said, 'Yes,' and smiled at him. 'Well, I never!' he answered; 'but I'm glad to meet you anyway. Come and have a drink with us!'"

During Sullivan's American visit, in company with his two collaborators, in 1879 to produce the correct version of *Pinafore*, he wrote the first act of the *Pirates of Penzance*, and scored the whole of the opera. In order to secure the copyright effectually for themselves, the opera was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, under

the personal supervision of the three Englishmen, with Alfred Cellier assisting, on December 31, 1879, exactly one day later by the almanac than its production at the Royal Bijou Theatre, Paignton, England, on Tuesday, December 30, 1879. The latter was a curiosity in operatic productions, and those who are interested in such matters will find the story fully related in Mr Adair Fitzgerald's "Story of the Savoy Opera." Suffice it here to say that only one full rehearsal of the performance took place, on the stage of a theatre in Torquay where, as it happened, one of the D'Oyly Carte Companies was playing *Pinafore;* Mrs Carte, then Miss Lenoir, took charge in the absence of her chief, and the prices of the seats ranged from 6d. to 3/–.

The first London performance, the real *première*, took place three months later, on April 3, 1880. Nearly all the cast had been in *Pinafore* save the *Mabel* who, in the person of Miss Marion Hood, made her first appearance on the stage. The opera is as the authors of Gilbert's "Life and Letters" point out, an obvious burlesque, carried out as only Gilbert could do it, of the early nineteenth-century transpontine pirate.

The American cast included three artists, afterwards famous Savoyards, in the persons of Jessie Bond (Edith), Rosina Brandram (Kate) and Alice Barnett (Ruth, the Pirate maid-of-all-work). Sullivan conducted on the first night, and Cellier "carried on" afterwards. There was a serious

contretemps before the opening night that required all Sullivan's tact and adroit handling of men to overcome. The orchestral players were trade unionists to a man, and after the manner of their kind, they struck for better pay on the amazing ground that the music was like grand opera, for which, by their rules, they were entitled to wages on a higher scale. Sullivan then called them together and modestly disclaimed the high estimate they had formed of the music. He further suggested that the Covent Garden Theatre band, whose members he knew well, would jump at the chance of coming over to New York to rescue him from his predicament. In the meantime he intended to go on with the rehearsals with himself and Cellier at the piano, and finally he told them that under no circumstances did he intend to give way to their demands.

He then sought the assistance of the "New York Herald," who backed him up warmly in his opposition to this mean attempt to force his hand, and in the long run the musicians gave way and Sullivan's "bluff" succeeded.

It must not be thought that with the production by the author and composer themselves of their own original work in an American theatre their troubles were at an end. This was very far from being the case. Under the then amazing state of the copyright laws in America, they were absolutely prevented from allowing the MS. to be printed and published. Had they done so, there

was nothing to prohibit anyone who chose to reproduce it, either publishing it himself, or producing it over again, for his own personal profit and without the obligation to hand a penny in royalties to the original owners. Even keeping it in MS. did not, it appears, completely protect it, for certain judges so interpreted the law as to mean that its public presentation at a theatre was tantamount to publication, and it therefore resulted that if any person could memorise it, or parts of it, he might then produce it. This surprising view of the law rendered it imperative to keep a sharp look-out for anyone in the theatre taking notes.

This constantly happened, and all kinds of other attempts were made by would-be copyists, including an offer of 100 dollars to a member of the orchestra for a copy of the first violin part, containing all the necessary cues to the rest of the orchestration. However, they eventually made a very large sum in the States, and Sullivan freely acknowledged the kindness and hospitality he met with in other ways.

Sullivan told Mr Lawrence, apropos of the vast extent to which pirated versions of *Pinafore* were produced in America, that "of course Gilbert and myself had been kept informed of the unique business which *Pinafore* was doing in America, and our visit was prompted by the notion, that, as the authors of the piece, we ought to profit by it." It might have been

supposed that by this time the American public had got tired of it, but this was not the case. They flocked as eagerly to see the authorised version as if it had been a complete novelty. One newspaper reporter wrote, "Last evening H.M.S. *Pinafore* was under command of its builders. Mr Sullivan conducted, and the master-hand was clearly discernible . . . last night's performance was everywhere studded with new points. . . . But the really noticeable difference in the interpretation was the orchestration. There was breadth, colour, tone, together with an harmonious blending with the vocalism which was utterly wanting in what may be called the home-made 'Pinafores.'"

Chapter X

THE LEEDS FESTIVAL—"PATIENCE"

EARLY in 1878 Sullivan was invited by the Leeds Festival Committee to write an oratorio for the Festival of 1880. Mr Findon quotes (from Messrs Spark and Bennett's "History of the Leeds Musical Festival") Sullivan's reply, which was as follows:

9 ALBERT MANSIONS,
LONDON, S.W.

March 12, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR,

When I received your first letter at Nice, I was so ill and worn out that I at once wrote declining the offer of the Leeds Festival. But upon consideration I thought it would be wise to keep it back a short time in case I might get better and stronger . . . on my arrival home yesterday I found that you had written to me again . . . I beg therefore you will accept the expression of my sincere regret at the delay in answering you. I am much better now and feel more disposed to entertain the proposal which the Committee have done me the honour to make to me.

I could not, however, undertake the composition of an oratorio which should occupy the whole of a concert. For that I should have no time. But I should not be unwilling to write a work of the same length and character as "The Prodigal Son"—a work

of about an hour, or an hour and a half and forming one part of a concert. Will you kindly convey this to the Committee and let me know their view on the subject?

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

F. R. Spark, Esq.

The Committee thereupon offered Sullivan a fee of 100 guineas to write such a work as he suggested, the fee to include his own personal expenses and the provision of band and chorus copies.

His first inclination was to utilise the beautiful story of David and Jonathan for his work, but this was eventually abandoned. He informed Mr Spark, who records it in his book, that he searched the Scriptures daily only to find that the best subjects had all been used up by previous writers of oratorio, with whom he did not desire to challenge comparison. Eventually he turned to his collaborator in a diametrically opposite field of art, W. S. Gilbert. In a letter to Sullivan (printed in Gilbert's "Life," p. 122) the latter generously says, writing of his share in the work: "It most certainly never occurred to me to look for any other reward than the honour of being associated, however remotely and unworthily, in a success which I suppose will endure till music itself shall die. Pray believe that of the many substantial advantages that have resulted to me

from our association this last is,and always will be, the most highly prized."

The subject eventually chosen was Dean Milman's poem "The Martyr of Antioch." Accordingly, after the production of *Pirates of Penzance*, in April, 1880, and during its long run of nearly 400 nights, Sullivan spent his time partly in the States and partly working, under rather unfavourable conditions, at the forthcoming cantata.

Here we may digress for a moment and turn our attention to the famous Yorkshire Musical Festival with which, for some time to come, Sullivan's name was to be intimately associated.

The Leeds Festivals dated from 1858, and from the commencement it had been intended to make them triennial. Sullivan's old master, Sterndale Bennett, was the earliest conductor, and the first Festival was a complete success, over £2000 profit resulting, which was partly devoted to charity. In spite of this, however, the second Festival did not take place until 16 years later, in October, 1874, with Sir Michael Costa as conductor. From then onwards they occurred every three years with great regularity. In 1877 Costa again directed the music, and either by his autocratic methods or by some other mischance he contrived to fall out with a section of the Committee of Management. Then there ensued some discussion as to the choice of a new conductor, which lay between Sir Chas. Hallé and

Sullivan, and in 1879, while the latter was in America, a cablegram was despatched to him, which reached him in Baltimore while conducting one of his own works, offering him the position, which he eventually accepted at a fee of £200. The selection met with the approval of the local press, who readily admitted that though a comparatively young man, being only thirty-eight, he had proved his worth in oratorios, symphonies, overtures, songs, church music, comic opera, in short, everything except grand opera. Glad approval was expressed by a contributor to one journal who wrote that :

> We might have had a Russian,
> A French, or Turk or Prussian,
> or else Ital-i-an.
> But in spite of all temptations, to go to other nations,
> We select an Englishman.

On his return from the States Sullivan stated, speaking of his experience of orchestras in America, where he had conducted many performances of his *Prodigal Son* and other works, that the German element largely preponderated, the balance being made up of ex-bandsmen from the British Army. In many places so dominant was it that he was obliged at rehearsals to speak to the orchestra in German.

He also found that in 1879 there still lingered in New York the old puritanical prejudice against

artists socially, which, however, had almost died away six years later when he was again a visitor to the States.

His first important appearance in the Leeds programmes coincided with his own debut in the Yorkshire capital as the successor of Sterndale Bennett and Costa.

The *Martyr of Antioch* was an instant and overwhelming triumph for the composer and a significant augury of the prestige their new conductor was to bring to the Leeds Musical Committee.

The published score is dedicated "by special permission to H.R.H. The Princess of Wales" and is dated October, 1880.

The preface is initialled by "A.S." and contains the following explanation of the origin of the libretto:

"The words of the *Martyr of Antioch* are selected from the drama of that name by the late Very Rev. H. H. Milman, Dean of St Paul's. The responsibility of the selection and of the alteration in the manner of Margarita's death rests with the composer. To his friend, Mr W. S. Gilbert, is due the change which in one or two cases (marked with an asterisk) has been necessary from blank verse to rhyme, and for these and many valuable suggestions he returns Mr Gilbert his warm acknowledgments.

[The synopsis of the plot follows.]

"I have the full sanction of the Dean's sons for the use I have made of his drama; they permit me to say that, in their opinion, the alterations inevitable upon the adaptation of the drama to musical requirements have been made with judgment and good taste and in complete accordance with the spirit of the original work.

"A.S."

In 1898 the Carl Rosa Opera Company had an adaptation made for stage purposes and took it on tour with them into the provinces. It was produced at Liverpool in 1899. To this day one of the principal tenor numbers, "Come, Margarita, come," retains a considerable concert-room popularity, and we shall find when we come to the end of the composer's career that the beautiful unaccompanied "Brother, thou art gone before us" was fittingly used at St Paul's Cathedral when his mortal remains were laid at rest.

A characteristic letter to his old friend Sims Reeves, of congratulation upon the success of his son Herbert, may find a place here.

9 Albert Mansions, S.W.

My dear Reeves,

One line to offer my heartiest congratulations on the boy's success yesterday. He was enthusiastically received for his father's sake, but he was equally warmly applauded for his own. He sang my song admirably and was much less nervous than in his first place.

The quality of his voice, phrasing, and expression are all excellent. Time will give him strength I am convinced. I was delighted to help him on his first public trial.

Ever yours,
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

13 *June*, 1880.

In spite of the violence of the contrast in our subject, we—as Sullivan himself must have frequently done—must now turn from the sublime to the contemplation of the frankly ridiculous. It is difficult for us of to-day to realise to its full extent the famous "æsthetic" craze of the early 'eighties. Led by Oscar Wilde, a brilliant and art-loving writer of the day, his foolish followers, blind to the "pose" of their leader, carried their extraordinary affectations into thousands of entirely respectable homes. The cult spread in an amazing fashion. The catch-words which accompanied it, though stupid enough in all conscience, found a band of devotees ready to use them. The fashionable dressmakers caught gladly at the chance, and Du Maurier's drawings in "Punch" recall the "floppy" style they affected for a time. All London talked about pre-Raphaelitism, and Art with a large A, and it was obviously impossible for Gilbert to let slip such an unique opportunity.

Once more he found the germ of his plot in the "Bab Ballads." "The Rival Curates" was one peg, upon which part of the libretto of *Patience*

was hung. "The Story of Gentle Archibald" was another. In the plot of *Patience* the curates are turned into rival æsthetic poets with a band of worshipping adorers. But, as Gilbert's biographers point out, it was the happy idea of incorporating a military interest that helped the usual topsy-turviness of Gilbert's libretto so enormously. It might have reasonably been supposed that an opera dealing entirely with a purely ephemeral craze would itself not long survive its production; Gilbert doubtless thought so and was prepared for it. This fear, however, has proved entirely groundless.

The wit and absurdity of the situations and the humour afforded by the broad contrasts have kept the opera as fresh and sparkling as on the day it was first produced. Whatever Gilbert's faults were, and he has been somewhat over-freely accused in many ways, none can charge him with a lack of generous appreciation of his gifted colleague. The following quotations from his letters to Sullivan are kindly permitted by Lady Gilbert.

On November 1, 1880, he wrote:

"I want to see you particularly about the new piece. Although it is two-thirds finished I don't feel comfortable about it. I mistrust the clerical element . . . and I want to revert to my old idea of rivalry between two æsthetic fanatics, worshipped by a chorus of female æsthetes. . . . I can get much more fun out of the subject, as

I propose to alter it. . . . I entertained this idea at first, as you may remember. . . . But if we can get Du Maurier to design the costumes, I don't know that the difficulty will be insuperable."

As all the world knows, *Patience* was the vehicle of one of Sullivan's most sparkling scores, and Gilbert himself modestly maintained that its popularity was " mainly referable to the delightful music."

To old theatre-goers it may be a curious piece of news that upon the first programmes the name of George Edwardes appears as manager for Mr D'Oyly Carte. It was the last of the operas produced at the old Opera-Comique, on 23rd April, 1881, and thereby hangs a tale. The unprecedented success of *Patience* and the previous operas led D'Oyly Carte to think of a permanent home for these productions. Mr Carte was a manager born nearly a generation ahead of his time. Always bold and resolute, he was at the same time cautious and sensible. Once he had convinced himself of its value he was ready to push an innovation for all it was worth. It was an inspired project that led him to the classic ground of the Savoy as a site for the new theatre. Free programmes, no cloakroom fees, queues to the unbooked seats, were all given by this liberal management to an astonished public. And it is sad to think that in a sordid and retrograde age only the last of these benefits has survived. Two

and a half years before, in August, 1878, another enterprising manager, Mr John Hollingshead, of the Gaiety Theatre, had, purely for advertising purposes, installed the newly invented arc electric lights outside his premises. Since that date the incandescent lamp had made its appearance and D'Oyly Carte at once realised its advantages, and adopted it, avowedly as an experiment "which might succeed or fail." On 10th October, 1881,[1] the new theatre was opened with the transferred opera of *Patience*, before a very large and brilliant audience, who swiftly recognised that a new era in theatre lighting and management had dawned. Sullivan conducted and immediately afterwards caught a late train to Norwich, where he was due the next morning to rehearse the *Martyr of Antioch*, performed there for the first time on the Wednesday of the Festival week.

Early in January of the previous year the question of a successor to Sir Julius Benedict, who was then nearly 80 years old, had been discussed by the Committee of the Norwich Festival. The respective claims of Randegger and Sullivan were considered and the first choice fell upon the latter.

Apparently the terms he asked for his services alarmed the thrifty persons responsible for the Festival finances, being in fact "more than double what had been paid to Benedict" for thirty-five

[1] About this time Sullivan left Albert Mansions for Queen's Mansions, where he remained for the rest of his life.

years! Accordingly a deputation of five were appointed to interview Sullivan, but with no satisfactory result, and after an interview with yet another possible candidate, Mr F. H. Cowen, Mr Randegger was appointed.

Acting on the new conductor's advice, therefore, Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch* was produced, and, as we have seen, he conducted it himself. The "Annals of the Festival"[1] state that it made the effect that was anticipated "albeit it failed to attract a very large audience."

In this respect, however, Sullivan was in excellent company, for in the evening Berlioz' *Faust*, we read, "proved no more attractive, some feeling being excited locally against the subject of the work."

It was, be it said, by no means Sullivan's first appearance in the programmes at Norwich. As early as 1866 his *In Memoriam* overture, composed expressly for the occasion, had created a profound impression there, and in the same year "Sigh no more, ladies" was sung there by no less an artist than Sims Reeves. "O hush thee, my Babie" was heard in 1869, and in 1872 the Festival Te Deum was sung by Madame Tietjens and the Chorus of the Festival.

During the year 1881 Sullivan had the unique and wonderful experience of a voyage to the

[1] "Annals of the Norfolk and Norwich Triennial Musical Festivals, 1824–93," by Robin H. Legge and W. E. Hansell. (Jarrold & Sons. 1896.)

Baltic on board H.M.S. *Hercules* as the guest of the Duke of Edinburgh. At Kiel they were received by the Crown Prince, afterwards the Kaiser, and his brother, Prince Henry. The Kaiser, to whom he was introduced by the Duke, said, as he shook hands, " I think you polished up the handle of the big front door, did you not, Mr Sullivan? " From Kiel the fleet went to Copenhagen and were entertained by the King and Queen of Denmark, and afterwards to St Petersburg, where they visited Peterhof as the guests of the newly made Emperor and Empress. On that occasion Sullivan was taken by the Lord Frederic Hamilton to hear one of the celebrated choirs at Moscow and was immensely impressed thereby.

The opera of *Patience* proved as good a draw as its predecessors, running continuously as it did for 408 performances. In spite of the trouble taken to overcome the copyright difficulties, pirated versions were produced freely in the States and elsewhere. Sullivan and his confrères did their best to stop them, but the state of the American copyright law at the time gave too many loopholes for escape and the judges who heard the actions decided in several instances against the originators of the music and libretto. Our own copyright law in certain respects was but little better, since it was held by the judge in a certain action (Boosey *v.* Cramer) that the pianoforte arrangement of an opera was a separate

copyright from the vocal score! Following this decision Sullivan decided to allow an American citizen to copyright the pianoforte version in his own name and privately to transfer a certain proportion of the profits. Even this, however, proved useless, as the printed music was immediately pirated and its legality upheld by a Massachusetts judge. Sullivan's comment on this was: "It seemed to be their opinion that a free and independent American citizen ought not to be robbed of his rights to rob somebody else!"

It may be said that with the successful production of *Patience*, the fourth important opera of the series, the triumvirate had definitely founded and "crystallised" a new School of English light opera. It is possible to doubt whether they had realised this, but it is none the less true and it is equally true, or almost true, that with their decease the School came to an end and has never found any worthy successor. If we except one or two sucessful productions, notably *Dorothy*, *Falka*, and *Merrie England*, there has been nothing else that can even distantly be regarded as belonging to the special *cuvée* then set before the English-speaking world. Gilbert, as we know, laid down certain rules for his share of the operas. In the earlier non-operatic-version of *Princess Ida* some of the male parts were played by girls, but this never occurred in the Savoy productions, neither is there any instance of a man wearing female clothes. Gilbert's own care and precision

were meticulous in every slight detail, he superintended the rehearsals patiently and at great length. No trouble was too great to get the effect he aimed at, and if the methods he found it necessary to employ were severely trying to his company, it is doubtful if any other means would have brought about a similar result. He was supremely fortunate in his two confrères, and their united efforts collected round them a company of brilliant artists, whose interpretation of their chief's intentions was so intelligent and convincing that the gallery of characters they created bids fair to become as lasting and typical as anything theatrical art has given us.

Those who are interested in analogies may like to compare the output of productions and revivals of Offenbach's operas from 1864 to 1881, the date of *Patience*. In that period of 17 years a total of 22 operas by the French composer was performed in English in London, beginning with *Too many Cooks* at the Gallery of Illustration in Regent Street, under the German Reed management, up to two of the most popular, *Madam Favart* in 1879 and *La Fille du Tambour-Major* in 1880.

In this same period Sullivan's output was nine operas, three of which were relatively unsuccessful, *Contrabandista*, *The Zoo*, and *Thespis*. If we pursue the comparison to the present time we shall find that there were about 20 or 25 English revivals of Offenbach operas after '81, and that

they steadily diminished before the ever-growing taste for Gilbert and Sullivan. If we except *Tales of Hoffman*, it is now a considerable time since any of the French composer's work was revived in London. But in the twenty-four years that have swiftly passed since Sullivan was laid to rest in St Paul's Cathedral his name and fame have become as familiar in the ears of the new generation, then in their cradles, as they had been for the 25 years before to their parents. Nevertheless, it might seem worth the while of an enterprising management to try the experiment of an Offenbach revival or two, which would, it is presumed, offer the additional inducement of an expired copyright and no particular traditional " business " to be adhered to.

Early in the summer of 1882, on May 27, Sullivan suffered the third and greatest bereavement of his life by the death of his mother at the age of 71 years.

She had, it will be remembered, been widowed fifteen years before, but she had the supreme felicity of living to see the good and affectionate boy she had brought up grow to manhood, respected and beloved by his acquaintances and friends. She watched him in his early youth achieve first, distinction, and then world-wide fame in the career he had chosen and steadfastly pursued. In the face of many temptations to pursue only the flowery ways of life he had remained a hard worker, and when wealth did

come to him he used it with discretion, neither hoarding nor throwing it away. Mr Findon, a relative of the composer, tells us that Mrs Sullivan lived "in a roomy old Georgian house—Northumberland House—at Fulham with her widowed daughter-in-law and children, and every Sunday when he was in town Sullivan would drive down and spend a good part of the day, 'sometimes bringing old friends like Alfred Cellier or Fred Clay with him.' Never had a son a more adoring or devoted mother, and never had a mother a more tender and considerate son."

Mrs Sullivan, to whose memory Mr Findon dedicates his Memoir, was buried in Brompton Cemetery, June 1st, 1882, and her son's old friend and master, the Rev Thos. Helmore, read the service. Her grave, we are told, was among the last places her son visited eighteen years later, before his own illness took a fatal turn.

Having no family responsibilities of his own, Sullivan readily took upon himself the sacred obligation that now became his, of looking after the children of his dead brother, Fred, who had formed part of the household at Fulham. "Their welfare," says Mr Findon, "became his dearest concern and the eldest, his nephew Herbert, became his own chosen companion, and eventually his heir."

Chapter XI

"Iolanthe"—Knighthood—"Mikado"

The promptitude with which Gilbert and his two gifted colleagues were able to produce a successor to *Patience* must have been a source of envy and wonderment to other theatrical impresarios, always on the look-out for, and seldom finding, either a good libretto, a clever composer, let alone both. The Savoy run of *Patience* closed on Wednesday, 22nd November, 1882. On Saturday, 25th November, 1882, a delighted audience sat at the first performance of *Iolanthe* and heard for the first time the amazingly humorous songs sung by a Lord Chancellor who had so far forgotten himself as to marry a fairy, the famous song of the Sentry, on duty in Palace Yard, Westminster, sung by Mr Chas. Manners, the delicious melody and pathetic words of

> He loves! If in the bygone years
> Thine eyes have ever shed

and half a score of other gems, any pair of which would make the fortune of a musical comedy of to-day. It is amusing to read the solemn strictures passed upon the librettist and composer for their light-hearted irreverent treatment of the much-maligned House of Lords and the British Con-

stitution generally. The plot was taken, as usual, from a "Bab Ballad," "George and the Fairies," in which the mortal who marries a fairy is an attorney and their joint offspring a curate. Among the audience on the first night was the then famous chief of the London Fire Brigade, Captain E. M. Shaw, a well-known personage in society, to whose amazement and consternation one of Gilbert's lyrics made pointed reference in the course of the Opera :

> Oh Captain Shaw
> Type of true love kept under
> Could thy Brigade
> With cold cascade
> Quench my great love,—I wonder.

It is now a matter of theatrical history, of which Mr Adair Fitzgerald reminds us, that one of the fairies in *Iolanthe*, Miss Fortescue, became engaged to a peer in real life, or to one who would eventually become a peer, in the person of Lord Garmoyle, afterwards Earl Cairns. The engagement, however, was broken off and a suitably handsome solatium arranged "out of court." The lady, like other talented people who graduated in the Savoy chorus, eventually became a well-known and charming actress in what are known to the profession as "straight plays."

The most dramatic and, indeed, tragic part of this famous first night as it affected Arthur

Sullivan was the fact that shortly before he took his seat in the conductor's chair the disastrous news was brought to him that owing to the bankruptcy of a firm of stockbrokers, Messrs Cooper, Hall & Co., with whom all his securities were deposited, the whole of his life's savings had vanished. This was not, however, suffered to interfere with the charm and geniality of his demeanour, though a lesser man might have been overwhelmed by the misfortune. It is not possible to pass over the first performance without allusion to the "Nightmare song," perhaps the most famous of all Gilbert's patter songs, with its remarkable musical accompaniment, the rendering of which—the words, not the music—by Grossmith "brought the house down" for many scores of subsequent weeks.

A performance was arranged to take place in New York, as nearly as possible simultaneously with the Savoy, allowing for the difference of latitude.

Mr Gladstone wrote to Sullivan a letter dated December 6th, 1882, as follows:

> My dear Sir,
>
> Though I am very sorry that your kind wish to bring me to the Savoy Theatre on Monday night should have entailed on you so much trouble I must thankfully acknowledge the great pleasure which the entertainment gave me. Nothing I thought could be happier than the manner in which the comic strain of the piece was blended with its harmonies of sight

and sound, so good in taste and so admirable in execution from beginning to end.

I remain, my dear Sir,
Faithfully yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

A. Sullivan, Esq.

The great statesman's enjoyment of the delightful opera was shared by millions of humbler folk and the chorus of praise it evoked from Press and public, as well for its humour and melody as for its immense technical command, was quite universal.

It scarcely seems worth the trouble to resurrect the mouldy flag of discontent that was, it must be recorded, shown by a few " grousers " who voiced the amazing theory that it was *infra dig.* for a serious composer to ally his art to aught save " high brow " music, and that what " Mr " Arthur Sullivan might perhaps be permitted to do " Sir " Arthur Sullivan certainly should leave severely alone !

By the date this entertaining idea had been broached Sullivan had received a second and even more gratifying letter from the Prime Minister, dated May 3, 1883.

DEAR MR. SULLIVAN,

I have the pleasure to inform you that I am permitted by Her Majesty to propose that you should receive the honour of Knighthood in recognition of your distinguished talents as a composer and of the

services which you have rendered to the promotion of the art of music generally in this country. I hope it may be agreeable to you to accept the proposal.

I remain,

Faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Nine years before, in February, 1874, he had written home: "If you are bothered again by newspaper reporters, just say that so far as I am concerned I know nothing about the proposed knighthood beyond what I have seen in the papers. I don't see why I should be 'interviewed' on everything that may be said about me. There is, of course, no foundation for such a thing, and it only grows out of the good-natured fancy of the 'Hornet.'"

When the event actually did occur and Sullivan joined the ranks of titled musicians, they were a select band indeed. Sir J. Goss, Sir Geo. Elvey, and Sir W. Sterndale Bennett had enjoyed official recognition of their talents for ten or eleven years, but it is safe to say that to the great mass of the people in this country their combined fame did not come within measure of the popularity that the name of Sullivan enjoyed, from the errand boy in the street to the highest in the land. That such widespread fame brings in its train certain inconvenience is obvious. There is a story of Gounod, who was a good deal pestered by visitors who were strangers to him, being advised to refuse admittance to unauthorised persons.

Asked why he did not rigidly close his doors to them: "That is what they all tell me," he replied, "but each one of my advisers regards the others as unauthorised intruders and himself as an exception. What am I to do then?"

During the busiest years of his life Sullivan seldom missed any opportunity that occurred for foreign travel, of which he was extremely fond.

We have already recorded instances of his journeys on the Continent, combining business with pleasure. There were also the journeys to New York, during which he sometimes contrived to fit in trips to California and other places of interest in the States and elsewhere.

At other times in his life Sullivan visited almost every European country. Germany he knew thoroughly and visited often, staying sometimes with the Duke of Edinburgh after his succession to the Dukedom of Coburg and with other friends. Italy he knew well, and the Riviera of the French and Italian coast was a frequent source of rest and health to him. After the production of *Iolanthe* in 1882 he extended his travels eastward as far as Egypt, and his letters to his home circle, and his secretary, Mr Smyth, and later on to Mr Wilfred Bendall, during these periodic holidays would fill many pages.

As one reaches the successive works, oratorio, opera, grand opera, it becomes increasingly difficult to describe adequately the continuous tidal wave of triumphant success that attended

Sullivan's various productions. Here and there, now and then, but rarely, one especial opera, or composition failed to reach or surpass the high-water mark of popularity that seemed always within his grasp. And this may be held to apply to the next opera, *Princess Ida*, although it is safe to say that what with Gilbert and Sullivan seemed more or less of a failure would to any other composer and librettist have appeared a very satisfactory success. To another of the operas, *Ruddigore*, with which we shall deal later, Gilbert referred in a speech at the O.P. Club as follows: "We are credited—or discredited—with one conspicuous failure, *Ruddigore*—or the Witch's Curse. Well, it ran eight months and with the sale of the libretto put £7000 into my pocket"! This—as regards the length of the run, at all events, was the case with *Princess Ida*, which was produced 5th January, 1884, and ran till October. The plot was—it is well known—a revised edition of his own play of the *Princess*, produced 14 years before at the Olympic Theatre, and that in turn was, as described in the programmes, "a respectful perversion of Mr Tennyson's poem." It was in the play that Hilarion, Cyril, and Florian and the three sons of King Gama were impersonated by ladies. In the operatic version this, following the rule laid down by librettist and composer, was not so.

Gilbert is represented as having said to an interviewer: "When Sullivan and I determined

to work together the burlesque stage was in a very unclean state. We made up our minds to do all in our power to wipe out the grosser element, never to let an offending word escape our characters, and never to allow a man to appear as a woman or vice versa." (S. Adair Fitzgerald's "Story of the Savoy Opera.")

During the writing of the opera Gilbert wrote to Sullivan:

> DEAR SULLIVAN,
>
> Here is Act I finished. I have made certain alterations in the first two or three numbers. I think you will say they are improvements. Don't you think the Act might end with "O dainty triolet," etc., followed by the departure of the Princes Arac, Guron and Scynthius breaking from their captors to rush after Hilarion, Cyril and Florian, to be captured at once as the Act drop falls—this possibly to be done without words, and done to a symphony? It would make a good picture, I think.
>
> Yours very truly,
>
> W. S. GILBERT.

The suggestion in the letter, be it said, was not carried out.

It has not been practicable in this work to reprint all the letters addressed by Gilbert to the composer relating to the various suggestions and discussions that arose from time to time. It is the more remarkable from the fact that, although Gilbert was, as we know, a tremendous martinet with his company and a man of immense will

power and compelling personality, with his own very definite conceptions of everything, nevertheless, he did ask for, and paid the greatest deference to, Sullivan's views and was anxious for his approval.

It would be wrong to assert that deep divergences of opinion did not frequently arise. Between two men of such widely different personalities this was bound to occur. Each was possessed of genius in his own field of labour, each knew precisely what was required of him and how to express it, and we can hardly doubt that the diplomacy of D'Oyly Carte and Mrs D'Oyly Carte was frequently called upon to adjust differences and smooth away troubles.

In regard to *Princess Ida*, George Grossmith tells a story in " A Society Clown " apropos of the long and tedious rehearsals, when he himself during the whole of one act had only two lines of recitative. One of the two lines spoken by King Gama ran as follows : " This seems unnecessarily severe." The music having been given out for rehearsal before Gilbert had read the libretto to them, the whole company were in the dark as to the meaning of the words they sang. Grossmith accordingly addressed the composer and said, " Could you tell me, Sir Arthur, what these words have reference to ? " Sir Arthur replied, " Because you are to be detained in prison, of course." Grossmith's reply was " Thank you. I thought they had reference to my having been

detained here three hours a day for the past fortnight to sing them ! " This humorous protest had the desired effect, and Sullivan released him from unnecessary attendance for the future.

At about this time Sullivan suffered a severe shock by the sudden illness which befell his old friend Frederic Clay. On December 3rd, 1883, the latter had brought out at the Alhambra, amid every sign of popular success, his opera *The Golden Ring*. The very first night of the production the popular composer was stricken with paralysis on his way home from the theatre. This was a sad blow for Sullivan, who wrote to Mrs Lehmann as follows :

QUEEN'S MANSIONS
VICTORIA ST., S.W.

22 *Jan* [1884]

Bless you for your kind words & loving thoughts of me. I am all right again now, but a little bit pulled down, & am off next week somewhere—whither I know not yet. I saw our precious old Freddy on Sunday for the first time. He is bright, cheery, full of appreciation & sympathy ; but, alas, speechless still. How awful it is !

Clay never quite recovered although he rallied considerably. He died at Great Marlow 24 November, 1889. He had written a great deal of music for theatrical productions, burlesques, comic operas, etc., but his name is likely to be remembered best by the ever delightful " Sands

o' Dee," "She wandered down the mountain side," and "I'll sing thee Songs of Araby." He was four years older than Sullivan and had also for a short time been a pupil of Hauptmann at Leipzig.

Mr Fitzgerald quotes the authority of the "New York Tribune," who published in August, 1895, an interview with Gilbert, in which he gives an interesting account of the tiny incident which led to the writing of what was probably the most original and popular of the series. "In May, 1884, it became necessary to decide upon a subject for the next Savoy opera. A Japanese executioner's sword hanging on the wall of my library—the very sword carried by Mr Grossmith at his entrance in the 1st Act—suggested the broad idea upon which the libretto is based. A Japanese piece would afford opportunities for picturesque scenery and costumes, and, moreover, nothing of the kind had ever been attempted in England." The librettist then describes in great detail the difficulties of the scenario, for which we must refer our readers to Mr Fitzgerald's work, "The plot having reached this stage I read the story . . . to Sir Arthur Sullivan. He approved of it; made some valuable suggestions bearing chiefly on the musical situations, and after three or four hours of careful deliberations the chain of events was finally determined."

The story was, it appears, rewritten in skeleton form no less than 12 times before the author

and composer finally approved it, and then the libretto was begun. Gilbert goes on to say that he usually furnished Sullivan with the words for the songs in the first act, and while they are being set to music he goes on with the songs of Act II. These finished, he starts on the dialogue while the music is being written, and so the pianoforte score and libretto are usually finished as nearly as possible together.

For the successful production of the *Mikado*, events seemed to conspire and the " stars in their courses " ran together. At about the time Gilbert's attention was attracted by his old Japanese sword, which is said to have fallen from its place on the wall, there was a so-called " Japanese village " at Knightsbridge, with some natives of Japan in the capacity of waiters, dancing girls, etc. These were lent to the Savoy management to help in adding " verisimilitude " to what might otherwise have been a " bald and unconvincing " Japanese atmosphere. The dresses were mostly supplied by Liberty's, although some of principals' costumes were genuine, and valuable antiques. It is said that Sullivan was surprised to find that Gilbert had not used Japanese titles for his characters and that Gilbert excused himself on the ground that the obvious English rhymes to some of the Japanese titles, for example, " Samurais," might have offended their susceptibilities. The cast contained no new-comers of importance, but there is a varied mass of anecdote

and footnote relating to the production which is of interest to theatrical historians and which is all duly related by Mr Fitzgerald. From this we may pick two or three incidents not perhaps generally known. It is a curious fact that Gilbert, for some reason that no doubt appeared sufficient at the time, decided that the Mikado's well-known song, "My object all sublime," ought to be cut out, and it was only as the result of a deputation from the choristers that this, one of the most popular numbers, was restored. Grossmith, like all first-rate artists, was horribly nervous at first and mistrusted the effect of his creation of "Koko," which eventually, of course, became, one may suppose, his best-known character. It is a matter of history now that one of his "effects," the dropping plump on the ground for the last verse of "The flowers that bloom in the spring" owed its origin to an accidental fall which, whether rehearsed or not, never fails to "bring the house down." Mr Fitzgerald quotes the amazing criticism of a highly experienced writer of the day, the late Mr Beatty-Kingston, who utterly failed to grasp the humour of the situations or the dialogue, and ponderously endeavoured to throw some obscure psychological light upon the motives actuating Gilbert's characters. The piece ran on its first production for no less than 672 nights and is, one can hardly doubt, destined to be an abiding joy to the remote descendants of the present generation.

It became necessary for Sullivan to go to America in 1885 on the usual mission, viz. to try and protect his interests and those of his collaborators from the depredations of the American pirates. To those versed in the story of the great international dispute of a previous decade, the Alabama Arbitration, it affords matter for comment and reflection that the nation to whom Great Britain was adjudged liable to the tune of £6,000,000 for a technical infraction of naval laws, so long successfully resisted the righteous efforts of a trio of Englishmen to bring home to the innate sense of justice of the American people the unblushing robbery to which their copyright laws gave sanction.

The story of the American production is too lengthy for this work. Those who are interested will find it in Mr Lawrence's "Life-Story" of Sullivan. Briefly it is as follows: There were two American managers competing against each other for it. On one of them getting the concession, the other decided to "pirate" it in advance of the legitimate owners. An interesting battle of wits followed between Mr Carte and the enemy. Great secrecy had to be observed on both sides. The Englishman had to make a "corner" of all the Japanese dresses in London to forestall the New Yorker from buying them, the company were rehearsed over here as though for an English town, they shipped for New York under fictitious names and arrived in the States before the

American knew they had started, with the result that the brilliant strategy of Mr Carte ended in a triumph for the right. The *Mikado* was, later on, produced in Germany, and even there scored a success, becoming a stock piece in Berlin, where in 1889 Sullivan himself conducted it.

In the year 1885 Sullivan added to his many activities the conductorship of the Philharmonic Society (now the Royal Philharmonic Society). His acceptance of the post was marked by the appointment of his old friend, Joseph Bennett, the "Daily Telegraph" critic, as annotator of the programmes, a position he long occupied. No very startling novelty was brought forward by Sullivan, who initiated the policy of allowing the composers of new works to interpret them themselves. Perhaps the most interesting first appearance in the 1885 season was that of Moszkowski. Sullivan conducted all the six concerts of the season, the last on Wednesday, 20th May.

In 1886, at the second concert, six works never before heard at the Philharmonic were performed, and a new Symphony in C by Saint-Saëns was conducted by the composer.

The 1887 Philharmonic Season was the last held under Sullivan's direction. From the first two concerts in March he was absent, owing to a severe shock he had sustained from an earthquake which happened during a visit to the Riviera, and on the occasion of the 8th concert

on June 25, Sullivan bade farewell to the Society.

The following letter was written to Miss Helmore on the occasion of the death of her mother, to whom Sullivan was deeply attached.

1, Queen's Mansions,
Victoria Street, S.W.

5 *March* /86.

Dearest Katie,

You need no words from me to assure you of my deep grief—my affection for your dear Mother has never wavered—God grant her eternal rest. When is the funeral and may I come to it? I hope it won't be on Monday, as I shall be at Bath on that day.

Shall I come and see you?

Ever yours affect.

Arthur Sullivan.

Chapter XII

"Golden Legend"—"Ruddigore"—"Yeomen of the Guard"

We now turn to activity in a different field. The Committee of the Leeds Festival had invited Sullivan to write something for them, following the success of the *Martyr of Antioch*, but he had declined and suggested their making application for the services of some other English composer than himself. For the 1886 Festival, however, he was willing to do something, and Mr Bennett tells the story of the work in which he collaborated as librettist, in "Forty Years of Music."[1] He states that the original suggestion of the subject came from Miss Chappell, who had herself gone through the "Golden Legend" with Sullivan in the effort to concoct a story. They had abandoned the attempt and asked Bennett to come to the rescue, which he did by selecting the story of Prince Henry and Elsie for treatment, and leaving the other portions alone. Sullivan was delighted with the result, which was read to him one day by Bennett after dinner, and told his friend, with his eyes twinkling,

[1] These details are taken by kind permission of Messrs Methuen, Ltd., the publishers of the work.

that he had saved him. Mr Bennett goes on to quote from a letter he received from the composer, dated August 24, 1886, and written from Stagenhoe Park, near Welwyn, a country house he had taken for the summer. Sullivan tells of a chorus he had been obliged to cut because it reminded him of "spirits" in a pantomime, agrees that the title of the poem had better be retained for the oratorio, and asks Bennett to write the "Argument" which should precede the libretto. Shortly afterwards came a second letter from Stagenhoe Park, enclosing the final revise of the work in its entirety. Bennett had previously been shown the MS. full score, consisting of sheets of score paper stitched together with an outside sheet as cover. The librettist then made the happy suggestion to Sullivan of beginning with the bell-subject as a solo to capture the attention of the audience at once. Sullivan said, "By Jove, Jo, you are right" and forthwith adopted the idea, proving how entirely ready to be open-minded he was on the subject of his own creative work. Sullivan came back to London in September, 1886, and indited a humorously reproachful letter to Bennett for never coming "to my pretty and quiet place in the country, although I expected you up to the last minute. Flags were in attendance at the station all night for 3 weeks. . . . Would you like the full score of 'Ye Legende?' and shall you be at home to-night after nine? And shall I come up (marry)? and

may I smoke if I do? and will you give me a cooling drink of gin and soda-water?"

Later in the autumn there was an incident which, after a trifling misunderstanding between the two, was happily cleared up. They had been in the habit of dining together during the Leeds Festival week and this year Sullivan had—so Bennett imagined—omitted the usual invitation. The latter sent a note of enquiry into the reason and Sullivan immediately replies from Queen's Mansions,[1] on October 21, 1886, that he had sent the note of invitation by a rascally cabman "who pocketed the half-crown and spent the afternoon in reaping a rich harvest of fares, little knowing the mischief he was doing."

It was, of course, quite unconnected with this, but Bennett records that, following the production of the *Golden Legend*, their warm friendship gradually cooled off, due, he surmised, to his own disappointment at Sullivan's immersing himself in West End Society and turf life, and, in consequence, failing to bestow his attention and genius upon higher forms of his art. This feeling, Bennett thought, probably showed itself in his published criticisms, and would, no doubt, have hurt Sullivan's susceptibility.

The production of the *Golden Legend* took place on October 16, 1886, and on all sides it was pronounced a colossal success. The critics were for once unanimous and spoke of the effect

[1] Now 58 Victoria Street.

upon the public as unprecedented. Pages could be filled with the close analytical descriptions of the Music, which, even to the untechnical eye, reading to-day, reveal the whole-hearted enthusiasm of the writers, who in several instances comment on the astonishing fact that it emanated from the same man who wrote the *Pirates of Penzance*.

The plot of *Ruddigore*, the next opera to succeed the *Mikado*, was taken, we are told, from "Ages Ago," a sketch written many years before for the German Reeds, which contained a scene of pictures of ancestors stepping from their frames. Certain of the numbers can be traced to the "Bab Ballads," and it is a matter of history that exception was taken to the title in the Press and elsewhere. There is the well-known story anent the much discussed title to the effect that a friend meeting Gilbert asked how "Bloody gore" was going. Gilbert said, "Not Bloodygore, Ruddigore." "Oh, it's the same thing," said his friend. "Is it?" replied Gilbert, "then if I say I admire your ruddy countenance, I mean I like your bloody cheek!" This is a decidedly more likely version of the anecdote than the one which gives the remark as being addressed to a young lady at a ball. It is difficult to imagine Gilbert using his gifts of biting sarcasm and wit in a way likely to offend a young girl. However, there was quite a storm, of the tea-cup variety, about it, and Gilbert endeavoured to induce Sullivan to alter it to "Kensington Gore, or Robin and

Richard were Two Pretty Men," but Sullivan protested, and the title remained. The opera is a very obvious burlesque of the old Surrey-side melodrama with their bad baronets, village maidens, gallant rescuers in impossible situations and so forth. It is hardly credible that a section of the critics could not see this, and were greatly exercised in their minds over the "murderous mainspring" of the plot.

It is sometimes said that the humour of the libretto is not in Gilbert's best vein, but the lines of the famous duet between Sir Despard Murgatroyd and Mad Margaret "I once was a very abandoned person, making the most of evil chances" show little, if any, falling off from the earlier efforts. There are also the wonderful song, "When the night wind howls," "To a garden full of posies," and other delightful lyrics. The music was as delicious as ever, and the opera is noteworthy to the faithful "Savoyard" public to-day for another reason. It served to bring to their notice in a prominent part the evergreen favourite still happily before the public, Mr H. A. Lytton, who took the part of Robin Oakapple at a moment's notice owing to the sudden illness of George Grossmith. Another incident that must be referred to was the astounding inability of the French to see that Gilbert was poking fun at the character of the British bluejacket and not at the French navy when he sings of the Captain who refused to fight the French battleship because she was only a "darned mounseer"!

After the first production, which took place on January 22, 1887, Gilbert wrote to Sullivan suggesting "that the 2nd Act would be greatly improved if the recitative before Grossmith's song were omitted and the song reset to an air that "would admit of his singing it desperately —almost in a passion—the torrent of which would take him off the stage at the end."

"After the long and solemn Ghost scene I fancy a lachrymose song is out of place, particularly as it is followed by another slow number—the duet between Jessie and Barrington. I feel this so strongly that I send this by hand, so that if you are of my opinion the matter could be put in hand at once, and perhaps sung next Wednesday."

Something must have struck Gilbert's highly critical eye on the first public presentation of the piece, for we find him, two days later, writing to Mr A. E. T. Watson of the "Standard" newspaper ("A Sporting and Dramatic Career," Macmillan, 1918), stating his intention to remodel the end of Act II, and expressing his opinion that the audience "were not prepared for the solemnity of the ghost music. That music seems, to my uninstructed ear, to be very fine indeed, but—out of place in a comic opera. . . ."

"I had hoped," he says, "that the scene would have been treated more humorously by Sullivan, but I fancy he thought his professional position demanded something grander and more impressive

than the words suggested. I am not trying to shift the responsibility of failure on to his shoulders, for I think the dead weight of it should rest on mine."

It is curious that in this letter Gilbert should have so completely misjudged his colleague, for it is certainly difficult to imagine Sullivan "standing upon his dignity" in connection with such a matter. Mr Watson seems (p. 85) to doubt the existence of that perfect accord between the two men which would permit of completely unfettered criticism, but the letters printed in the official "Life of W. S. Gilbert" carry the conviction that, as far as it was possible for two men of diametrically opposite temperaments, each a master of his art, to defer to the opinion, expressed or implied, of the other, they did so.

As we have seen, *Ruddigore* had a run of seven months, and Gilbert admitted he had made a sum of £7000 over it. And as it was commonly understood the three partners were on equal sharing terms, it follows that Sullivan and D'Oyly Carte did likewise.

In 1888 Sullivan had been elected President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, and no biography of the composer would be complete without a reference to the address he delivered at the Town Hall, Birmingham, on October 19 of that year, to the students and their friends. It is printed in full in Mr Lawrence's "Life,"

where it occupies no less than 26 pages. He told his audience: "Music has been my incessant occupation since I was eight years old—and it has for long been to me a second nature. . . . Music is to me a mistress in every sense of the word; a mistress whose commands I obey, whose smiles I love, whose wrongs move me as no others do." He goes on to say:

"Among the many advances of our country in the last half century, surely none has been greater than that of music. Publications are now so extraordinarily multiplied that the masterpieces are brought within the means of every one; more so, probably, than in any other country; and England has thus . . . the chance of again assuming the position that she held many hundred years ago, of being at the head of Europe as a musical country."

To support this contention the speaker traced the outlines of the history of his Art in England from the 6th century, throughout the ages, to the days of Orlando Gibbons, Wilbye, Ford, and the great school of madrigal writers.

He expressed his belief that our loss of this preeminent position was due largely to the commercial, religious and political struggles of the nation in the next 200 years. "We were content to buy our music, while we were making churches, steam-engines, railways, cotton mills, constitutions, anti-Corn Law Leagues and Caucuses." He reproaches the British with our lukewarm respect

for the Art as compared with Germans and Frenchmen, and admits that in the mind of the true Britisher, "Business, Society, politics and sport all come before Art."

And it is greatly to be deplored that the fault Sullivan found with us thirty-six years ago has not been cured yet.

He lays a part of the blame on the leaders of Society, during the half-century to which he refers, but admits that things were getting better in the great schools and among the cultured classes.

He claimed for music its place among the great influences of the world. Its utility in early life is obvious; in religion, in the armies of the world, it is pre-eminently useful. Its commercial possibilities are boundless. Its force in politics has from time immemorial been gigantic.

He refers to the innumerable occasions in the world's history when music has been a predominant factor, from the antediluvian hero Lamech, through Ancient Grecian history, to the days of Luther and the Welsh bards, right on to modern times when the *Wacht am Rhein* played its part.

"I myself," he says, "have witnessed the extraordinary effect of their rhythmical music on the Arabs in Egypt, more especially at the great ceremony of the departure of the sacred carpet for Mecca."

The speaker went on to refer to the State neglect

of music, the appreciation of the art by children, the innate purity and freedom from the taint of immorality of it, and he concludes a masterly survey of his subject with a graceful tribute to the Royal College, then under Sir George Grove, perhaps his oldest friend, and the Royal Academy of Music, under Sir Alexander Mackenzie.

Under the influence and glamour of the famous operas we must not lose sight of the intensely serious, earnest-minded lover of the highest aspects of his art that Sullivan presents. The following account of Sullivan's association with Sir Henry Irving in the famous production of *Macbeth* at the Lyceum in 1888, is taken from Mr Bram Stoker's "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving,"[1]

"For the music incidental to the play Sir Arthur Sullivan undertook the composition. He wrote overture, preludes and incidental music and choruses, one and all suitable as well as fine. Throughout there is a barbaric ring which seems to take us back and place us amongst a warlike and undeveloped age. Wherever required he altered it during the progress of rehearsals.

It was a lesson in collaboration to see the way in which these two men, each great in his own craft, worked together. Arthur Sullivan knew that with Irving lay the responsibility of the *ensemble*, and was quite willing to subordinate himself to the end which the other had in view.

[1] By kind permission of Messrs. W. Heinemann, Ltd.

Small-minded men are unwilling or perhaps unable to accept this position. If their susceptibilities are in any way wounded by even a non-recognition of the superiority of their work they are apt to sulk; and when an artist sulks those who have to work with him are apt to encounter a paralysing dead-weight. In any form *vis inertia* is cramping to artistic effort. But these men were both too big for chagrin or jealousy. As example of the harmony of their working and of the absolute necessity in such matters for absolute candour let me instance one scene. Here the music had all been written and rehearsed, and Sir Arthur sat in the conductor's chair. In a pause of the rehearsal of action on the stage he said: "We are ready now, Irving, if you can listen." "All right, old man, go ahead." When the numbers of that particular piece of incidental music had been gone through the composer asked: "Do you like that? will it do?" Irving replied at once with kindly seriousness:

"Oh, as music, it's very fine; but for our purpose it's no good at all. Not in the least like it!" Sullivan was not offended by the frankness. He was only anxious to get some idea of what the other wanted. He asked him if he could give any hint or clue as to what idea he had. Irving, even whilst saying in words that he did not know himself exactly what he wanted, managed by sway of body and movement of arms and hands, by changing times and undulating

tones, and by vowel sounds without words to convey his inchoate thought, instinctive rather than of reason. Sullivan grasped the idea and the anxious puzzlement of his face changed to gladness.

"All right!" he said heartily. "I think I understand. If you will go on with the rehearsal I shall have something ready by and by." Sitting where he was he began scoring, the band waiting. When some of the scenes had been rehearsed—the crowding of heads together, little chirpy sounds from some of the instruments, and then in a pause of the rehearsal: "Now, Mr Ball." John Meredith Ball was the musical director of the Lyceum. "If you are ready now, Irving, we can give you an idea. It is only the theme. If you think it will do I will work it out to-night." The band struck up the music and Irving's face kindled as he heard. "Splendid," he said. "Splendid! That is all I could wish for. It is fine!" I could not help feeling that such recognition and praise from a fellow-artist was one of the rewards which has real value to the creator of good work."[1]

It will be remembered that *Ruddigore* was taken off on 5th November, 1887, and as the opera that was in course of preparation was not yet ready, H.M.S. *Pinafore* was revived with a slightly different cast. This held on until 17th March, 1888, when the *Pirates* was put on again and had a run of 11 weeks, followed by the *Mikado* on 8th June. By the time this third

[1] See Appendix III.

revival had exhausted itself a fresh and dazzling triumph was in store from the three Savoy wizards. The story of the origin of the *Yeomen of the Guard* gives it as the result of Gilbert noticing a famous commercial "poster" issued by the Tower Furnishing Company. The opera, produced October 3, 1888, stands alone among Gilbert's libretti in its freedom from "Gilbertian" paradox and general "topsy-turvyness." An extraordinary amount of legend and history has already grown up around this opera, not yet 40 years old, from the story of its birth and production, about the difficulty Sullivan had in setting the famous duet of Jack Point and Elsie Maynard, "I have a song to sing, O," to the friendly dispute as to the "business" at the end where Jack Point falls before the final curtain. Fitzgerald relates that Sullivan was kept awake o' nights, and that when a friend called and sympathised he moaned out in melancholy tones, "My dear fellow, I have a song to set O, and I don't know how the dickens I am going to do it." He is said to have set and re-set it a dozen times before he was satisfied. If the reader will turn to the lines it will be found that the successive verses are each longer than its predecessor, on the "House that Jack built" principle. The account given by Gilbert of the difficulty is taken, by permission, from his "Life" (p. 107):

"The verse always preceded the music, or even any hint of it. Sometimes—very rarely—Sullivan

would say of some song I had given him, "My dear fellow, I can't make anything of this"—and then I would rewrite it entirely—never tinker at it. But, of course, I don't mean to say that I "invented" all the rhythms and stanzas in the operas. Often a rhythm would be suggested by some old tune or other running in my head, and I would fit my words to it more or less exactly. When Sullivan knew I had done so, he would say, "Don't tell me what the tune is, or I shan't be able to get it out of my head." But once, I remember, I did tell him. There is a duet in the *Yeomen of the Guard* beginning:

"I have a song to sing, O!
Sing me your song, O!"

It was suggested to me by an old chantey I used to hear the sailors on board my yacht singing in the "dog-watch" on Saturday evenings, beginning:

"Come, and I will sing to you—
What will you sing me?
I will sing you one, O!
What is your one, O!"

And so on. Well, when I gave Sullivan the words of the duet, he found the utmost difficulty in setting it. He tried hard for a fortnight, but in vain. I offered to recast it in another mould, but he expressed himself so delighted with it in its then form that he was determined to work it out to a satisfactory issue. At last, he came to me and

said: "You often have some old air in your mind which prompts the metre of your songs; if anything prompted you in this one, hum it to me —it may help me." Only a rash man ever asks me to hum, but the situation was desperate, and I did my best to convey to him the air of the chantey that had suggested the song to me. I was so far successful that before I had hummed a dozen bars he exclaimed: "That will do—I've got it!" And in an hour he produced the charming air as it appears in the opera. I have sometimes thought that he exclaimed "That will do —I've got it" because my humming was more than he could bear; but he always assured me that it had given him the necessary clue to the proper setting of the song. . . .

I remember it (the chantey) as my sailors used to sing it. I found out afterwards that it was a very much corrupted form of an old Cornish carol. This was their version of it:

FIRST VOICE. Come, and I will sing you—
ALL. What will you sing me?
FIRST VOICE. I will sing you one, O!
ALL. What is your one, O!
FIRST VOICE. One of them is all alone,
And ever will remain so.
ALL. One of them, etc.
SECOND VOICE. Come, and I will sing you—
ALL. What will you sing me?
SECOND VOICE. I will sing you two, O!
ALL. What is your two, O!

SECOND VOICE. Two of them are lilywhite maids,
Dressed all in green, O!
ALL. One of them is all alone,
And ever will remain so.
THIRD VOICE. Come, and I will sing you—
ALL. What will you sing me?
THIRD VOICE. I will sing you three, O!
ALL. What is your three, O!
THIRD VOICE. Three of them are strangers.

Two of them, etc., and so on until twelve is reached.

The wonderful lyrics with their exquisite melodies soon made their way over the world, and in spite of the enormous success of the *Gondoliers* which followed it, we must concede to the *Yeomen* that in its beauty, its vein of seriousness and pathos, its dramatic story, its inspiring subject, and its poetic period, style and setting, it deserves a pinnacle that is not quite reached by any other of the Series. In this opinion we know the composer and librettist concurred.

The two letters which follow, both written to his old and devoted friends, show how constant and unchanging he was in his friendships.

To Miss Helmore

14 *Jan.*, 1888.

1 QUEEN'S MANSIONS,
VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

DEAREST KATIE,

For five weeks I have been shut up in the house—most of the time in bed, so I have not been able to come and ask after your dear old Father.

How is he? and what is the matter? I hope D.V. to be out and about next week and then I will come,

Yrs. ever affect;

A.S.

26 *Dec.* 1889.

1, Queen's Mansions,
Victoria Street, S.W.

To the Rev. Thos. Helmore, M.A.,
72 St. George's Sq., S.W.

Thank you many times, my dear old Master and friend for your thought of me. I would have come myself to acknowledge it, but every moment of the day has been taken up with rehearsing the company we are sending out to America to perform "The Gondoliers." I shall, however, have a chance now of coming to see you, as I am getting a little freer from work.

It seems to me from the hasty glance I have been able only to throw at the book, that the lines require no music—the rhythm itself is music, and of a most beautiful character. It sounds paradoxical, but there are times to me when the music would be more beautiful and more complete without notes. I suppose it is that the diatonic and chromatic scales are so limited. How often have I longed to be free of fixed intervals. More especially in the prologue to the "Golden Legend," I felt myself hampered by having to express all I wanted to say by voice and instruments of limited means, and definite unchangeable quality—After all it is only human to be longing and striving for something more than we have got.

My best love to the girls, with my wishes for peace and happiness now and always,

Ever yours affecty

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Sullivan's 1887/8 activities were not of course confined to operatic composition. On the 13th October, 1888, the *Golden Legend* was given at Norwich, on the same evening that Stanford's Irish Symphony was performed. The latter composer's cantata, *The Revenge*, had been selected, but Sullivan " expressly objected to any other than instrumental music being given in conjunction with his cantata."[1] The result of this arrangement was unfortunate for Stanford, who conducted " amid constant distractions as a sort of in-voluntary." " The people evidently came to hear the *Golden Legend*, and regarded the orchestral piece as a convenient thing '*pour passer le temps*' while everybody settled down. Sullivan" (adds the account) " conducted his work though obviously suffering from ill health."

In the 1890 festival the *Martyr of Antioch* was given, but it is not definitely stated that Sullivan conducted in person.

[1] (" Annals of the Norfolk and Norwich Triennial Musical Festival," Legge and Hansell).

Chapter XIII

"Gondoliers" and "Ivanhoe"

On the night of Saturday, December 7, 1889, Gilbert and Sullivan returned to their earlier and lighter type of opera by the production of the *Gondoliers*. George Grossmith's name no longer, sad to say, appeared on the programmes, and Miss Esther Palliser replaced Miss Geraldine Ulmar.

The authors of Gilbert's "Life" print a series of letters from the librettist to Sullivan concerning the book, which took Gilbert five months to write, and gave Sullivan more trouble to set to music than any of its predecessors. It is most instructive to see the anxious care with which Gilbert envisaged his plot, and the readiness which he showed to recast or rewrite any parts with which Sullivan found fault or had difficulty.

On August 10, 1889, he writes:

Dear Sullivan,

I certainly did not understand that the "growling" chorus was cut out. It seems to me that the piece as it stands at present wants it. The Venetians of the 15th century were red-hot Republicans. One of their party is made king and invites his friends to form a Court. They object because they are Republicans . . . without the dissatisfaction expressed by the "growling" chorus (which can be rewritten if it

won't do in its present form) the story would be unintelligible.

On August 31, he writes :

DEAR S.

Here is the entry for the Duke and Duchess. I fancy you will like the spirit of it. . . .

Yours very truly,

W.S.G.

In September he wrote :

DEAR SULLIVAN,

Will you send me a copy of the ensemble " In a contemplative fashion " as I haven't kept one, then I will alter it at once. I have practically finished the Lyrics of Act 2—subject of course, to alterations—but that I cannot tell until the dialogue is written.

Yours very truly,

W. S. GILBERT.

Perhaps I had better leave the absolute end of Act 1 until I see you.

On September 12, 1889, he wrote :

DEAR S.,—

Will this do? It is dactylic, but it is difficult to get the contrast you want without dactyls. Probably it will be impracticable to set the accompanying lines, " In a contemplative fashion," so as to be a running accompaniment to the verses as they now stand. If so, I suppose they could be omitted during the verses and introduced at the end to finish with. If the verses won't do, send them back and I'll try again.

Yours very truly,

W. S. GILBERT.

Gilbert wrote on September 22, 1889:

Dear S.,—

I have altered "In a contemplative fashion" as suggested. The only question is whether the two last verses which the two girls sing at each other, and with which the two men have nothing to do, wouldn't be better in the original flowing metre, as lending itself to the volubility of two angry girls. I don't care a pin myself, which it is, but I thought you might find the original dactylic metre better for the purpose. Here it is in both forms.

Yours very truly,

W. S. Gilbert.

In a letter dated October 11, 1889, he said:

Dear Sullivan,—

I didn't want to bother you while you were away, so I have worked at the piece myself, taking my chance of your finding it all right or otherwise. I have now finished it, subject, of course, to any alterations you may require, and it is set up in type that you may see and judge of it in a concrete form. I have found it necessary to make a few alterations and modifications, but none of them, I think and hope, will give you any trouble. I have written a nice little ballad for Pounds in Act I (he had no ballad), and a good rattling song for Barrington. I found that Denny had two songs in Act II, so I have taken a song from Denny ("Now I'm about to kiss your hand") and transferred it to Wyatt. I could not consult you about this, as your were busy at Leeds, so have done it on the chance of your agreeing to it. If you don't, it can be restored to Denny. I have also done without Brandram's song,

" In the days when I was wedded," because it stopped the action of the piece (already too long), and I didn't think it was the kind of song that would show her off effectively. However, it can easily be restored if you like. I have rewritten Wyatt's song, " From the country of the Cid," and I think it is greatly improved ; but if you prefer the original, it can be restored, as the situation in which it occurs is unaltered. I have also inserted a brief passage for Carlotta in Act II. This is, I think, the sum and substance of the alterations. Oh—there is one more—I have altered the nurse's song at the end of the piece to eight lines of recitatif : firstly, because I thought the audience wouldn't care for a set ballad from a stranger at the end of the piece ; and secondly, because the situation became too like the situation at the end of *Pinafore*, where little Buttercup explains she has changed the children at birth. So, you see, I have not been idle since you left. . . .

I find it simply impossible to bring the Duke, Duchess, and Luiz in at the end of Act I without entirely reconstructing the piece. I think you will find it all right without them. I find I can do without the National Anthem (" As long as you are good as gold "), so if you don't want it, it can go overboard.

Yours always truly,

W. S. Gilbert.

On October 25, 1889, Gilbert wrote :

Dear S.,—

I send you herewith the corrected proof of the piece. I very much want to rewrite " Now I'm about to kiss your hand," making it more musically rhythmical

and ending with a minuet for Wyatt and Barrington. The words can easily be made to excuse and account for this :

1st V. Now I'm about to kiss your hand, etc.
2nd V. Now walk about with stately tread.
3rd V. Now learn to dance the minuet—

or something of that kind. Wyatt and Barrington are both such excellent dancers that it seems a pity to miss so good a chance of utilizing them. What do you think ? Pounds could accompany them on a mandolin —play the dance music, I mean.

Yours very truly,
W. S. GILBERT.

We learn on the authority of Gilbert's " Life " (p. 115) that the *Gondoliers* was the " best-seller " of the Series ; it ran for 554 consecutive nights, 20,000 copies of the score published by Chappells were sold on publication, and 70,000 of " various arrangements within a few days."

The opera had the signal honour of a command performance before Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, in March, 1891, and the morning after the first production Gilbert wrote Sullivan one of those gracious and generous letters that he knew so well how to indite. " I must again thank you for the magnificent work you have put into the piece. It gives one the chance of shining right through the twentieth century with a reflected light."

We now come to the period when there was an eclipse, profoundly regrettable in every way, in

the cordial relationship that had existed between Gilbert, Sullivan and D'Oyly Carte. We do not propose to delve deeply into the matter. That has been done in other accounts, and it will suffice to say that if there were perchance an error of judgment on either side, it was all amply atoned for when the reconciliation took place a short time after. In the meantime, a much more important event to the biographer of Sullivan took place. This was the erection of D'Oyly Carte's New English Opera House on an "island site" in Cambridge Circus. From a long and important letter written by Gilbert to Sullivan on February 20, 1889, we learn several important facts. Sullivan, possibly owing to the ceaseless urging of certain critics in the Press, and perhaps of his own friends, had decided to try his hand at the composition of a grand opera. This desire Gilbert understood and appreciated. What more natural than that Sullivan should turn for his libretto to the brilliant and poetical writer, who had rendered yeoman assistance in the *Martyr of Antioch* and the *Yeomen of the Guard*, to name two widely-different types of story? But Gilbert could not see his way to associate himself with what he felt and said to be a desperate and risky adventure. He condemned the whole scheme root and branch, and gave very good reasons for doing so. Apart from his objections to writing the libretto, in which, as he plainly saw, the librettist would share but a small

part of the glory, however successful as a whole the production might be, he outlines other defects in the scheme.

Dear S.,—

I have thought carefully over your letter. I quite understand and sympathize with your desire to write what, for want of a better term, I suppose we must call Grand Opera. I cannot believe that it would succeed either at the Savoy or at Carte's new theatre, unless a much more powerful singing and acting company were got together than the company we now control. Moreover, to speak from my own selfish point of view, such an opera would afford me no chance of doing what I best do. The librettist of a grand opera is always swamped in the composer. Anybody—Hersee, Farnie, Reece—can write a good enough libretto for such a purpose. Personally, I should be lost in it. Again, the success of *The Yeomen*, which is a stage in the direction of serious opera, has not been so convincing as to warrant us in assuming that the public wants something more earnest still. There is no doubt about it that the more reckless and irresponsible the libretto has been, the better the piece has succeeded. The pieces that have succeeded least have been those in which a consistent story has been more or less consistently followed out. Personally, I prefer a consistent subject. Such a subject as *The Yeomen* is far more congenial to my taste than the burlesquerie of *Iolanthe* or *The Mikado*, but I think we should be risking everything in writing more seriously still. We have a name jointly for humorous work tempered with occasional glimpses of earnest

drama. I think we should do unwisely if we left altogether the path we have trodden together so long and so successfully. I can quite understand your desire to write a big work. Well, why not write one? But why abandon the Savoy business? Cannot the two things be done concurrently? If you can write an oratorio like *The Martyr of Antioch* while you are occupied with pieces like *Patience* and *Iolanthe*, cannot you write a grand opera without giving up pieces like *The Yeomen?* Are the two things irreconcilable?

As to leaving the Savoy, I can only say that I should do so with the profoundest reluctance and regret. I don't believe in Carte's new theatre. The site is not popular, and cannot become popular for some years to come. Our names are known all over the world in connection with the Savoy, and I feel convinced that it would be madness to sever the connection with that theatre. If you don't care to write any more pieces of the "Yeomen" order, well and good. But before launching on grand opera, remember how difficult we found it to get effective singers and actors for the pieces we have already done. Where in God's name is your grand opera soprano who can act to be found?

From me the Press and the public will take nothing but what is in essence humorous. The best serious librettist of the day is Julian Sturgis. Why not write a grand opera with him? My work in that direction would be deservedly or otherwise poo-poo'd.

Yours very truly,

W. S. Gilbert.

The wisdom and foresight of the great

humorist's letter were, unfortunately, justified at a later date, and it is permissible to suppose that Mr Carte must have had good cause to realise that his colleague's mistrust of the scheme was soundly based. However, he was himself a man of immense energy, shrewdness and experience, he had achieved a remarkable position as a theatre owner and producer, and while the long run of the *Gondoliers* was in progress his fine new building was daily nearing completion. Sullivan had taken Gilbert's advice in the choice of a librettist, and had enlisted the services of Julian Sturgis for a stage version of Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe." A warm welcome was given by the Press to the whole scheme, the entire English musical world congratulated itself, and Mr Carte on having, at long last, found a fitting home for a national opera. It was certainly a very enterprising and courageous experiment although its result confirmed what is generally accepted to-day, viz. that it is impossible to run serious opera without a substantial subsidy. On Saturday, January 31, 1891, while the *Gondoliers* was still playing to "capacity," the curtain rose upon the first and last English Opera the beautiful building was to see. A distinguished cast included eight or ten British artists of the first rank, and François Cellier came from the Savoy to share the duties of conductor with Mr Ernest Ford, F.R.A.M., an excellent musician and an intimate friend of Sullivan. The opera

scored the remarkable record, never since beaten, of 160 performances, and then, to the disappointment of the Press and public generally, there came the startling revelation that Mr Carte had nothing up his sleeve to follow it. It was a contingency that astute manager had never had any experience of at the Savoy and therefore could not foresee. With his two magicians at his elbow, ready and able to turn out ever fresh and sparkling work at a few months' notice, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that he did not envisage the fact that there is not in England an inexhaustible public welcome for serious opera. The next production was an excellent light opera, *La Basoche*, by Messager. This ran for some months, at the end of which Mr. Carte sold the property to a syndicate to be run as a variety theatre. And it is not difficult to imagine the grim comments of Gilbert as he saw, without surprise, the complete realisation of his own forebodings.[1]

Whatever failure there was associated with the Royal English Opera House, it can certainly not be laid at Sullivan's door. Whatever Gilbert's own misgivings were, in regard to probable success or failure, he showed no lack of interest, of the most practical kind, in the details of the production. On February 12, 1891, he writes from Harrow Weald :

[1] See Appendix V.

Dear Mrs. Carte,—

I was much pleased with Miss Macintyre and Mr. Oudin last night—though Miss M. should show a little more emotion at the stake. The theatre is most convenient and admirable for sound. The opera was more tuneful than I was led to expect. I am, as you know, quite unable to appreciate high-class music, and I expected to be bored—and I was not. This is the highest compliment I ever paid a grand opera. Friar Tuck's part seemed (to me) excellent both in dialogue and music—it is a pity the part could not have been played by a fat man. Its present representative over-acts—he will *not* be quiet. Don't you think you want another dozen people on the left of the stage (up stage) during the last scene, to balance the templars? From the left of the house, I should fancy most of the chorus would be invisible. And I think—indeed, I am sure—I should abolish the small tables in Act I, between the high table and the footlights. Poor Ivanhoe ought not to have to sing his opening recitative at the side and from behind a lot of people.

Yours very truly,

W. S. Gilbert.

P.S.—Could not the high table be placed further up the stage? And Rebecca should mount on the *top* of the battlement in her scene with the crusader. As it is, she doesn't look as if she meant throwing herself off.

Mr H. A. Simcoe, in 1906, published a closely-printed little volume of 150 pages entitled

"Sullivan *v.* Critic," in which he analyses very closely the Press criticisms of *Ivanhoe* and other compositions. He seeks to show that in many cases the Press notices of the works were inconsistent, and in conclusion he points out that grand opera must not be compared with comic opera in the extent of its run, and that *Ivanhoe* as grand opera has only sunk into the same oblivion that has overtaken most of Donizetti's and even Verdi's operas to-day. After its remarkable initial run it was heard on a few isolated occasions, and it will doubtless long be remembered for the two famous numbers "Woo thou thy snowflake" and "Ho Jolly Jenkin." Mr Watson's assertion in his work, previously quoted in these pages, states that Sullivan was "largely responsible" for the Royal English Opera adventure, and that he lost a large sum by its failure, which is quite incorrect.

On March 25, 1892, Tennyson's *Foresters* was produced at Dalys' Theatre, New York, and again Sullivan's name was linked with that of the great Victorian poet. The music he composed won the most enthusiastic praise from Press and public —one critic ("The World") going so far as to write of it as "by far the most beautiful he has ever given to the poetic and pastoral drama." Tennyson, then in his 76th year, wrote to Mr Daly: "I am certain that under your management, with the music by one so popular as Sir Arthur Sullivan, my play will be pro-

duced to advantage both in America and England."

During the interregnum at the Savoy, Carte made shift with other productions with which we are not called upon to deal. Sullivan had decided to call in the services as librettist of Mr Sidney Grundy, a well-known dramatist, and between them they evolved another production, *Haddon Hall*, produced on Saturday, September 24, 1892. Mr Grundy must have felt the heavy responsibility that lay upon him on assuming the mantle of Gilbert, but he strove gallantly with his difficulties and had his reward in a very good run of over 200 nights. The critics were not too kind in the inevitable comparison, and Grundy was moved to write a sarcastic letter to the paper, mildly suggesting that a short Bill be introduced into Parliament "making it a penal offence to supply the Savoy Theatre with a libretto." However, he had the great and supreme satisfaction of satisfying Sullivan and we may "leave it at that."

In 1893, to the general joy of their friends and the public generally, the famous trio once again "took the floor." Owing, as Mr Adair Fitzgerald puts it, to the diplomacy of D'Oyly Carte, a reconciliation was brought about between the two men of genius.

In July, Gilbert was at Homberg wrestling with an attack of gout. He had apparently read the libretto of the new work to Sullivan and he writes on 7th August, 1893 :

My dear S.

I certainly shall not say that you ought to have foreseen the difficulties in Act II. It would have been simply impossible to detect them in a single hearing. I quite understand that it is only when you begin to tackle the numbers that you discover what is really wanting. I shall of course be glad to have your suggestions. I have no doubt I shall find them very valuable, and I shall do my best to embody them. I confess I don't see how Act II can be materially shortened without spoiling the construction or the parts, but if you do I dare say it can be done. . . . As I said before, I will do my best to carry out your suggestions which are always valuable. . . .

Yours very truly,

W. S. Gilbert.

On September 26, Gilbert wrote :

Dear S.

I got up at seven this morning and polished off the new finale before breakfast. It is mere doggerel, but words written to an existing tune are nearly sure to be that. . . .

Yours very truly,

W. S. Gilbert.

Bearing in mind that the cause of the famous and regrettable split was Gilbert's objection to certain expenditure, the following letter is interesting :

Dear S.,—

I quite agree with you that it is desirable that the enormous estimated expense of production should be curtailed if this can be done without cramping the piece. I confess I should be sorry to lose the gentlemen-at-arms, who always stand two at the entrance and two at the exit of the Presence Chamber, and I am afraid that without them the ladies will have the appearance of loafing on to the stage without any "circumstance." Besides, you must remember that these four people must be dressed somehow. They can't go naked (unless you insist on it), and if they are put into good uniforms they will cost at least fifty pounds apiece. . . .

I am as much for retrenchment as you are. The only question is, where can it be best effected and with least injury to the piece? I agree with you that the ladies' bouquets and diamonds might well be curtailed. The merest paste mixed with glass emeralds and rubies will do for the jewellery.

Very truly yours,

W. S. Gilbert.

Eventually the various difficulties were overcome and the production took place on Saturday, October 7, 1893. Here we may note that all the later productions of Gilbert and Sullivan, with the single exception of the *Yeomen of the Guard*, which was produced on a Wednesday, were first shown to the public on Saturday nights. It is, of course, for the very cogent reason that the piece gains a double portion of Press publicity in both the Sunday and Monday newspapers.

Utopia Ltd. was, moreover, signalised and heralded by an innovation at the Savoy, in the form of a *répétition générale* or public rehearsal, an institution that is better known abroad than in England. This took place on the Friday evening before an enormous and distinguished audience, the invited guests of the management. Only the front rows of the stalls were kept free of auditors and these the composer and the author occasionally occupied for the purpose of watching the piece, and if necessary stopping it for correction, which we may be sure did not happen very often after the terrific drilling they had already undergone at Gilbert's hands. After the curtain fell to uproarious enthusiasm, the author and musician appeared on the stage and shook hands, Gilbert making the customary little speech of thanks to his company and coadjutors.

The opera gave great opportunity for spectacular display, with its First Act scenery in a tropical island and the throne room of the King of Utopia in the Second Act. As usual the plot bristled with satirical allusions to British customs, from our prudery to our politics, and it was even supposed, by its parody of a Court ceremonial, to have given offence in august circles, but of this there is naturally not any record.

The opera is notable in other respects. It was the occasion of the *début* of a charming young recruit to the Savoy stage, in the person of Miss Nancy McIntosh, an American soprano, who,

trained 'to a hair' by Gilbert in his methods, amazed the critics by her sang-froid and the finish of her performance. Mr Walbrook, in his "Gilbert and Sullivan Operas," attributes the fact that the Tory "Pall Mall Gazette" critic found the piece depressing, and the "World" critic (no less a person than Mr Bernard Shaw) found it enjoyable, to the circumstance that a Socialist would naturally enjoy those gibes at Court life, which would annoy an aristocrat. However true this may be, *Utopia Ltd.* had a run of 245 nights and is still welcomed joyously when it is included in the repertoire.

In the summer of 1894 Grove, who had been Director of the Royal College of Music since 1873, was old and in bad health. He writes to Mrs R. C. Lehmann, a life-long friend of his and Sullivan, of his impending resignation. "I have not taken the plunge yet, only talked to Arthur Sullivan and Lord Charles Bruce." Later, in November, 1896, he writes a sad letter to her about his illness of mind and body. "I have seen A.S. (Arthur Sullivan) twice. He was thin, but I thought his face very much improved, and *very* nice to look at. We were quite on our old terms, but I had only two words with him. I am sorry about the small houses in Edinburgh, but on the other hand, the *Mikado* is doing well here.

"The fact is that in music now (as there was in painting in pre-Raphaelite times) composers and hearers worship ugliness—that is, directness

in any art. There has come a turn or *kink* in the brains or heart-strings of composers: they have no affection, no love for their music. That divine quality which made Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert couch their thoughts in the most beautiful forms they could find . . . that is all dismissed in favour of sound and fury . . . and so the old School, with our dear Arthur as its latest product, must go, and wait in the background till the *fad* has passed and reason comes back."

Grove was here evidently referring to Sullivan's more serious works, as a season of successful revivals at the Savoy was in full swing.

Mr J. Comyns Carr in "Some Eminent Victorians" (Duckworth & Co., 1908) relates very sympathetically the circumstances of his first professional connection with Sullivan. He had met him many years before at Sir Coutts Lindsay's country house in Scotland and they soon became close and enduring friends. Carr pays sincere tribute to Sullivan's patience and tact and to the skill and modesty with which he subordinated any especial claim to distinction in his art.

For the production by Irving of Comyns Carr's version of *King Arthur* at the Lyceum in 1894, Sullivan wrote the Incidental Music. Mr Carr says that the subject of *King Arthur* took a strong hold upon Sullivan and that only a very little while before his death he made a proposition to him to rearrange the material so as to provide a libretto for an opera he had in his mind to

compose. There was a narrow escape from a disaster during the rehearsals for *King Arthur*. While Sullivan and the librettist stood upon the stage listening to the setting of the " May Song " the high platform upon which Miss Terry was standing suddenly gave way and fell with a crash. Happily and with presence of mind she flung herself flat upon the pedestal upon which she had stood and escaped with a few bruises only.

Sullivan's fidelity to old friendships made in his youth is shown by a letter to Mrs R. C. Lehmann:

QUEEN'S MANSIONS,
VICTORIA ST., S.W.
29 *May*, '94.

Yes, I had a birthday about a fortnight ago (13th) but I shan't have any more. I am 52 & it is time celebrations should cease. Do you remember that I spent part of my 21st birthday with you, and—I forget the others; & with every gaiety of London open to us we chose the delirious dullness of Madame Tussaud's! It seems a very short time ago. How many of our own relations & friends have gone off since then—even Edmund Yates has succumbed. I only see Nina about once a year, & when I do see her I always feel as if I never wanted to see anyone else—such is real love, isn't it? Am I never to see *you* again? Is Bourne End to claim you all the time, or shall you be in London, or will you come & stay with me at Walton—also on the Thames? Well in any

case let me know when you come South, & I will make (if necessary) herculean efforts to see you. What a lot we shall have to talk about!

The letter subjoined, written to Sir Henry Irving, speaks for itself.

Thursday.

1, Queen's Mansions,
Victoria Street, S.W.

Dear Irving,

I am sorry I can't "rally round the chair" to-night but it is impossible. I wish also I could send you a larger donation, but times are very bad with me, and my hand has been in my pocket for others more deeply and more frequently this year, than for a long time past.

Please don't print my name in the Subscription list or make it otherwise known. "S.A." is my name for such contributions.

Yrs. ever.

Arthur Sullivan.

The letter is endorsed probably by Mr. Bram Stoker, "Ackd. 1/6/94"

During 1894 Sullivan's place at the Savoy was, for the summer months, occupied by André Messager, who, with the aid of Harry Greenbank and others, was responsible for *Mirella*. It had, however, no success, and later on in the year, on December 12, an attempt was made to resuscitate a long dead opera by Burnand and Sullivan. In its original form, entitled *Contra-*

bandista, in 1867, it had had but a limited success at the German Reed's entertainment at St George's Hall. In the modernised and elaborated version, rechristened *The Chieftain*, with all the advantage of the full Savoy Company, including Courtice Pounds, Walter Passmore, Scott Fishe, Dick Temple, Scott Russell, Rosina Brandram, Emmie Owen and Miss Florence St John, it ran for 96 nights, from December 12 to the middle of April, 1895.

The *Chieftain*, therefore, cannot be added to the list of Sullivan's successes.

Mr D'Oyly Carte thereupon staged some revivals, reopening with the *Mikado* in November, when Mr Passmore for the first time played Koko. But once more, and for the last time, the famous collaborators were brought to work together. Very little is told us by the biographers of Gilbert of this somewhat unhappy production. It was entitled the *Grand Duke ;* it was produced with the customary splendour, the first night enthusiasm was there, the Press did their best to be hopeful, but it was soon apparent that the old magic had departed for ever. Not all the efforts of a brilliant and wonderful cast could keep the public from realising this, and after a run of 123 performances it was dropped. This was the shortest run of any of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and it showed only too plainly that the vein was not inexhaustible and that, in fact, the two amazing men who had for a generation been

the "prime ministers of mirth" to the world had come to the end of their tether. There still remained, however, the priceless heritage they had given us, and a series of successful revivals began, which have continued with long or short intervals to the present day. On October 31, 1896, the *Mikado* reached its thousandth performance and there was a tornado of enthusiasm for the incomparable author and composer.

During the previous year, 1895, Sullivan, never ready to accept defeat, had begun work on another opera, *The Beauty Stone*, with Messrs Pinero and Comyns Carr as collaborators. The composer had invited the latter to spend six weeks with him at his villa at Beaulieu, near Monte Carlo. Mr Carr describes Sullivan's methods of work as turning night into day. He would begin the day late and do little in the afternoon, play bezique after dinner, and at 11 o'clock go to a little glass conservatory overlooking the sea and begin his work, which usually lasted till four or five in the morning.

It was no secret to his friends and acquaintances that Sullivan was, as Mr Carr describes him, a born gambler, but characteristically he never allowed his love for play at Monte Carlo to interfere with serious work, so he limited himself and his friend to two weekly visits to the Casino. Sullivan, it appears, strongly objected to being watched while he was playing, and this could only be observed by keeping out of sight. Mr Carr

says: "The excitement to which he yielded on these occasions was extraordinary . . . and I have seen him, as he passed from table to table, followed by a friendly croupier carrying a handful of gold which he himself was ignorant he had won. And when the evening closed and we found ourselves once more in the train going back to Beaulieu, he would sometimes sink back entirely exhausted with the energy he had expended on his three hours' traffic in the rooms."

The genial reminiscences of Mr Watson[1] previously quoted, include a characteristic visit to Sullivan in his villa at Roquebrune and a highly entertaining account of Watson losing all the money in his pocket at the tables and finding Sullivan sitting there with piles of gold before him absorbed in the game. Twenty minutes later he felt a tap on his shoulder and turning round saw Sullivan, "who wanted to know whether I had any money, as he had lost all his"!

There can be "no possible doubt whatever" that Sullivan enjoyed gambling heartily, and whatever the "unco guid" may think about it, there was no earthly reason why he should do otherwise. Mr Watson relates the well-known story of Sullivan's famous "long shot" at Doncaster, where he was staying with Mr Wallace Johnstone for the Leger. The entire house-party had backed the favourites and were all surprised

[1] "A Sporting and Dramatic Career." Macmillan, 1918.

to hear of Sullivan having, several weeks before, taken 1000 to 30 about an outsider, Throstle. In spite of chaff from his friends, however, Sullivan stuck to his guns, and to the universal astonishment Throstle got home and he won the bet.

Chapter XIV

LAST WORKS AND DEATH

Unhappily during much of the time he was writing the music for the *Beauty Stone* he was suffering great physical pain, though he, bravely and unselfishly, rarely allowed others to know it. Mr Carr says, however, "How great was the strain illness cast upon him became painfully apparent during the period of our rehearsals, for although he never spared himself, it was clear to those who were near him that the cost to himself in nervous exhaustion was often almost more than he could bear."

The *Beauty Stone* was produced on 28th May, 1898, and was a failure, withdrawn after about a seven weeks' run.

In 1897 all the British-speaking world was stirred by the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations of Queen Victoria, and to help in the general rejoicings a ballet, *Victoria and Merry England*, was produced at the Alhambra for which Sullivan wrote the music and with which all the critics professed themselves pleased. During the celebrations a letter appeared in "The Times" of 19th July, 1897, signed "A British Musician," which caused no little comment at the time. It drew pointed attention to the amazing fact that

" In that long Jubilee procession regiment after regiment went by, home and colonial, and . . . not one British tune could be heard."

The writer of the letter was our foremost musician and possibly the world's most popular living musician, Arthur Sullivan. It ran as follows :

" Music and the Jubilee

" *To the Editor of 'The Times.'*

" Sir,

" The admirable article on the progress of art during the present reign which appeared in your issue of last Saturday bears witness to the increased interest taken by the British public in all artistic subjects. It seems to me also that the increased development of national feeling in Art —especially music—is well worthy of remark.

" British music and musicians have gained an amount of sympathy from the public both here and abroad, that was unthought of 60 years ago. At that period an English name on a title page was almost sufficient at once to condemn the composition.

" But this unfortunate and old-fashioned opinion is apparently still held by our military authorities.

" One would think that on such a thoroughly national occasion as the Jubilee they would gladly display some amount of national feeling in their selections of music, but such was not the case.

"For instance, at the Review of Colonial Troops held by the Prince of Wales at Buckingham Palace I noted that the programme of the Grenadier Guards was as follows:

MARCH	"Under the Double Eagle"	*Wagner.*
OVERTURE	"Zampa"	*Herold.*
WALTZ	"Weiner Reigen"	*Gung'l.*
SELECTION	"Orphée aux Enfers"	*Offenbach*
WALTZ	"Immortellen"	*Gung'l.*

"The above might perhaps be an appropriate selection of music for a military review in Berlin or Paris, but it is not so apparent why such pieces should be chosen to welcome our Colonial kinsmen to their Fatherland."

The letter goes on to say that other programmes exhibit a similar tendency, with very few exceptions. The writer explains that he has no intention of deprecating foreign military music or of wishing to exclude it altogether, but he points out the richness of the collection of national melodies, which were so pointedly ignored in favour of such tunes as "Gruss an Bayern" and "Unter den Fenster der Geliebten." He alludes to the interest shown by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh in British music and the crass obstinacy of the authorities in refusing to back them up. He concludes by apologies for the length of the letter, "which, I trust, may be excused on the ground of patriotism and a jealous regard for my art."

Sullivan's righteous indignation led to a great deal of comment, but we can hardly yet congratulate ourselves that the real ignorance and apathy of the British public in regard to such matters, which is more especially shown by those in high places, has yet been completely dispelled.

The year 1897 was noticeable also for an anthem Sullivan wrote by command of Queen Victoria, entitled, "Wreaths for our graves," which was first sung at the Royal Mausoleum, Frogmore, December 14, 1898. There had been, earlier in the year, an attempt made to obtain from the fast failing powers of the musician a setting of Kipling's "Recessional." He felt that the task presented unusual difficulties and wrote to the authors to say so. Kipling's reply was as follows:

THE ELMS,
ROTTINGDEAN.

May 14, '98.

DEAR SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN,

Many thanks for your note. If a layman may speak in the presence of a master I quite recognise the difficulty you find about Recessional. The thing is a hymn in spirit and method and it seems to be should be dealt with on hymn-lines. I wrote it to a well-worn drone in Ancient and Modern and barring an American attempt . . . nothing has been done to the verses.

I generally find that as soon as I have given up the notion of a story or rhyme the idea I have been hunting arrives. It may be—and I shall be lucky if this is so—that some day you will see your way to the one

inevitable setting that must be floating about somewhere. It is far better that it should go unset than be badly done and I have seen nothing in the scores of vamps sent to me "for approval and immediate authorization" that makes me change my mind. Please accept the thing as yours if you care to use it, and when you care to use it. There will be no other setting authorised by me.

Very sincerely yours,
RUDYARD KIPLING.

In 1899 there was a last flicker of the old fire at the Savoy. Through the late Mr Wilfred Bendall, himself a good musician, who for some time worthily occupied the position of private secretary to Sir Arthur, Captain Basil Hood was introduced to Sullivan and wrote the libretto of a very charming opera, *The Rose of Persia*. It contained many good lyrics and witty lines and inspired the composer to something like his best form. The result was a decided success. It was produced by D'Oyly Carte at the Savoy on 29th November, 1899, and was the last big work the composer ever completed, running for 220 nights.

A word or two must be devoted to his remaining compositions. It must have been apparent to his circle of intimate friends that his sands of life were fast running out, yet he acceded to the request for a musical setting of Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" in 1899. One version of the story attributes the actual song melody to Wilfred Bendall and the orchestration to George Byng,

conductor of the Alhambra, where it was to be sung. But we have it on the unimpeachable testimony of Mr Cunningham Bridgman that he took the task seriously and found even more difficulty in setting the lines than he had over the famous song of the Jester in the *Yeomen of the Guard*.

The success of the *Rose of Persia* encouraged Hood and Sullivan to try again, and so he began work on a libretto entitled *The Emerald Isle*. The Savoy was occupied with revivals of the *Pirates of Penzance* and *Patience*, which latter was reproduced on Monday, 7th November, 1900. Sullivan had promised and intended to be present and conduct the orchestra, but he had contracted a chill a few days before and was obliged to keep to his bed at his flat in Queen's Mansions, Victoria Street.

He had as usual spent his August and September holidays abroad, and in Switzerland, during that time, he had an attack of bronchitis, following a chill. This had weakened his powers of resistance, and though his relatives knew his state of health was serious, no immediate danger was anticipated.

His medical adviser, Mr Buckstone Browne, had even talked about transporting the patient, after a rest, to the Riviera, as soon as he was convalescent. The illustrious invalid was, we are told, as cheerful as ever and talked brightly to the near friends and relations who were allowed to visit him. On Wednesday the 21st there were

serious symptoms, which led to an arrangement for a consultation on Thursday with Dr Barlow, but at 9 o'clock on that day, the 22nd November, 1900, he sat up in bed and exclaimed "My heart, my heart." The end then came quickly and painlessly and he expired in the arms of his old housekeeper and valet, two faithful and devoted attendants who had helped to nurse him in his last illness.

Of the music for the *Emerald Isle* he had delivered almost all the vocal parts, without the accompaniments, except for two numbers which he had scored for the orchestra before he took to his bed. It was eventually completed by Mr Edward German, the only successor to his mantle, and produced on 27th April, 1901.

It was characteristic of Sullivan that, less than a month before his own death, he wrote the following deeply sympathetic letter to the son of his old friend Sims Reeves, the famous tenor singer, who died on October 25, 1900.

To Herbert Sims Reeves, Esq.

Telegraphic Address:
Pinafore, London.

28 *Oct.*, 1900.

1, Queen's Mansions,
Victoria St., S.W.

My dear Reeves,

I have been in doubt these last two days as to whom or where I should write—but your well known devotion to your father gives you the first claim to

everyone's sympathy and I will take my chance of this finding you. There is very little to be said, yet I cannot see an old friend pass away without an expression of sincere regret and respect for his memory. It's many years since I saw him, yet I never lost the feeling of genuine affection and regard for him which began when I was a lad of 20, and which constant contact and association with him only strengthened. I think that at one time, I knew him more intimately than anyone in the circle of his friends. "The Prodigal Son" and the "Light of the World" drew us closely and continuously together; and the more I saw of him the better I liked him—not as an Artist only, but as a man. And now that after a brilliant career he is gone, it is gratifying to me to recollect him both as a great Artist and a loyal, kindhearted, generous friend.

Ever yours sincerely,
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Only six months before the death of the maker of so much joyous music there had also passed away Sir George Grove, who though twenty years older than Sullivan, had seen his advent as a gifted and attractive youth, had become perhaps his most intimate and affectionate friend, had watched him with sympathetic and admiring eyes throughout his amazingly successful career and finally, at a good old age, had only predeceased him by a few short months. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the influence that friendship with such a man would have upon so vividly receptive a nature as that of Sullivan.

The latter must have felt very strongly, what he doubtless admitted, that his intimacy with so "great" a man, as George Grove unquestionably was, had broadened his views and understanding of life. Not only did it bring him under the spell of a personality with an immense field of knowledge and the gift of imparting his interest to others, but, partly owing to Grove's acquaintance with the most illustrious men of his day, and partly no doubt to his own gifts and charm, in early life he was thrown into contact with all that was best in the Victorian era of art, literature, science and even politics. The end of Grove's connection with music came with his resignation of the post of Director of the Royal College of Music, which had succeeded to the inheritance of the defunct National Training School, of which Sullivan had been the Director, and we may reasonably assume that Sullivan's own acceptance of a post that he instinctively recoiled from may have owed something, *inter alia*, to Grove's persuasion, and the thought that after he had set the scheme successfully on foot, his old friend might, as he did, eventually take over the reins from him. True, this is mere surmise, shadowy perhaps, but at least a workable theory with certain facts to back it up.

Grove was a prodigiously hard worker, and so was Sullivan; he also possessed that sensitive conscientiousness in his work, which led him to put forth nothing but the very best that was in him. This

also characterised Sullivan, and if, as we have ventured to think, Grove's fervent interest in musical education also communicated itself to Sullivan, it may well be that to this cause was due the six years' hard and uncongenial work Sullivan put in at Kensington.

Four months after Sullivan's demise another lifelong friend and associate, Sir John Stainer, died in Italy, and also found a resting place beneath the dome of the great Cathedral he had served so well.

By a strange and unhappy coincidence the day Sullivan's funeral wound its way along the Embankment, the famous producer who had for ever linked his name with the other twain was lying seriously ill in his rooms overlooking the Thames. From that illness he never recovered, dying on April 2, 1901. Mr H. M. Walbrook ("Gilbert and Sullivan Operas") compares Sullivan's music to the Heart and Gilbert's libretti to the Brain of the operas. To this apt comparison we may add that D'Oyly Carte's work represented the not less essential part of a perfect whole, the Body and Dress.

THE POSTHUMOUS TE DEUM

Shortly after Sullivan's death Sir George Martin, organist of St Paul's Cathedral, wrote as follows to the "Daily Telegraph":

"Some time ago, with the sanction of the Dean

and Chapter of St Paul's Cathedral, I approached the late Sir Arthur Sullivan on the subject of a Thanksgiving Te Deum . . . in the event of a successful termination of the South African War. I am glad to say he took the matter up warmly, and, as I well know, he worked very devotedly and conscientiously on this composition. A little more than a month ago (he was very weak then) he played this short work to me on the piano and we discussed with great minuteness the exact strength he required as to instrumentalists, chorus, etc. I am happy to say he has left in my hands the score, which is finished to the smallest detail. This was his last completed work.

Thus the lad who received most of his early musical education in the Church, and who afterwards won such phenomenal popularity, not only where the English language is spoken, but in other countries, devoted his last efforts to his Queen, his Church and his Country.

I am, Sir,
Yours very truly,
GEORGE C. MARTIN."

Of the sorrowing and heartfelt tributes to the composer, again following Mr Walbrook, we select a part of that spoken by his illustrious confrère, Sir William Schwenk Gilbert, himself as diffident in speaking of his own never-to-be-forgotten share as his lamented friend and colleague. . . . "I remember all he has done for me in allowing

his genius to shed some of its lustre upon my humble name."

Of few men can the immortal words be said more truly than they can in all reverence be said of Arthur Seymour Sullivan: "He, being dead, yet liveth."

Any attempt to summarise the career of so versatile and gifted a musician as Arthur Sullivan is bound to be unsatisfactory. His success was so sudden and yet so lasting, his gifts so brilliant and yet so solid. The inevitable query as to his ultimate place among British musicians cannot, we think, be answered properly yet. There were not wanting scoffers in his own lifetime who would have derided the mere asking of the question. But there must have been and still is a far greater number of—perhaps unqualified—enthusiasts who ranked the composer of the *Martyr of Antioch*, the *In Memoriam* overture, the *Golden Legend* and *Ivanhoe* with the very greatest English musicians of the past and even with some of the illustrious German, French and Italian composers of the nineteenth century. I have said these devoted admirers were, perhaps, unqualified. But what, after all, constitutes the qualification of the critic? That he is an expert musician? How many come into such a category? Is it not more likely that he is merely an expert writer? Mr Bernard Shaw has said something about this. Who are the arbiters

upon whose spoken or written word the world confidently waits before placing an artist in music, picture or literature upon a permanent pinnacle of fame? Do the critics really lead and the public follow? Or are their ears kept close to the ground comparing the bursts of applause? In the case of Sullivan public criticism of his earlier serious work was as a rule as laudatory as that following the first production of any of his light operas. The ovations he received after his Festival performances began in his young manhood, even before the *Cox and Box* days. It cannot be ignored that these serious compositions so enthusiastically acclaimed are now seldom if ever heard, while the operas are more popular than ever. And perhaps a deprecatory shoulder is lifted as who should say, "These frivolous affairs must not be brought into comparison." Come let us reason together. Why is it to be assumed as axiomatic that upon his serious compositions alone the composer's fame is to rest? For that is the logical outcome of much of the former criticism of Sullivan. Why should the critic deliberately ignore music associated with humour, even when it is delicate, inspired, informed with the deepest knowledge of the art, and turn a lack-lustre eye upon the other product of a man's pen or view it solely for the purpose of decrying it? In short, are we quite sure that, *considered purely as works of art*, the *Mikado* or the *Yeomen of the Guard* are not very great works, as

great in their way as a Beethoven Symphony or an opera by Verdi, Gounod or Strauss is in other ways great? Perhaps they are only different Art-forms. Who are to be the arbiters? If the question be referred to the millions, and the masses, we know what the answer will be, while the intellectual few, the self-constituted authorities on the subject, after a preliminary gasp of amazement will whistle the suggestion "down the wind." But—the people do not generally worship false gods for long. They find out and separate instinctively the very good from the good, the good from the fair, the fair from the poor. That which is merely meretricious has its day, even its enthusiasm, but there is a sure reaction. And tried by this test, shall we not be near the truth if we assume that whatever lasts longest, wears well and keeps our hearts the warmer for its stout and splendid quality is also the best of its kind? And the best in Sullivan was equal to the best in any man, from Purcell to Stravinsky.

It is unnecessary to pursue that other favourite "hare" so often started anent Sullivan, as to whether he might have achieved greater honour by sticking exclusively to serious music. With Sullivan humorous music was also serious, very serious. Nothing that a great artist achieves is other than serious to him, whether it be the writing of Mark Twain or Galsworthy, the singing of Dan Leno or Melba, the caricatures of

Max Beerbohm, or the achievements of Orpen—the only proviso being that he gives of his best. It would be rightly considered an impertinence, and irrelevant at that, to enquire whether Mr Baldwin would not have made a better Socialist, or Admiral Beatty a splendid Archbishop of Canterbury. So let us be thankful that Sullivan was what he was, an incomparable writer of great works of musical art, to wit, comic operas. Incidentally he also wrote melodious and soul-stirring hymns and songs, quartets, cantatas, oratorio and serious or so-called " grand opera." He was no dilettante at any of these. Whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with all his might. An excellent sportsman, in the widest sense of the term, even his " pêche mignonne " of gambling stirs a responsive echo in the breasts of millions of his fellow-countrymen, not afflicted by the curse of priggishness. Unspoilt by fame and riches, he remained to the last a loving and devoted relative to his family, a faithful friend to his early associates, a generous and charitable giver where assistance was required. We may wait many a generation before we meet his equal.

APPENDIX I

8 Holland Park Road,
Kensington,

August 12, 1924.

My dear Sir,

Thanks for your letter. I should be very glad to meet you and have a talk about Arthur Sullivan, but I do not think that I can contribute anything to your work that would repay you for a journey to London. It is true that I knew Sullivan pretty intimately in the sixties, but I have no letters of his, neither can I produce any correspondence of his with members of my family, none of whom survive of those who knew him well. As a matter of fact, I don't think Sullivan was much of a letter writer at that time, whatever he may have been in later years. My memories of those early days are unfortunately very dim, though some few relating to Sullivan survive in clear outline. He was for some years an intimate in my old home, known as "The Peak" to a wide circle of friends, and he was equally an intimate in the house of George Grove, known and beloved as "G," and also became a constant visitor at the house of John Scott Russell, the well-known engineer, whose three beautiful and accomplished daughters were on the closest terms of intimacy with my sisters; indeed, with all of us, including the beloved G. Sullivan was in and out of these three houses an ever-welcome guest, for he had a charm that was irresistible. I think the first time he came to our house was very soon after

his return from Leipzig; and with him came his fellow student, Franklin Taylor. Henry Chorley, the critic, an old friend of my mother's, was there, and Taylor was invited to play. He announced that he would like to play us some new works of Schumann—on which Chorley burst out that nothing would induce him to listen to Schumann, and when the rest of those there insisted, he went out and sat in the hall while Taylor played. I often think of this when we early Victorians cry out against the ultra-modernists of to-day. It was at this time that Sullivan's music to the "Tempest" was produced at the Crystal Palace, and I well recollect the first performance, but can tell you nothing about it that you will not be able to get better from other sources. A thousand memories come back of those early concerts at the Crystal Palace of the friends that gathered round "G." in the gallery from which we listened, and the evenings at his house afterwards when he would carry off some of the musicians, and there would be more music in the intimacy of a small circle—but though Sullivan was very likely there, I cannot pretend to remember anything which especially connects him with those gatherings.

At my own home we used to indulge a good deal in private theatricals, greatly helped by a schoolfellow of mine, Lionel Lewin, who became very intimate with Sullivan and wrote words for some of his songs. He was in many ways an extraordinary personality, a born comedian, clever versifier, irresponsible and irrepressible, but irresistible. Sullivan was very fond of him, put up with his eccentricities, and often helped him in difficulties —at a time when he was casting about for a libretto, he had hopes that Lewin might produce what he wanted, but nothing materialized. In these theatricals Lewin

always took the lead both as author and actor, and on a few occasions Sullivan would act with us—but the memorable occasion was the first (or nearly the first) performance of "Cox and Box" at our house, in which Sullivan played Box; Fred Clay, Cox; and Norman Scott Russell, Bouncer; while Franklin Taylor officiated as orchestra. Both Sullivan and Clay had voices of great beauty, and this delightful little operetta went with a charm and go which I don't think has been equalled by any other performers since. You may perhaps like to see the enclosed verses which Lewin wrote about the play. Clay and Sullivan were great friends, and it was a delight to us to get the two of them to the piano, and set to improvising "à quatre mains"—this they could do with something like reciprocal intuition, as if the four hands were worked by one brain. (Mendelssohn and Moscheles used to do the same thing, so the latter's daughter told me.)

In later years I saw less and less of Sullivan, but retained an affection for him which he returned in memory of those early days.

I have hastily jotted down these few notes, and I fear I have nothing further to contribute. Of the circle of friends belonging to that time I am one of the few survivors. Norman Scott Russell, now living in Venice, over 80 years of age, is another, and the youngest of his sisters still lives in Switzerland, a widow. She would doubtless have in her memory many things connected with him, but I have quite lost sight of her and very much doubt if she would be able to help you.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

ERNEST G. DE GLEHN.

H. Saxe Wyndham, Esqr.

Mr. de Glehn enclosed with his letter the following verses written presumably by Mr. Lewin :

COX AND BOX

Age destroys the Constitution,
Welcome ruin, death and gore,
We have seen a revolution
Worse than ever Gallia saw.
Aye a mighty crime is wroughten
Whereat shattered reason rocks,
Rise in judgment J. M. Morton,
Rise and hear of Cox and Box.

Cox *was* Cox and Cox a hatter
Box *was* Box and Box set type.
(Box was Buckstone now grown fatter,
Cox was Compton then less ripe).
Summer then might stand for winter,
Morning then be construed nox,
Just as soon as Cox be printer,
Just as soon as hatter Box.

Now, but keep your temper readers,
Though the tidings sting like gnats.
Cox is Box and sets the leaders,
Box is Cox and vends the hats.
They whose names thro' Time's reverses
Stood in glory Box and Cox,
Have been changed, aye changed at nurses
And resulted Cox and Box.

And the Bouncer, she the base 'un
Lives no more before our eyes,

Artful as the wife of Jason,
Machiavellian in her lies.
Reft is she of cap and gown, sir,
Shorn is she of corkscrew locks,
And a male, a Mr. Bouncer,
Lets the room to Cox and Box.

Sob in sadness, Sullivano,
Veil Burnando, veil your head,
Ye have wrought this crime—but ah no
We forgive you all we've said,
For your words are that amusing
And your tunes would soften stocks
And we couldn't dream of losing
This your opera Cox and Box.

APPENDIX II

Notes after Conversation with Mr. Fredk. Cliffe

An instance of Sullivan's generous encouragement to youngsters is told by Mr. Frederick Cliffe when, a lad of only 15 or 16, he was already organist at the Bradford Festival Choral Society. Sullivan took his place at the conductor's desk and then glancing up at the organ became aware of the small and rather forlorn figure sitting up aloft. At once he left his desk and bâton and climbed up beside the boy, sat by him on the organ stool, and set to work to win his confidence and relieve his nervousness. He pointed out the several important parts of the work—his own "Light of the World"—that was being rehearsed, showed him which stops to use and which to leave out, and after spending fully ten minutes with him went back to his place. Mr. Cliffe vividly remembers to-day the impression Sullivan left, of his spick and span appearance, eye-glass, and red silk socks, and he made up his mind there and then, that he too would stand at that awe-inspiring spot, the conductor's desk, wear red socks and conduct a work of his own composition. Twelve years later his ambition was fulfilled, minus the red socks, however, which had by then gone out of fashion. In after years Mr. Cliffe became an intimate friend of the composer, spent long holidays with him, and is the first to acknowledge the warm kindness and advantages this friendship brought him.

APPENDIX III

An interesting sidelight is thrown on to this event by Mr. Klein[1]. Sullivan had written, shortly before, a masterly "little" overture for *The Yeomen*, and this gave Mr. Klein the cue to suggest to Irving that he should ask the composer to provide a full overture for his *Macbeth* music also. Irving consented to do so, and the overture, as Mr. Klein says, "formed a conspicuous feature of the finest incidental music that the composer of the *Tempest* ever wrote. It was not heard to the best advantage at the Lyceum, particularly at the *première*, where the din of conversation was exceptionally bad. But in the following year—at the Leeds Festival [it] made a deep impression—yet to-day, despite the revival of interest in Sullivan's operas, this beautiful music is seldom if ever heard."

Elsewhere Mr Klein notes the subtle change that began to show itself—after the success of the *Mikado*—in the nature of Sullivan's musical treatment. "It became more elaborate. The spirit of parody was no longer uppermost. . . ."

APPENDIX IV

It appears from the records of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, that Thos. Sullivan, Arthur's grandfather, born in the parish of Kerryshane, Tralee, Co. Cork, was invalided from the 66th Foot on the 18 December, 1821. He served in the Peninsular from 1810–14 in the 57th Foot, and became an In pensioner of the Royal Hospital on the 25 March, 1830. He died on 6 February, 1838, aged fifty-two years and six months.

[1] "Musicians and Mummers." Cassell and Co., 1925

APPENDIX V

The following note has been kindly contributed by Mr Rupert D'Oyly Carte:

Mr Carte's plan had been it seems to open the theatre with an opera by Sullivan, and to follow this with other operas by English composers and Sullivan himself: it was confidently expected that the interest aroused all over the country by the building of a theatre for serious English Opera would bring forward other British composers. Other composers were approached to write operas, and suitable libretti discussed. Composers, however, did not come forward, and from those who were approached nothing definite materialised. No doubt after the two operas that were produced, *Ivanhoe* and *La Basoche*, other operas, not by English composers, could have been produced; but by that time it had become clear that the expenses of the undertaking were too great to admit of being carried on indefinitely by an individual.

Mr Carte did not embark on the production of serious English Opera with the hope of much, if any, financial return: he believed in the future of the site, then a waste space, on which he built his theatre, but the rest he looked upon as an experiment in the Cause of Music, which he was willing and interested to make on his own responsibility, and the possible cost one that he was in a position to afford. During the run of *La Basoche*, in addition to the impossibility of finding new works, the difficulties of the scheme and cost of running were too great: Mr. Carte consequently decided with regret to accept an offer for the theatre.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF COMPOSITIONS AND PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S LIFE

1842. May 13. Born at 8 Bolwell Terrace, Lambeth, Went to Roy. Mil. College, Sandhurst, with parents, at three years of age, later lived in York Town (until 1858), when parents moved back to London.

1854. April 12. Entered Chapel Royal Choir, present at opening of Crystal Palace.

1855. First Published Composition. Met John Braham (1774–1856), who heard him sing and praised him.

1856. Won Mendelssohn Scholarship, R.A.M., and became " first boy " in choir (Oct. 6).

1857. Left Chapel Royal Choir.

1858. Went to Leipzig, studied under Moscheles, Plaidy, and Hauptmann. Met Liszt.

1861. " Tempest " music performed at Leipzig. Returned to London, and appointed organist at St Michael's, Chester Square.

1862. April 5. " Tempest " music at Crystal Palace. First visit to Paris with Lehmann and Chorley. Met Dickens and Rossini.

1863. " Princess of Wales March." Visited Ireland and wrote the Irish Symphony.

1864. May 16. "L'Ile Enchantée" at Covent Garden. "Kenilworth" at Birmingham Festival. Organist at Covent Garden under Costa.

1865. First visit to Paris with Dickens.

1866. March. "Symphony in E" at Crystal Palace. Appointed Professor at R.A.M. Death of his father.

1866. Oct 30. "In Memoriam" at Norwich. Overture "Marmion."

1867. Journey with Grove to Vienna and Symphony performed at Gewandhaus. Later visited Paris, Frankfort, etc. Became organist St Peter's, Cranley Gardens.

1867. April 27. "Cox and Box" at Moray Lodge, Campden Hill.

1867. May 11. "Cox and Box" at Adelphi Theatre.

1867. May 23. "Oh, hush thee, my Babie" at St. James's Hall.

1867. Dec. 18. "Contrabandista" at St. George's Opera House.

1868. "I wish to tune" (song).

1869. "Prodigal Son" at Worcester Festival. Resigned organistship St Michael's. Additional accompaniments Handel's "Jephthah" (MS.).

1870. "Overture di Ballo," Birmingham. "Looking back" (song).

1871. Dec. 26. "Thespis" at the Gaiety. "On Shore and Sea," at Albert Hall, Intern. Exhib. Left St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens.

1872. May 1. Festival Te Deum (Prince of Wales's recovery). Resigned organistship, St Peter's,

Cranley Gardens. "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

1873. "Light of the World," Birmingham. "Merchant of Venice," Prince's Theatre, Manchester. "Sailor's Grave," "Little Maid of Arcadie."

1874. Musical adviser to the Royal Aquarium. "Merry Wives of Windsor" at Gaiety Theatre. "The Distant Shore."

1875. March 25. "Trial by Jury." "The Zoo," June 5. Principal, National Training School. "Let me dream again," "Thou'rt passing hence," "Sweethearts."

1876. Resigned Royal Aquarium in May. Principal of National Training School (to 1881).

1877. Nov. 17, "The Sorcerer" at Opera-Comique. "The Lost Chord."

1878. May 25, "H.M.S. Pinafore." Conducted Promenade Concerts at Covent Gdn. till 1879. Brit. Commissioner Internat. Exh. at Paris. Incidental Music "Henry VIII," Theatre Royal, Manchester. "O Ma Charmante."

1879. Visited United States with W. S. Gilbert.

1880. Conductor of Leeds Festival, "Martyr of Antioch," "Pirates of Penzance," at Opera-Comique. President of B'ham and Midland Inst.

1881. "Patience" (at Opera-Comique, then transferred to) Savoy Theatre, opened Oct. 10. Resigned National Training School. Cruise with Duke of Edinburgh on *Hercules*, visited Kiel, Copenhagen, St Petersburg, etc.

1882. "Iolanthe" at Savoy Theatre. Visited Egypt. Death of his mother.

1883. Leeds, May 24, knighted at Windsor Castle.

1884. "Princess Ida" at Savoy Theatre.

1885. "Mikado," March 14. Appointed conductor of Philharmonic Society in London (1885/7).

1886. Leeds Festival, "Golden Legend" partly written at the cottage at York Town where he lived as a child, partly at Stagenhoe House, Welwyn. Exhibition Ode at Albert Hall.

1887. "Ruddigore." Earthquake at Monte Carlo during Sullivan's visit, unable to conduct first two Phil. Con. Visited Berlin in March, resigned Phil. after June 25. Cowen succeeded.

1888. "Yeomen of the Guard," "Macbeth" Incidental music at Lyceum Theatre.

1889. "Gondoliers."

1890. Death of Rev. T. Helmore, his old friend.

1891. "Ivanhoe" at Royal English Opera House.

1892. Haddon Hall. Incidental music "The Foresters" (Tennyson) at Daly's, New York.

1893. "Utopia," "Imperial March."

1894. "The Chieftain." "King Arthur," incidental music, Lyceum.

1895.

1896. The Grand Duke.

1897. "Victoria and Merrie England" ballet (Alhambra).

1898. "The Beauty Stone" at Savoy Theatre.

1899. Took a house at Wokingham, Berks. "Rose of Persia." Worked at "Emerald Isle."

1900. Illness and death at 58 Victoria Street, S.W.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF COMPOSITIONS OF SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Subject.	Name.	Where Produced or Publisher's Name.
	1855	
Sacred Song	"O Israel!"	Novello, R.A.M.
	1857	
Overture in C Minor	"Timon of Athens"	—
Choral & Orchestral Fugue	Cum Sancto Spiritu	—
	1858	
Overture in D Minor and Psalm for Chorus and Orchestra		—
	1859	
Romance for String Quartet and Overture	"Feast of Roses"	—

Subject.	Name.	Where Produced or Publisher's Name.
	1862	
Incidental Music	"Tempest"	Crystal Palace
Piano Solo and Piano and Violin	"Thoughts," afterwards republished as "Reverie in A and Melody in D"	Cramer; Phillips & Page
	1863	
Orchestral work	Procession Music	Cramer
"	"Princess of Wales's March"	"
Song	"Bride from the North"	"
"	"I heard the Nightingale"	Chappell
Madrigal	"When Love and Beauty"	Novello, 1898
	1863–1864	
Five Songs (words of Shakespeare)	"Orpheus with His Lute"	Metzler
	"O Mistress Mine"	"
	"Sigh no more, Ladies"	"
	"The Willow Song"	"
	"Rosalind"	"

	1864	
Ballet	"L'Ile Enchantée"	Covent Garden (MS.)
Cantata	"Kenilworth"	Birmingham Festival
Overture	"The Sapphire Necklace"	MS.
Part Song	"Last Night of the Year"	Novello
Anthem	"O Love the Lord!"	Dedicated to Sir J. Goss
Song	"Sweet Day, so Cool"	Metzler
	1865	
Anthem	"We have heard with our Ears"	Dedicated to Rev. T. Helmore
Song	"Thou art Lost to Me"	Boosey
"	"Will He Come?"	"
	1866	
Orchestral work	Symphony in E (Irish)	Crystal Palace (MS.)
"	Concerto for Violoncello	MS.
Overture	"In Memoriam" (for his father)	Norwich Festival; Novello
Song	"Arabian Love Song"	Chappell
"	"A weary lot is thine"	"
"	"Over the Roof"	Cramer
"	"If doughty deeds"	Chappell
"	"She is not fair"	Boosey

Subject.	Name.	Where Produced or Publisher's Name.
	1866 and 1872	
Service	Te Deum, Jubilate & Kyrie in D	Novello
	1867	
Comic Opera	"Cox and Box"	Privately and Adelphi Theatre (Boosey)
"	"Contrabandista"	St. George's Hall (Boosey).
Overture	"Marmion"	Philharmonic Socy. (MS.)
Anthem	"O God, Thou art Worthy"	Specially composed for the wedding of Mr. Adrian Hope, St Andrew's, Well St., June 3, 1867
Part Song	"The Rainy Day"	Novello
"	"Oh, hush thee, my babie!"	"
Song	"County Guy"	Ashdown
"	"The Maiden's Story"	Chappell
"	"Give"	Boosey

Song	"In the summers long ago," or "My love beyond the seas"	Metzler
"	"What does little birdie say?"	Ashdown
Hymn	Hymn of the Homeland	"Good Words"; later by Boosey
"	Thou God of Love	"Book of Praise Hymnal," Macmillan
"	Of Thy Love	" " "
"	Mount Zion	"Psalms & Hymns for Divine Worship" Nisbet
"	Formosa (Falfield)	" " "
"	St Luke	" " "
Six Pieces for Piano Solos	"Day Dreams"	Boosey
	1868	
Anthem	"O Taste and See!"	Novello
"	"Rejoice in the Lord"	Boosey
Part Song	"Evening"	Novello
"	"Joy to the Victor"	"
"	"Parting Gleams"	"
,	"Echoes"	"

Subject.	Name.	Where Produced or Publisher's Name.
Part Song	"Song of Peace" (from "On Shore and Sea")	Boosey
Sacred Part Song	"I sing the birth"	"
Part Song	"The long day closes"	Novello
"	"The Beleaguered"	"
Song	"The Moon in silent brightness"	Metzler
"	"O Fair Dove!"	Ashdown
"	"O sweet and fair!"	Boosey
"	"I wish to tune my quivering lyre"	"
"	"The snow lies white"	"
"	"The mother's dream"	"
Hymn	The strain upraise	Borthwick's Supplementary Hymn & Tune Book; Novello
"	The Son of God	" " "
"	Hymn of the Homeland	Boosey
Piano solo	"Twilight"	Chappell
Piano and 'cello Duet	"Duo Concertanto"	Lamborn Cock

	1869	
Additional accomps. to Handel's "Jephthah"		MS.
Oratorio	"The Prodigal Son"	Boosey
Anthem	"Sing, O Heavens"	,,
Song	"The Troubadour"	,,
,,	"Birds in the night" (from "Cox and Box" with different words)	,,
,,	"Sad Memories"	Metzler
,,	"Dove Song"	Boosey
Hymn	Gennesareth	Sarum Hymnal
	1870	
Carol	"All this night"	Boosey
Song	"A life that lives for you"	,,
,,	"The village chimes"	,,
,,	"Looking Back"	,,
	1871	
Comic Opera	"Thespis"	(MS.) Gaiety Theatre

Subject.	Name.	Where Produced or Publisher's Name.
Song	"The Window; or the Loves of the Wrens," a cycle of twelve songs (words by Tennyson)	Strahan
Cantata	"On Shore and Sea"	Boosey
Anthem	"I will worship"	,,
Sacred Part Song	"It came upon the Midnight"	,,
,,	"Lead, kindly light"	,,
,,	"Through Sorrow's Path"	,,
,,	"Watchman, what of the night?"	,,
,,	"The way is long and drear"	,,
	1872	
	Festival Te Deum	Novello
Song	"Once again"	Boosey
,,	"Golden Days"	,,
,,	"None but I can say"	,,
,,	"Guinevere"	Cramer
,,	"The Sailor's Grave"	,,

Song	"The Maid of Arcadie" (from "Thespis")	Cramer
Hymn	Lacrymae, 222	The Hymnary, Novello
,,	Lux Mundi, 225	,, ,, ,,
,,	Saviour, when in Dust, 249	,, ,, ,,
,,	Welcome, happy morning, 284	,, ,, ,,
,,	St Kevin, 285	,, ,, ,,
,,	Onward, Christian Soldiers (St Gertrude), 476	,, ,, ,,
,,	Safe Home, 507	,, ,, ,,
,,	Gentle Shepherd, 509	,, ,, ,,
,,	Angel Voices, 532	,, ,, ,,
,,	Propior Deo, 570	,, ,, ,,
,,	Venite (Rest), 597	,, ,, ,,
,,	St Edmund, 646	,, ,, ,,
	1873	
Incidental Music	"Merchant of Venice"	Prince's Theatre, Manchester (Cramer, afterwards Bosworth)
Oratorio	"The Light of the World"	Cramer
Song	"There sits a bird"	,,

Subject.	Name.	Where Produced or Publisher's Name.
Song	"Looking forward"	Boosey
Songs	"The Young Mother" (three songs)	Cramer
	(*a*) "The Days are Cold," or "Little Darling, sleep again"	„ 1873
		Metzler, 1876
	(*b*) "Ay di Mi"	Cramer, 1873
		Metzler, 1876
	(*c*) "The First Departure," afterwards "The Chorister"	Cramer, 1873
		Metzler, 1878
Songs	"O Ma Charmante"	Cramer
	"O Bella Mia" (Italian version)	„
Song	"Sweet Dreamer"	„
Two Songs in "The Miller and his Men"	"The Marquis de Mincepie" and "Finale"	„
Song	"Nel Ciel Sereno"	„
„	"Venetian Serenade" (from "Merchant of Venice")	Bosworth, 1898

	1874	
Incidental Music	"Merry Wives of Windsor"	(MS.), Gaiety
Song	"Sleep, my Love, Sleep"	Boosey
,,	"Mary Morison"	,,
,,	"The Distant Shore"	Chappell
,,	"Thou art weary"	,,
,,	"My dear and only love"	Boosey
,,	"Living Poems"	,,
,,	"Tender and true"	Chappell
Hymn	Christus, 496	Church Hymns with Tunes, S.P.C.K.
,,	Cœna Domini, 207	,, ,, ,,
,,	Corone, 354	,, ,, ,,
,,	Dulce sonans, 316	,, ,, ,,
,,	Ever Faithful, 414	,, ,, ,,
,,	Evelyn, 390	,, ,, ,,
,,	Golden Sheaves, 281	,, ,, ,,
,,	Hanford, 400	,, ,, ,,
,,	Holy City, 497	,, ,, ,,
,,	Hushed was the Evening Hymn, 572	,, ,, ,,
,,	Litany, 585	,, ,, ,,
,,	,, 592	,, ,, ,,

Subject.	Name.	Where Produced or Publisher's Name.
Hymn	Paradise, 473	Church Hymns with Tunes S.P.C.K.
,,	Pilgrimage, 367	,, ,, ,,
,,	Resurrexit, 132	,, ,, ,,
,,	St Francis, 220	,, ,, ,,
,,	St Nathanael, 257	,, ,, ,,
,,	Saints of God, 191	,, ,, ,,
,,	Ultor Omnipotens, 262	,, ,, ,,
,,	Valete, 30	,, ,, ,,
,,	Veni, Creator, 346	,, ,, ,,
,,	St Mary Magdalene, 494	,, ,, ,,
,,	Lux in Tenebris, 409	,, ,, ,,
,,	Lux Eoi, 67	,, ,, ,,
,,	St Patrick, 144	,, ,, ,,
,,	St Theresa, 566	,, ,, ,,
(Also seven tunes specially adapted or arranged)		

Anthems (Choruses adapted from Russian Church Music)	"Turn Thee Again"	Boosey
	"Mercy and Truth"	"
	1875	
Dramatic Cantata	"Trial by Jury"	(Chappell), Royalty Theatre.
Comic Opera	"The Zoo"	(MS.), St. James's Theatre
Song	"Christmas Bells at Sea"	Novello
"	"The Love that Loves me not"	"
"	"Love laid his Sleepless Head"	Boosey
"	"Let me dream again"	"
"	"Thou'rt Passing Hence"	Chappell
"	"Sweethearts"	"
Anthem	"I will mention"	Boosey
	1876	
Song	"My dearest Heart"	Boosey
Carol	"Upon the snowclad earth"	Metzler
	1877	
Comic Opera	"The Sorcerer"	Opera Comique (Metzler)
Song	"Sometimes"	Boosey
"	"The Lost Chord"	"

Subject.	Name.	Where Produced or Publisher's Name.
Song	"When thou art near"	Boosey
Anthem	"Hearken unto Me"	Novello
"	"I will sing of Thy Power"	"
	1878	
Comic Opera	"H.M.S. Pinafore"	(Metzler) Opera Comique
	"Amor am Bord," German version	Litolff.
Incidental Music	"Henry VIII"	Metzler, Theatre Royal, Manchester
Song	"I would I were a King"	Boosey
"	"King Henry's Song" (from "Henry VIII")	Metzler
"	"Morn, happy Morn," (trio from the play "Olivia")	"
Anthem	"Turn Thy Face"	Novello
	1879	
Song	"Old Love Letters"	Boosey
"	"St Agnes' Eve"	"

	1880	
Comic Opera	"The Pirates of Penzance"	(Chappell) Opera Comique
Song	"Edward Gray"	S. Lucas
Hymn	Dominion Hymn	Chappell
Sacred music drama	"The Martyr of Antioch"	"
	1881	
Comic Opera	"Patience"	Chappell, Opera Comique
Duet	"The Sisters"	S. Lucas (originally published in the "Leisure Hour")
Song	"In the twilight of our love" (from "Patience," with different words)	Chappell
	1882	
Comic Opera	"Iolanthe"	Savoy, Chappell
Hymn	Courage, Brother	"Good Words"; Strahan
	1883	
Anthem	"Who is like unto Thee?"	Novello
Carol	"Hark! what means?"	Patey, Willis & Co.

Subject.	Name.	Where Produced or Publisher's Name.
	1884	
Comic Opera	"Princess Ida"	Savoy Theatre; Chappell
	1885	
Comic Opera	"The Mikado"	(Bosworth) Savoy Theatre; Chappell
Song	"A Shadow"	Patey, Willis & Co.
	1886	
Cantata	"The Golden Legend"	Leeds Festival; Novello
	Exhibition Ode	Albert Hall; Novello
	1887	
Comic Opera	"Ruddigore"	Savoy Theatre; Chappell
	Imperial Institute Ode	Imperial Institute; Chappell
Song	"Ever"	Chappell
	1888	
Comic Opera	"Yeomen of the Guard"	Savoy Theatre; Chappell
Incidental Music	"Macbeth"	Lyceum Theatre

	1889	
Comic Opera	"The Gondoliers"	Savoy Theatre; Chappell
Songs	"You Sleep" and "E tu nol Sai" (from "The Profligate," by Pinero)	Chappell
	1891	
Grand Opera	"Ivanhoe"	English Opera House; Chappell
	1892	
Cantata	"The Foresters"	Daly's Theatre, New York; Chappell
Comic Opera	"Haddon Hall"	Savoy Theatre; Chappell
	1893	
Comic Opera	"Utopia"	Savoy Theatre; Chappell
March	"Imperial March"	Imperial Institute; Chappell
	1894	
Comic Opera	"The Chieftain"	Savoy Theatre; Boosey
Incidental Music	"King Arthur"	Lyceum Theatre (MS.)
Song	"Bid me at least" (from the play of "An Old Jew")	Chappell

Subject.	Name.	Where Produced or Publisher's Name.
	1896	
Comic Opera	"The Grand Duke"	Savoy Theatre; Chappell
	1897	
Ballet	"Victoria and Merrie England"	Alhambra; Metzler
Anthem	"Wreaths for our Graves"	Composed by command of the Queen, and first sung at the Royal Mausoleum, Frogmore, December 14th, 1897; Novello, 1898
Hymn	O King of Kings! (written for the Queen's Jubilee)	Eyre and Spottiswoode, later Novello
	1898	
Comic Opera	"The Beauty Stone"	Savoy Theatre; Chappell

	1899	
Comic Opera	"The Rose of Persia"	Savoy Theatre
Song	"The Absent-Minded Beggar"	"Daily Mail"
	1900	
Song	"O Swallow, Swallow!"	Posthumous songs published by John Church Company.
,,	"Tears, Idle Tears"	
	1901	
Comic Opera	"The Emerald Isle"[1]	—
Hymn	The Roseate Hues	—
	Posthumous Te Deum	Close of War

POSTHUMOUS SONGS

Song	"To one in Paradise"	Novello, 1904
,,	"Longing for Home"	,, 1904
,,	"My heart is like a silent Lute"	,, 1904

[1] Of "The Emerald Isle" Sullivan only lived to finish the first two numbers, but he had sketched out the form and written the melodies of fifteen others out of the twenty-eight lyrics in the opera. These were harmonized and orchestrated by Mr. Edward German.

INDEX

Abend Unterhaltung, 32
"Absent-Minded Beggar," 238
Albany, Duke of, 125
"Alice in Wonderland," 125
Attwood, Thos., 10

Bach, J. S., 30
Bache, Walter, 29, 36, 42, 43
Ball, John Meredith, 203
Barnby, Joseph, 13, 52
Barnett, Alice, 156
„ J. F., 29, 36, 138
„ Mrs. John, 36, 42
Barrington, Rutland, 132
Basoche, La, 219
Beatty-Kingston, Mr., 189
Beauty Stone, The, 231, 234
Beethoven, 31, 50
Bendall, Wilfred, 181, 238
Benecke, Mrs., 108
Benedict, Sir J., 120, 138, 169
Bennett, Joseph, 67, 80, 96, 98, 122, 190, 192
„ Sterndale, 21, 23, 28, 49, 162, 180
Beresford, Lord C., 150
Berger, F., 121
Birmingham and Midland Institute, address to students, 198
Blow, John, 10
Bohemian Girl, Balfe's, 29
Bond, Jessie, 151, 156
"Boosey's Military Band Journal," 4
Brandram, Rosina, 156
Bridgman, C. V., 9, 16, 24, 25, 239
Bromley, Nelly, 128
Bronsart, 34
Bruch, Max, 31
Buckstone Browne, Dr., 239
Bülow, von, 34
Burnand, Sir F., 91, 229
Byng, Rev. and Hon. F., 85

Calvert, Chas., 121, 146
Carl Rosa Opera Co., 165
Carr, Mrs. Walter, 59, 86
Cassey Hall, Norwich, 120
Cecil, Arthur, 132, 133
Cellier, Alfred and François, 8, 16, 52, 132, 151, 156, 218
Chapel Royal, 6, 7, 8, 10, 24
Chappell, Frank, 131, 151
„ Miss, 192
Chappell's, 214
Chieftain, The, 230
Chorley, H. F., 49, 250
Clarke, Hamilton, 151
Clay, Frederic, 90, 116, 154, 185, 251

Cliffe, Frederick, 254
Coghlan, Mary Clementina, 2
Collard and Co., 151
Comyns-Carr, Mr. J., 227, 231
Conneau, Dr., 113
Conservatorium, Leipzig, 29 *et seq.*
Contrabandista, 96, 173, 229
Cooper, George, 59
Corfe, Dr., Bp. of Corea, 17
Costa, Sir M., 24, 48, 49, 73, 138, 162
Covent Garden Theatre, 48, 73, 74, 75, 119
Coward, Jas., 69
Cowen, F. H., 170
Cox and Box, 91, 95, 251
Croft, Wm., 10
Cummings, W. H., 10

Dannreuther, Ed., 29, 43
David, F., 30, 34
„ Paul, 40
Davison, J. W., 67
Dent, E. J., 134
De Glehn, Ernest, 115
Dickens, Chas., 55, 77
Dodgson, Rev C. H. ("Lewis Carroll)," 125, 148
Dolaro, Selina, 128
Doria Sisters (*née* Barnett), 37
D'Oyly Carte, Mrs., 184, 220
„ „ Rd., 127, 130, 151, 168, 184, 189, 215, 218, 222, 238, 243
„ „ Rupert, 130, 256
Duke of York's School, 2
Du Maurier, G., 92

Edinburgh, Duke of, 126, 138, 171, 181
Edwardes, Geo, 168
Edwards, F. G., 64
„ Sutherland, 67
Egerton, "Sim," 89
Elijah, 29
Ella, John, 138
Elvey, Sir Geo., 138, 180
Emerald Isle, The, 239
Ernani, 30

"Feast of Roses," Moore's, 44
Findon, Mr. B. W., 15, 23, 26
Flying Dutchman, 29
Ford, Ernest, 143, 218
Foresters, Tennyson's, 221
Forbes-Robertson, Sir J., 124
Fortescue, Miss, 177
Francillon, Mrs R. (*née* Barnett), 36

Gade, 31, 33
Gaskell, Mrs, 56
German, Ed., 240
German Reed, Mr and Mrs, 95
Gewandhaus, The, Leipsic, 28
Gladstone, W. E., 178
Glehn, Ernest G. de, 115, 249
„ Miss von, 100
Gleig or Greig, Mrs, 56
Golden Legend, 5, 22, 192 *et seq.*, 209

Gilbert, Sir W. S., 116, 149, 161, 164, 166, 176, 182–83, 186, 195 *et seq.*, 204, 210–14, 222, 224, 244
Gondoliers, The, 207, 210
Goss, John, 10, 12, 21, 22, 28, 99, 180
Gounod, 113
Grand Duke, The, 230
Great Exhibition 1851, 5
Greenwood, Fredk., 67
Grieg, 29
Grisi, 48
Grossmith, Geo., 132, 178, 186, 196, 210
Grove, Sir Geo., 54, 69 *et seq.*, 141, 226, 241, 249
„ Arthur, 81
Grundy, Sidney, 222
Gye, Fredk., 48

Haddon Hall, 222
Hallé, Sir Chas., 48, 49, 56, 89, 138, 162
Hamilton, Lord F., 171
Hanover Rooms, 48
Hauptmann, M., 30, 33
Helmore, Miss, 6, 7, 25, 191, 207
„ Mrs, 25, 191
„ Rev T., 6, 7, 8, 11, 14, 208
"Henry VIII," 146
His Majesty's Theatre, 48, 50
Hodson, Henrietta (Mrs Labouchere), 127
Hollingshead, John, 118, 122, 169
Hood, Capt Basil, 238
„ Marion, 156
Hopkins, E. J., 10
Hughes, Mr, 6
Huguenots, Meyerbeer's, 48
Hullah, John, 138
"Hymnary," 114

l'Ile Echantée, 73, 123
In Memoriam, 86, 107, 170
Iolanthe, 176
Irish Symphony, 80
Irving, Sir H., 201, 229
Ivanhoe, 218

Kenilworth, 76
King Arthur (by J. Comyns Carr), 227
King Edward VII, 114
Kipling, Rudyard, 237
Klein, Mr Hermann, 255
Kneller Hall, 5, 6

Lawrence, Arthur, 5
Leeds Festival, 160 *et seq.*, 192 *et seq.*
Lehmann, Mr and Mrs, 56, 65 *et seq.*, 87, 226, 228
Leipzig, 28 *et seq.*
Lenoir, Helen, 128, 156
Les deux Aveugles, by Offenbach, 92
Lewin, Lionel, 250
Lewis, Arthur, 92

Light of the World, 111, 121
Liszt, F., 34
"Long Day Closes, The," 109
Liddell family at Oxford, 125
Lindsay, Sir Coutts, 145, 227
"Lost Chord, The," 146
Lucas, Chas., 26
Lytton, H. A., 196

Macbeth, Incidental Music to, 201, 255
McIntosh, Nancy, 225
Mandel, Herr, 6
Manners, Chas., 176
Manns, August, 54 *et seq.*
"M.A.P.," 3, 19
Mapleson, J. H., 48
Mario, 48
Martin, Sir George, 243
Maritana, 29
Martyr of Antioch, 22, 162, 164, 169, 209
Mendelssohn, 29, 31 *et seq.*, 47
" Schp., 13, 21 *et seq.*
Merchant of Venice, 121
Merry Wives of Windsor, 122
Messager, André, 229
Metzler and Co., 151
Mikado The, 187, 203, 230
Millais, J. Everett, 82
Monk, W. H., 138
Moray Lodge, 92
Morley, Thos., 10
Moscheles, Felix, 92
" Ignaz, 29, 30, 31, 34, 36, 95
National Training School, 135–41
Neale, Dr, death of, 90
New English Opera House, 215
Norwich Festival, 169

"O Hush thee, my Babie," 170
"O Israel," 9
O'Leary, 21, 22, 28, 138
Offenbach, 173
On Shore and Sea, 112
"Onward Christian Soldiers," 109, 114
Opera-Comique Theatre, 131
Orfeo, 77
Ottley, Capt., 59
Ouseley, Sir Fredk., 17 *et seq.*
Overture di Ballo, 111

Palliser, Esther, 211
Parepa, 48
Paris, Sullivan in, 99, 112
Patience, 166, 173, 239
Patti, Adelina, 98
Paul, Mrs Howard, 132
Peacock, E., 72
Penley, W. S., 129
Philharmonic Concerts, 190
Pinafore, H.M.S., 149, 203
Pinero, A. W., 231
Pirates of Penzance, 155, 203, 239
Plaidy, 30, 33, 36
Plees, Wm. Gordon, 6
Potter, Cipriani, 21, 23
Power, Harold, 92, 94
" Sir G., 150

Prince's Theatre, Manchester, 121
Princess Ida, 172, 182
Procter Wrights, 43
Prodigal Son, The, 109
Prout, Ebenezer, 138
"Punch," 95

Ramsgate, Sullivan at, 90
Randegger, A., 169
Recessional, Kipling's, 237
Reeves, Herbert Sims, 240
„ John Sims, 1, 165, 240
Reitz, Julius, 30, 34
Richter, F., 33
Ricordi, 145
Rienzi, 29
Rigoletto, 30
Rockstro, W. S., 33
Rogers, Mrs H. (*née* Clara Barnett), 36 *et seq.*
Roon, von, 54
Rosa, Carl, 29, 36, 40
Rosamunde, 104
Rossini, 79
Royal Academy of Music, 13, 14, 23, 136, 201
„ Aquarium, Westminster, 121, 135
„ College of Music, 201, 226, 242
„ Military College, Sandhurst, 2
„ Philharmonic Society, 190
Ronald, Sir L., 142
Rose of Persia, The, 238
Royalty Theatre, 127
Rubinstein, 47
Rudall, Carte and Co., 127
Ruddigore, 182, 195, 203
Rudorff, 43
Russell, Scott, family, 81, 251
„ Dr W. H., 8

Santley, C., 121
Sapphire Necklace, The, 80
St Michael's, Chester Sq., 59
„ Tenbury, 17
St Peter's, Cranley Gdns., 98, 119
Schallehn, Herr, 6
Schleinitz, 37, 44
Schunk, Madame, 42
Schumann, R., 29, 47, 53, 108
Shaw, Capt., 176
Simcoe, Mr H. A., 220
Smart, Sir G., 7, 35
Solomon, "Teddy," 147
Sorcerer, The, 131, 148
Stainer, Sir J., 12, 13, 18, 52, 140, 243
Stanford, Sir C. V., 209
Stevenson, B. C., 129
Strakosch, M., 98
Sturgis, Julian, 217, 218
SULLIVAN, ARTHUR S., 1. At Sandhurst, 3–5. At Chapel Royal, 7–20. At R.A.M., 21–27. At Leipsic, 28–52. At Crystal Palace, 55. As organist, 59. At Covent Garden, 73. First collaboration with Gilbert, 118.

Principal of National Training School, 138. Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, 151. In America, 155. Conductor at Norwich, 170, and the Kaiser, 171. Financial loss, 178. Knighthood, 179. Travels abroad, 181. At Monte Carlo, 231. Illness and death, 240
FRED., 1, 72, 119, 128, 134, 146
HERBERT, 175
MRS, 146, 174
THOS., 2, 5, 14, 45. Death, 89, 255
Symphony in E, Sullivan's, 82

Tales of Hoffmann, 174
Tallis, Thos., 10
Taylor, Franklin, 29, 36, 43, 138, 250
Tempest music, 49, 51 *et seq.*, 75, 77, 79, 124
Temple, "Dick," 132
Tennyson, Alfred, 82, 182, 221
Terry, Ellen and Kate, 92, 228
Thespis, 108, 118, 173
"The Times," Sullivan's letter to, 234
Titiens, Madame, 120, 170
Trebelli, Madame, 120
Trial by Jury, 128
Trovatore, 30

Ulmar, Geraldine, 210
Utopia Limited, 225

Veit, Herr, 44
Verdi, 29
Viardot, Madame, 77
Victoria and Merrie England, 234
Visetti, Albert, 145

Wagner's Operas, 29, 48
Wallace, Vincent, 29
Webb, George J., 58
Weber, Carl von, 50
Welch, J. B., 138
Wenzel, 33
Wilton, Earl of, 89
Windsor Castle, *Gondoliers* at, 214
"Wreaths for our graves," 237

Yeomen of the Guard, 204, 224

Zeiss, Herr, 6
Zoo, The, 129, 173

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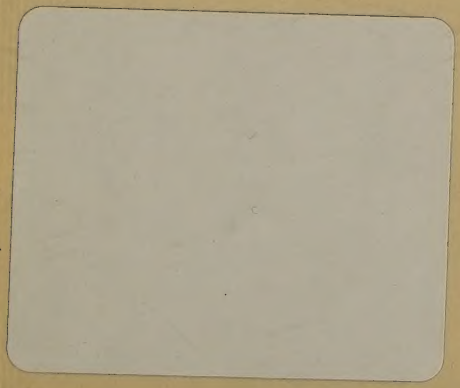
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